Meet Mulla Nasruddin
Selection of Mulla Nasruddin Jokes

Miscellaneous
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1.
"Do you love me, Mulla?" whispered the girl.
"Of course I do," Mulla Nasrudin whispered back.
"Will you marry me then?" she asked.
"LET'S NOT CHANGE THE SUBJECT?" said Nasrudin.

2.
Mulla Nasrudin in the upper berth was awakened by a persistent tapping from below.
"I am terribly cold down here. I wonder if you mind getting me a blanket," said a lady's voice.
"I have a better idea," the Mulla replied sleepily. "Let's pretend we are married."
"That sounds like a lovely idea," she giggled.
"GOOD," said Nasrudin rolling over. 'NOW GO GET YOUR OWN DAMN BLANKET."

3.
Mulla Nasrudin constantly irritated his friends with his eternal optimism. No matter how bad the situation, he would always say, "It could have been worse."
To cure him of this annoying habit, his friends decided to invent a situation so completely black, so dreadful, that even Nasrudin could find no hope in it. Approaching him at the club bar one day, one of them said, "Mulla, Did you hear what happened to George? He came home last night, found his wife in bed with another man, shot them both, then turned the gun on himself!"
"Terrible," said the Mulla "But it could have been worse."
"How in hell," asked his dumbfounded friend, "could it possibly have been worse?"
"Well," said Nasrudin, "IF IT HAD HAPPENED THE NIGHT BEFORE! I WOULD BE DEAD NOW."

4.
Mulla Nasrudin was round at his fiancee's home, having a serious talk with her father.

"Sir, I'd like to marry your daughter," he announced .
His girl's father looked at him.
"Have you seen my wife yet?" he asked.
"OH, YES SIR," replied Nasrudin. "BUT IF YOU DON'T MIND, I WOULD STILL PREFER YOUR DAUGHTER, SIR."

5.
Mulla Nasrudin was in the home of his fiancee, being given the once-over by her parents.
"Tell me young man," said his potential mother-in-law, "if my daughter marries you, and I give her a substantial dowry, what have you to offer in return?"
The Mulla smiled brightly.
"I WILL GIVE YOU A RECEIPT," he said.

6.
Everything was in readiness for the marriage ceremony. The groom and the best man had arrived. But the groom, Mulla Nasrudin, was uneasy, apprehensive.
"What's worrying you, Mulla?" asked the best man. "Have you lost the ring?"
"No," answered Nasrudin with a sigh. "I HAVE GOT THE RING? BUT I HAVE LOST MY ENTHUSIASM."

7.
Mulla Nasrudin decided to settle down and narrowed his choice between a beautiful but dumb doll and an opera singer. He finally chose brains and culture and married the singer. They spent their wedding night at a swanky hotel. When Nasrudin opened his eyes the next morning and the dawn's early light began to shine upon his bride, he looked at her and shuddered and cried out: "SING FOR GOD'S SAKE SING."

8.
Returning from his holiday, Mulla Nasrudin asked for two weeks more in which to get married.
"But you just had two weeks off," said the boss. "Why didn't you get married then?"
"WHAT, AND RUIN MY HOLIDAY?"

9.
"I don't know why your father does not like me," she said to Mulla Nasrudin at their wedding reception.
"Neither do I," replied Nasrudin. "AFTER ALL, MONEY, BRAINS AND LOOKS ARE NOT EVERYTHING."

10.
After three weeks of marriage she accused Mulla Nasrudin of not loving her as much as he did when they were first married. "You used to get up and light the FIRE every morning," she said. "And now you let me get up and do it."
"Nonsense, my love," answered Nasrudin. "YOU GETTING UP TO LIGHT THE FIRE MAKES ME LOVE YOU ALL THE MORE."

11.
It was their first quarrel. The Mulla was coming off worst until he brought his bride's family into the argument.
"Your father is an old drunkard," he stated with venom. "Your mother is a nagger. and your brother is an idle layabout."
"Can't you say one decent thing about my family?" she asked, sarcastically.
"YES, JUST ONE," replied Nasrudin. "THEY WERE ALL OPPOSED TO OUR MARRIAGE."

12.
"Do you believe that the moonlight makes people silly, Mulla?" asked the bride after the honeymoon.
"Yes Dear," remarked Mulla Nasrudin from behind his evening paper. "I PROPOSED TO YOU IN THE MOONLIGHT."

13.
They had been married three months, and she said, "Are you satisfied with our married life, Mulla?"
"Yes," replied Nasrudin. "I HAVE HAD ENOUGH OF IT."

14.
"Hello, Mulla. I have not seen you for a month. How are things going with you?"
"Oh,so-so. I have been married since I last saw, you," said Mulla Nasrudin.
"So I heard. As a matter of fact. I knew your wife before you married her."
"WELL, THEN WHY DIDN'T YOU WARN ME? ' asked Nasrudin.

15.
"Now that we are married," she said to Mulla Nasrudin, "perhaps I can point out a FEW OF YOUR defects."
"Don't bother, dear," replied Nasrudin. "I KNOW ALL ABOUT THEM. IT'S THOSE DEFECTS THAT KEPT ME FROM GETTING A BETTER WIFE THAN YOU."

16.
"Are you sure that it was a marriage license you gave me last month?" asked Mulla Nasrudin.
"Yes, Sir, What's the matter?"
"I THOUGHT THERE MIGHT BE SOME MISTAKE, SEEING THAT I HAVE LIVING A DOG'S LIFE EVER SINCE."

17.
Shortly after their return from their honeymoon the Nasrudins moved into their new house, and the bride was anxious to put into practice the lessons she had taken in cooking.
Returning home one evening, the Mulla found his wife in tears. Between sobs he managed to learn from her that something terrible had happened.

"Darling," she said, "it was the first meat piece I ever baked for you, and the cat has eaten it."
"That's all right my love," said Nasrudin, patting her on the shoulder, "I WILL GET YOU ANOTHER CAT TOMORROW."

18.
Strolling through his country's supreme honeymoon resort, Mulla Nasrudin was a picture of bliss.
"But, Mulla," asked the local barkeeper, "how is it you came here on your honeymoon without the wife?"
"ARE YOU MAD, MAN?" said Nasrudin. "SURE IF SHE CAME, WHO'D LOOK AFTER THE SHOP?"

19.
The Birmingham landlady wanted to please her lodger, Mulla Nasrudin, and the first day she gave him two slices of bread for his package lunch. The Mulla didn't seem satisfied so she gave him four slices the next day and then six slices and had to go on until he was getting ten. Even this was not enough so, in despair, she cut the loaf in half and put butter between the pieces. When the Mulla came in that evening she asked. "Had you enough today, Mulla?"
"IT WAS NOT BAD," Nasrudin said grudgingly, "BUT I SEE YOU ARE BACK TO THE TWO SLICES AGAIN."

20.
After each drink Mulla Nasrudin took a frog from his pocket, put it on the bar counter and stared at it. Eventually the barman asked him what he was up to.
"You see," said the Mulla, "so long as I can see one frog I am sober. It's when I see two that I have to do something."
"And what do you do?"
"I PICK UP THE TWO OF THEM," said Nasrudin, "PUT THEM IN MY POCKET AND GO HOME."

21.
Once Mulla Nasrudin gave his son this solid advice: "Nothing I say, Son, will keep you from drinking. You will go after the girls as well, no matter what I think. BUT WITH WOMEN, BOY, KEEP THIS THOUGHT OF YOUR FATHER'S IN MIND -- ONE AT A TIME, ONE AT A TIME."

22.
Mulla Nasrudin ran to an appointment in a nearby town stark naked. People asked him why.
"I WAS IN SUCH A HURRY TO GET DRESSED THAT I FORGOT MY CLOTHES."

23.
"I can see in the dark." boasted Mulla Nasrudin one day in the teahouse.
"If that's so, why do we sometimes see you carrying a light through the streets?"

"ONLY TO PREVENT OTHER PEOPLE FROM COLLIDING WITH ME."

24.
Mulla Nasrudin went to see a rich man.
"Give me some money."
"Why?"
"I want to buy an elephant.
"If you have no money, you can't afford to keep an elephant."
"I CAME HERE," said Nasrudin, "TO GET MONEY, NOT ADVICE."

25.
When a preacher had delivered what he was aware was perhaps his worst sermon. he was surprised to have Mulla Nasrudin, one of his listeners, praise it.
'Why do you say that??" asked the preacher.
"BECAUSE. said Nasrudin, "I DON'T LIKE PREACHING OF ANY KIND AND THAT SERMON OF YOURS WAS JUST AS CLOSE TO NO PREACHING AS I EVER HEARD IN MY LIFE."

26.
Mulla Nasrudin walked into a restaurant, leaving the door open, whereupon another man boomed, "Shut the door! Were you brought up in a barn?"
The Mulla went back, shut the door, sat down, and began to cry. The other man became uneasy, went over to the Mulla and said, "I am sorry I hurt your feelings."
Mulla Nasrudin said, "YOU DIDN'T HURT MY FEELINGS, BUT IT MAKES ME HOMESICK EVERY TIME I HEAR A JACKASS BRAY."

27.
Mulla Nasrudin was always too busy to he with his family. His excuse was that he had to keep on making more money.
One day his wife's pet parrot died and she brought another one, although the pet-store man told her it was from a tough gambling joint that had been closed down. The bird was likely to say anything, coming from a place where there were booze and girls and burns.
"It's right," said the wife, "I will retrain him."
She brought the bird home, and upon arrival found to her surprise that her husband was already home. She carried the caged bird into the house, called out "Surprise!" and with her husband and daughters looking on, she took the cover off the cage. The parrot looked around, blinked, and said, "WELL WADDDYA KNOW -- NEW JOINT, NEW MADAM, NEW GIRLS, SAME OLD CUSTOMERS. HELLO, NASRUDIN!"

28.
At a football game, a big politician stepped on the foot of Mulla Nasrudin who was so intent on watching the game he didn't look up but simply said, "Get off my foot, you big bloke."
Then recognizing the big man, the Mulla said, "OH, GEE, I AM SORRY. I BEG YOUR PARDON SIR. HERE IS MY OTHER FOOT -- GO AHEAD -- STEP ON IT SIR."

29.
Mulla Nasrudin climbed into someone's kitchen garden and started filling a sack with everything that he could lay his hands on.
A gardener saw him and came running. "What are you doing here?"
"I was blown here by a high wind."
"And who uprooted the vegetables?"
"I caught hold of them to stop myself being swept along."
And how does it come that there are vegetables in that sack?"
"THAT'S JUST WHAT I WAS WONDERING ABOUT WHEN YOU INTERRUPTED ME."

30.
Mrs. Hennessy met an old school chum, Mulla Nasrudin, in Agra and decided to impress him.
"You know," she sighed with an air of deprivation, "We have been here a week and I have not been to the Tajmahal yet."
Mulla Nasrudin lifted a shocked eyebrow.
"WELL, DON'T WAIT ANY MORE, SEE A DOCTOR."

31.
'Darling," said Mulla Nasrudin to his wife, "have you got a good memory for faces?"
"Why do you ask a question like that?"
"BECAUSE I HAVE JUST BROKEN YOUR MIRROR."

32.
Mulla Nasrudin and his wife were window-shopping for furniture for their new house.
"I wish I had enough money to buy an elephant," said the Mulla.
"Why on earth do you want an elephant?" asked his wife.
"I DON'T," came the reply. "I JUST WISH I HAD THE MONEY."

33.
Moving along a dimly lighted street, a man was suddenly approached by Mulla Nasrudin who had slipped from the shadows nearby.
"Please, Sir," said the Mulla, "would you be so kind as to help a poor unfortunate fellow who is hungry and out of work? ALL I HAVE IN THE WORLD IS THIS GUN."

34.
Mulla Nasrudin to his son: "YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPINESS IS UNTIL YOU GET MARRIED. AND THEN IT'S TOO LATE."

35.
Mulla Nasrudin: "Darling, Darling, there is a burglar in the house."
Mrs. Nasrudin: "What do you want me to do? Get up and run the risk of being killed."
Nasrudin: "NO. BUT IF YOU GET UP IN THE MORNING AND FIND THAT SOMEONE HAS GONE THROUGH YOUR PURSE, DON'T BLAME ME."

36.
Two men were quarrelling outside Mulla Nasrudin's window at the dead of night. Nasrudin got up. wrapped his only blanket around himself, and ran out to try to stop the noise.
When he tried to reason with the drunks, one snatched his blanket and both ran away.
"What were they arguing about?" asked his wife when he went in.
"IT MUST HAVE BEEN THE BLANKET, "said the Mulla. "WHEN THEY GOT THAT, THE FIGHT BROKE UP."

37.
In a dark alley way an agile pickpocket tried to snatch Mulla Nasrudin's purse. The Mulla was too quick for him, and there was a violent struggle. Eventually, Nasrudin got his man down on the ground.
At this moment a charitable woman passing called out: "You bully! Let that little man get up, and give him a chance."
"MADAM," panted Nasrudin, "YOU IGNORE THE TROUBLE WHICH I HAVE HAD GETTING HIM DOWN."

38.
Mulla Nasrudin was wandering in a graveyard. He stumbled and fell into an old grave. Beginning to visualize how it would feel if he were dead, he heard a noise. It flashed into his mind the at the Angel of Reckoning was coming for him; though it was only a camel caravan passing by.
The Mulla jumped up and fell over a wall, stampeding several camels. The cameleers beat him with sticks.
He ran home in a distressed state. His wife asked him what was the matter, and why he was late.
"I have been dead," said the Mulla.
Interested inspite of herself, she asked him what it was like.
"NOT BAD AT ALL," said the Mulla, "UNLESS YOU DISTURB THE CAMELS. THEN THEY BEAT YOU."

39.
Mulla Nasrudin was spending some of his hard-earned cash on a luxury cruise and was given a table with a Frenchman. At their first meal together, the Frenchman said, "Bon appetit!"
Before the next meal commenced the performance was repeated. "Bon appetit," said the Frenchman. "Mulla Nasrudin," replied the other.
After this had happened at every meal for three days, Nasrudin was getting fed up, and told a fellow traveller about it. "He tells me his name is Bon Appetit and I tell him my name is Mulla Nasrudin, and then at the next meal, we start all over again."
The fellow traveller laughed and explained to the Mulla that the Frenchman was not introducing himself and that 'Bon appetit' meant "Good appetite", or "I hope that you enjoy your meal!"

Nasrudin breathed a sigh of relief on receiving this information. Next morning, at breakfast, the Mulla greeted the Frenchman with "Bon appetite". The Frenchman nodded politely and said, "MULLA NASRUDDIN."

40.
Mulla Nasrudin was walking along the street enveloped in a dark-blue mourning-robe. Someone stopped him and asked: Why are you dressed like that, Mulla, has someone died?"
Almost certainly," said Nasrudin. "IT COULD HAVE HAPPENED! YOU KNOW, WITHOUT MY HAVING BEEN INFORMED OF lT."

41.
Mulla Nasrudin went into a chemist's shop to get an empty bottle. Choosing one that suited his needs, he asked the price.
"Well," said the chemist, "if you want the empty bottle it will cost six cents, but if you have something put into it, we won't charge anything for the bottle."
"OK," said Nasrudin, "PUT IN A CORK."

42.
Mulla Nasrudin asked his neighbour one day the cause of his depression.
"It's mostly because my mother-in-law lives with us," he said. "She drives me mad."
The Mulla thought for a few minutes.
"OF COURSE, THIS IS STRICTLY UNOFFICIAL,"Nasrudin said at length, BUT HAVE YOU TRIED POISON?"

43.
Mother-in-law: "My daughter has given you the best years of her life."
Mulla Nasrudin: "THEN I DREAD TO THINK OF WHAT THE WORST ONES ARE GOING TO BE LIKE."

44.
" This afternoon we are going to try what are called projection techniques," announced the psychiatrist. "I want to try to get some insights into how you perceive the world around you!" He rapidly drew a circle on his pad and thrust it across the desk. "Now -- what does that remind you of?"
Mulla Nasrudin regarded the circle lugubriously.
"A naked woman," he replied.
The psychiatrist drew a triangle. "And this?."
"A naked woman sitting down!"
The psychiatrist drew a square. "And this?"
"A naked woman doing something very nasty!"
"Well, well, well.... you are certainly preoccupied with sex, aren't you?"
"COME OFF IT, DOCTOR," protested Nasrudin. "IT'S YOU THAT'S DRAWING THE RUDE PICTURES."

45.

Psychiatrist (cheerfully): "Don't forget, we all have problems. I have my problems, just as you have your's. I think you will need at least a year's treatment. My fee is ten guineas per session."
Mulla Nasrudin (after consideration): "WELL, THAT CERTAINLY SEEMS TO SOLVE YOUR PROBLEM, DOCTOR. NOW -- WHAT ABOUT MINE?"

46.
A psychiatrist was called out to do a domiciliary visit. He was met at the door by Mulla Nasrudin, the man of the house.
"It's my mother-in-law, Doctor," whispered the Mulla, anxiously. "She's lived with us for years, and she's always been a very difficult sort of person. But recently she's been complaining that there are high-voltage leads wired up to her rocking chair...."
"Don't alarm yourself," said the psychiatrist. "This is quite common in elderly people. Just leave it to me."
"Thank you, Doctor," the Mulla smiled relievedly.
And then delicately: "ER... SHOULD WE UNCOUPLE THE WIRES NOW, OR NOT?!"

47.
Mulla Nasrudin had been watching a mental hospital patient nailing a fence and had been puzzled by the fact that the latter was discarding a large proportion of the nails, throwing them away with growing exasperation. Eventually, the Mulla could contain his curiosity no longer.
"Those nails look quite new. Why do you keep throwing them away?" he enquired.
"Why? Because they are badly made, that's why!" snapped the other "Almost half of them have got the points on the wrong end!"
"YOU FOOL! howled Nasrudin, "YOU SHOULD NOT BE THROWING THEM AWAY! THOSE ARE FOR THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FENCE!"

48.
Psychiatrist: "So you have trouble making up your mind?"
Mulla Nasrudin: "WELL, YES AND NO..."

49.
"I am a bank clerk, Doctor -- a quiet family man, said Mulla Nasrudin. "I lead an unblemished life always contribute to charities, act as sidesman at the mosque I have nothing to reproach myself with. Yet I have this delusion that I am a violent mass murderer. It's ridiculous, but most disturbing."
"You must not worry," said the psychiatrist comfortingly. "This is quite common, my dear Sir -- especially among inoffensive, quit people like you. But before we proceed -- I WONDER WHETHER YOU'D MIND LOWERING THAT SUB-MACHINE GUN?"

50.
"Oh, I am sorry vicar -- are you busy?" asked Mulla Nasrudin.
"No, do come in, Mulla. I am just rehearsing one of my sermons."
"AH -- PRACTISING WHAT YOU PREACH! said Nasrudin.

51.
Don't you find the sound of the cathedral bells inspiring?" asked a friend.
"Pardon?" said Mulla Nasrudin.
"I said don't you find the sound of the cathedral bells inspiring?"
Would you mind speaking up a bit?"
"THE BELLS -- DON'T YOU FIND THEM INSPIRING?"
"SORRY" said Nasrudin "I CAN'T HEAR A WORD YOU ARE SAYING FOR THOSE DAMN BELLS!"

52.
Mulla Nasrudin had just got into bed and was ready for a good night's sleep. But it was not to be. Just as he closed his eyes, his wife said, "It's cold outside. Get out of bed and close the window."
The Mulla ignored her and pretended to be asleep, but it didn't work.
"Mulla get out of bed and close the window; it's cold outside."
Once again he ignored her but, after the fourth time, he realized that he was not going to win and he reluctantly got out of bed.
Shuffling over to the window, he slammed it shut. got back into bed, closed his eyes and said, "SO NOW IT'S WARM OUTSIDE?"

53.
"I have lost my wallet," said Mulla Nasrudin.
"Have you looked into your pockets?" asked his wife.
"Yes, all but the left hand hip pocket."
"Well, why don't you look in that?"
"BECAUSE IF IT IS NOT THERE I WILL DROP DEAD."

54.
Mulla Nasrudin (in the barber's chair): "Got another razor?"
The barber: "Why?"
Nasrudin: "I WANT TO DEFEND MYSELF."

55.
Mulla Nasrudin looked unhappy. "Is something worrying you?" asked his wife.
"Listen," said the Mulla, "I HAVE SO MANY WORRIES THAT, IF SOMETHING HAPPENED TODAY, I WON'T HAVE TIME TO WORRY ABOUT IT FOR ANOTHER MONTH."

56.
Mulla Nasrudin's father was reprimanding his son for being a lazy good-for-nothing.
"When I was your age," he said, "I worked sixteen hours a day to learn the business."
"I am very proud of you, Dad," replied Mulla Nasrudin. "IF IT HAD NOT BEEN FOR YOUR AMBITION AND PERSEVERANCE, I MIGHT HAVE: HAD TO DO THE SAME."

57.
Mulla Nasrudin took his young son to the cinema, but only bought one ticket. The usherette pointed out that he needed a ticket for the boy, and Nasrudin said, "I GIVE YOU MY WORD AS A GENTLEMAN HE WON'T LOOK."

58.
Mulla Nasrudin and the local priest were always fighting and arguing, and eventually they finished up in court.
After listening to evidence from bath sides, the magistrate said, "I feel sure that this can be settled amicably. Shake hands with each other, and say something for good will."
The priest shook Nasrudin's hand and said, "I wish for you what you wish for me."
"See, Your Honour," said the Mulla. "HE'S STARTING AGAIN."

59.
Mulla Nasrudin was in a taxi when the brakes failed.
"Help!" cried the driver in a panic. "I can't see it."
"WELL, said Nasrudin calmly, "CAN'T YOU AT LEAST TURN OFF THE METER THEN?"

60.
Mulla Nasrudin and his wife went to Israel for their holidays, and visited a night club in Tel Aviv. A comedian was on the bill who did his whole act in Hebrew. Nasrudin's wife sat through the comic's act in silence, but Nasrudin roared with laughter at the end of each joke.
"I didn't know you understood Hebrew," she said to the Mulla when the comedian had concluded his act.
"I don't" replied Nasrudin.
"Well, how come you laughed so much at his jokes?"
"AH, said Nasrudin. "I TRUSTED HIM."

61.
"Look here," said the irritated chess wizard to Mulla Nasrudin, "you have been watching over my shoulder for three hours. Why don't you try playing a match yourself?"
"AH," drawled Nasrudin, 'I AIN'T GOT THE PATIENCE."

62.
Mulla Nasrudin with a new hat on was going down the road. Suddenly it started raining. In order to save his new hat, he picked up his dress and covered his new head gear. Many pedestrians were surprised to see the Mulla act thus. Presently a man came to him and said, "Mulla, I am sorry to say it but your anatomy is uncovered."
Nasrudin looked up at the man and said: "Well, Sir, DON'T YOU REALIZE THAT MY HAT IS NEW WHEREAS MY ANATOMY IS OLD!"

63.
Mulla Nasrudin stopped his wife from jumping off a bridge. "If you jump in," he pleaded, "I will have to jump in after you. It's awfully cold and while we are waiting for the

ambulance we will both get pneumonia and die. NOW, PLEASE, BE A GOOD WIFE AND COME COME AND HANG YOURSELF."

64.
It was a gay party -- wine, whisky and wit flowed freely. An obsequious waiter offered a tray with drinks to a solemn, stern-looking man, obviously a clergy man, The Father looked sternly at him and said, "No, thanks. I do not drink."
The waiter left but soon enough another appeared on the scene with a second tray.
The God's good man gave him a withering glare: "Don't you know I do not drink at all?"
And he added as an after thought, "I would rather commit adultery than imbibe alcohol."
Mulla Nasrudin, his neighbour, leisurely sipping his scotch, got up with alacrity, put down the glass and exclaimed: "GOOD HEAVENS, I HAD NO IDEA THERE WAS A CHOICE!"

65.
"My father," boasted Mulla Nasrudin in the train, "knew the year, the month and the hour he was going to die."
"Good gracious!" exclaimed one of the audience. "How did he know that?"
"THE JUDGE TOLD HIM," said Nasrudin.

66.
Mulla Nasrudin and his two friends were talking about their face resemblances.
First: "My face resembles that of Winston Churchill. I have often been mistaken for him."
Second: "In my case, people think I am President Nixon and ask me for my autograph."
Mulla Nasrudin: "That's nothing. Well, in my case I have been mistaken for God himself!"
First and Second together: "How?"
Mulla Nasrudin "Well, when I was convicted and sent to jail the fourth time, the jailer, on seeing me, exclaimed: "OH, GOD, YOU HAVE COME AGAIN!"

67.
Identical twins, dressed exactly the same, stop= ped in a bar for a drink. Mulla Nasrudin staggered past them, stopped to look at them in puzzlement, then ordered another drink.
Finally one of the twins laughed and said, "Don't let it upset you, old man; you are really not in such a bad shape. We are twins."
Nasrudin took another look and said, "ALL FOUR OF YOU?"

68.
Mulla Nasrudin: "Well, Sir, the upshot of it was that it took me ten years to discover that I had absolutely no talent for writing literature."
Friend: "You gave up?"
Nasrudin: "OH, NO. BY THAT TIME I WAS TOO FAMOUS."

69.

Mulla Nasrudin was picked up in another state and brought back home after a terrific battle to stay extradition. The judge, viewing him sternly, launched a loud attack upon his character and conduct.
"I cannot conceive a meaner, more despicable, cowardly act than yours," he said in conclusion. "You have run away from your wife. Do you know what this makes you? Do you realize that you are a deserter?"
"YOUR HONOUR," said the Mulla, "If YOU KNEW THAT LADY AS I KNOW HER YOU WOULD NOT CALL ME A DESERTER. I AM, IF ANY THING, A REFUGEE."

70.
Mulla Nasrudin, who had been presented with a flask of rare old whiskey was walking briskly along the road toward home, when along came a car which he did not sidestep quite in time. He got up and was limping down the road, when he noticed that something warm and wet was trickling down his leg.
"Oh, LORD," he exclaimed, "I HOPE THAT'S BLOOD!"

71.
My wife has disappeared from home," said Mulla
Nasrudin to his teahouse friend.
"Have you given her description to the police," asked one of them.
"NO.... THEY'D NEVER BELIEVE ME," said Nasrudin very sadly.

72.
Mulla Nasrudin applied for the job of night security guard at the factory.
The boss looked him over carefully.
"The sort of person we need for this job, ' said the boss finally, "is tough fearless, aggressive, suspicious, distrustful, always on the lookout for trouble and constantly ready to flare into violence. Quite frankly, you don't seem to fit the bill.
"Oh. that is all right," explained Nasrudin. "I HAVE ONLY COME TO APPLY FOR THE JOB ON BEHALF OF MY WIFE."

73.
"Funny you have not been to see me before!" the doctor barked at Mulla Nasrudin. "Have you consulted any other doctor about your condition?"
"No, Sir," stammered the Mulla. "Only the chemist."
"Good Heavens, man," snorted the doctor, 'Have no sense? This just shows how stupid people can be! The chemist is not medically qualified -- you had right to consult him! And what nonsense did he tell you?"
"HE TOLD ME TO COME AND SEE YOU," said Nasrudin.

74.
Mulla Nasrudin visited the doctor to complain of insomnia.
"Don't you sleep at all in the night?" asked the doctor.
"Oh, I sleep like a top at night," admitted the Mulla, "and I sleep fairly soundly during the mornings. BUT I OFTEN HAVE DIFFICULTY DROPPING OFF IN THE AFTERNOONS."

75.
Doctor: "Was that slimming diet I recommended to your wife satisfactory?"
Mulla Nasrudin: "VERY. THREE WEEKS AGO SHE DISAPPEARED COMPLETELY!"

76.
"What are you reading?" asked the prison librarian.
"NOTHING MUCH," replied Mulla Nasrudin, the prisoner. "JUST THE USUAL ESCAPE LITERATURE."

77.
"Hi, Mulla," greeted a friend. "How is your wife?"
"COMPARED TO WHAT?" responded Mulla Nasrudin.

78.
"My wife is an angel Mulla."
"LUCKY YOU," said Mulla Nasrudin. "MINE IS STILL ALIVE."

79.
"I understand that your wife converted you to religion, Mulla?"
"OH, YES," said Mulla nasrudin. "I DIDN'T BELIEVE IN HELL UNTIL I MARRIED HER."

80.
"I think my wife is slowly going insane," confided Mulla Nasrudin to the psychiatrist.
"Well, what do you want me to do about it?" asked the headshrinker.
"I WONDERED lF YOU COULD SUGGEST ANYTHING WHICH MIGHT SPEED UP THE PROCESS," said the Mulla casually.

81.
After an intensive initial interview with Mulla Nasrudin, a psychiatrist have a written list of instructions and a weekly appointment card. A fortnight later he telephoned to the Mulla to enquire why he had failed to keep the next appointment.
"WHY. DOCTOR," protested Nasrudin, "YOUR INSTRUCTIONS INCLUDED ONE THAT SAID I HAD TO AVOID PEOPLE WHO IRRITATED ME!"

82.
A woman met Mulla Nasrudin, an old friend, at her psychiatrist's door.
"What a coincidence!" she cried. "We must have a cup of tea together! Tell me, are you coming or going?"
"IF I KNEW THAT," replied Nasrudin somberly, "I WOULD NOT BE HERE, WOULD I?"

83.

Mulla Nasrudin was attempting to smuggle a jar of whiskey across the border of his country. When asked what the jar contained, he said, "Holy Water."
The Customs officer insisted on opening it and taking a sniff.
Good God, man, this is whiskey! he said
"SAINTS BE PRAISED!" cried the Mulla. "A MIRACLE!"

84.
Mulla Nasrudin was trying to describe his symptoms to an impatient physician.
"It's a sort of jabbing pain in my right shoulder. Doctor. I get it when I lean forward, stretch out one arm, then the other, raise my elbows, hunch my shoulders and then stand straight up."
"Is that so?" said the doctor, sneering, "I don't suppose it has occurred to you that you could avoid this mysterious pain simply by not carrying out such an absurd series of movements."
"It did occur to me, Doctor," the Mulla assured him earnestly. "BUT I COULD NOT THINK OF ANY OTHER WAY OF GETTING INTO MY OVERCOAT."

85.
Mulla Nasrudin was told by his doctor to cut out drink.
"I can't cut it out just like that, Doctor!" wailed the Mulla "It would kill me."
"Hmmm.... you have probably got something there said the doctor. "We will compromise then, and do it gradually.
For the next week you can drink four double scotches a day. No more. The following week we will cut it down to three, and the week-after down to two.
Nasrudin staggered off and was back in a week, absolutely blotto.
"What do you think you are playing at?" demanded the doctor. "I told you to cut down to four double scotches a day."
"I did Doctor, honestly," said the Mulla.
"Well, how is it that you are in this dreadful inebriated condition?"
"Well Doctor, it's like this," said Nasrudin. "After I left you last week, I called on another doctor down the road for a second opinion, AND HE PRESCRIBED THE SAME TREATMENT....."

86.
A preacher was giving a sermon on the dangers of drinking and driving.
"Remember, my friends," he said to the assembled congregation, "whiskey and petrol don't mix."
"They do," muttered Mulla Nasrudin at the back of the mosque to his neighbour, "BUT THEY TASTE AWFUL."

87.
Mulla Nasrudin, a castaway, was washed ashore after many days on the open sea. The island on which he landed was populated by savage cannibals who tied him, dazed and exhausted, to a thick stake. They then proceeded to cut his arms with their spears and drink his blood. This continued for several days until the Mulla could no longer stand it.

He called the cannibal king and said, "You can kill me, but this torture with the spears has got to stop. DAMMIT, I AM TIRED OF BEING STUCK FOR THE DRINKS."

88.
"Is there any reason why the board should not draft you into the army, Mulla?"
"Yes, I have defective eyesight," said Mulla Nasrudin.
"Are you able to substantiate that claim?"
"WELL -- HERE'S A PHOTOGRAPH OF MY WIFE."

89.
Mulla nasrudin rushed into a pub and said, "Quick.... gimme a treble whiskey and two pints of the best bitter! I must have a drink before the trouble starts!"
The startled barman hastily poured the drinks which the Mulla downed in a trice.
"Now then," said the barman, "what's all this about? When is the trouble going to start?"
"RIGHT NOW!" answered Nasrudin. "I CAN'T PAY FOR MY DRINKS!"

90.
"Father, I want to get married," announced Mulla Nasrudin's son one morning.
"No, my boy, you are not wise enough," said the Mulla.
"When will I be wise enough?" asked the lad.
"WHEN YOU GET RID OF THE IDEA THAT YOU WANT TO GET MARRIED," said Nasrudin.

91.
When old Mulla Nasrudin was asked why he talked to himself, he replied: "IT IS BECAUSE IN THE FIRST PLACE, I LIKE TO TALK TO A SMART MAN, AND IN THE SECOND PLACE, BECAUSE I LIKE TO HEAR A SMART MAN TALK."

92.
Mulla Nasrudin's wife had difficulty getting to sleep and, at three o'clock in the morning, she awoke the Mulla and said, "Mulla, you never make love to me like you did when we got married forty years ago."
"Please, Darling," answered the Mulla, "I have got a busy day tomorrow. Go to sleep.
"But," she persisted, "you used to be a romantic. You used to bite me on the fingers, on my neck, on my ears -- Why don't you do it any more?"
"Darling," the Mulla explained wearily, "such nonsense is for newly-weds. We are too old."
"Just once you should bite me like you did forty years ago."
"All right,' said the Mulla, as he got out of bed yawning.
"But where are you going?" asked his wife.
"TO THE BATHROOM FOR MY TEETH," said Nasrudin.

93.
She did not approve of smoking and when Mulla Nasrudin, the newcomer, got into the carriage and lit his pipe, she could not help letting him know.

"Do you know that my husband is sixty years of age and he never put a pipe in his mouth?"
"M'AM," said Nasrudin, "I AM SIXTY-FIVE AND I NEVER PUT IT ANYWHERE ELSE."

94.
You certainly seem in excellent health," said the young physician to the octogenerian, Mulla Nasrudin. "What's your secret?"
"I have kept off drink and women Doctor," said the old Mulla firmly. "Never gone out with a girl or touched a drop in my whole life."
Just then there was a crash and a terrified female screamed from the adjoining room.
"What on earth is that?" asked the doctor in alarm.
"THAT'LL BE FATHER CHASING THE MAID" snapped the grey-beard. "HE'S DRUNK AGAIN!"

95.
When Mulla Nasrudin was ninety, he was asked how he had managed to have such a long life, "I believe," said the Mulla, "that it's due to the fact that I never smoked, drank or touched a girl -- UNTIL I WAS NINE YEARS OF AGE."

96.
"Mulla," asked a man meeting old Mulla nasrudin, who was always carefree inspite of having had more than his share of life's troubles, "how do you manage to remain so cheerful and calm?"
"WELL," replied Nasrudin, "I HAVE JUST LEARNED TO CO-OPERATE WITH THE INEVITABLE."

97.
"And have you made your will, Mulla?"
"INDEED I HAVE," said Mulla nasrudin. "ALL OF ME FORTUNE GOES TO THE DOCTOR THAT SAVES MY LIFE."

98.
Mulla Nasrudin supervised the building of his own tomb.
At last, after one shortcoming after another had been righted, the mason came for the money.
"It is not right yet, builder," said the Mulla.
"Whatever more can be done with it?" asked the mason.
"WE STILL HAVE TO SUPPLY THE BODY," said Nasrudin.

99.
Before his death, Mulla Nasrudin wrote this will.
"The law prescribes that my dependents must receive certain fixed proportions of my possessions and money.

"I HAVE NOTHING: LET THIS BE DIVIDED ACCORDANCE WITH THE ARITHMETICAL FORMULAE OF THE LAW. THAT WHICH IS LEFT OVER IS TO BE GIVEN TO THE POOR."

100.
Scene: The Pearly Gates. St. Peter is interviewing a new arrival.
St Peter: Name?
New arrival: Mulla Nasrudin.
St. Peter: Did you ever gamble, drink or smoke when you were on earth?
Nasrudin: No.
St. Peter: Did you ever steal, lie cheat or swear?
Nasrudin: No.
St. Peter: Were you promiscuous?
Nasrudin: Oh, no.
St. Peter: THEN TELL ME -- WHAT KEPT YOU THERE SO LONG?

Notes of a Madman

Talks given from 1984
Miscellaneous
2 Series
Year published: 1985
Book contains 2 "series" of 7 and 6 "sessions" repectively. The 2 series have been considered as 2 chapters for the purpose of the CD-ROM.

Notes of a Madman
Series #1
Chapter title: None
1984 in Lao Tzu Grove

Archive code: 8400000
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SESSION 1
Never act out of fear. Don't be worried about my body, it is okay. Don't listen to my body but to me. My body is always a little strange... it's bound to be.
Once you are aware, the body starts losing its grip over the consciousness. Once you are aware, you are no more of this world. That is why the awakened one dies and is not born again. He cannot be born, it is impossible. He cannot have another body. This is my last body.
You are fortunate to be with a person who is in the last body. I will not be again because I AM Being. Once you are Being you cannot be born again. It is Being which matters. It is

Being which is eternal. Bodies come and go; Being remains. Bodies are born and die; Being is neither born nor dies.
The music is beautiful but stop it. I am unpredictable. It is beautiful, but a hindrance to the ultimate flight. It is a bridge and you cannot make your home under a bridge. The bridge needs to be dropped. Mohammed was averse to music because the very beauty of music can keep one rooted. It is just between this and that, but I want only that. I hear music during the day but only to keep myself rooted in the body a little more because I love you so much. I want to create a home for the people I love. I do not want history to say I dreamed but could not make my dream become a reality. Just for this I want to linger in this body. All who are gathered in this room are helping me. Thank you all.
I have never thanked Vivek for the simple things. Her service to me is just beyond words. It is useless to thank her, it cannot be deep enough, be true. The last few months have been very difficult, very difficult to stay in the body. Over the years she has served me so beautifully, being with me like a shadow, doing a thousand and one things. Before I can say it, she knows my need. I have not thanked her. How can I thank her? There is no way. The English word "thank you" is so far away, nor can I use it for all of you who are taking care of my body, which is not just my body but my promise to thousands of people in the world.
I know these heights, but through the body. Now using chemistry I want to see if it is possible to see the heights seen by Buddha, Jesus, Lao Tzu. I think that it is.
In the library there are thousands of books; there are over one hundred thousand volumes in the beautiful library. I love the library; it contains all the best that has ever been written. I am giving it all to our university. Of all the thousands of books I have told Vivek to carry only one. That is my only book now. It is written by a man who has not reached but has come very close, very, very close -- Khalil Gibran. I wanted to talk about his book many times but did not. The time was not yet right. The man was only a poet and not a mystic, not one who really knows, but he reached to heights in his imagination.
Walt Whitman is the only American to talk of these heights, but he also missed. He missed when he was just on the verge, he was hindered by his homosexuality. It is not a big thing in itself, but a big thing as far as transformation is concerned. He missed. He wrote a beautiful book of poetry but could not reach to these heights. His chemistry, his own body chemistry was not ready for it. Homosexuality is a perversion, a perversion of one's own body chemistry. But even so he would have understood. He was the right person to understand what I am saying. Very few understand my words anywhere in the world, but particularly in the West.
India is the land of the seers, but that is the past not the present. That is no longer in existence. This is the height of the Upanishads, the Vedas, the mystics. The astrologers now say that before the Festival of Lights in 1984, I will be the top Godman in India and the world. They say I will be the Godman -not just THE Godman but the top Godman. But I am just a simple man, not a Godman at all... and I am not a savior. I am again an unenlightened man. How can I save anybody? And they think I will save India! How can I save India? I don't have a Noah's Ark....
I am the watcher. I am continuously watching, just watching and doing nothing, not even the grass growing.
Do not try to cheat me. I am such a cheat myself, you cannot cheat me. As far as the inner world is concerned you cannot cheat at all.

This is so beautiful, utterly beautiful... only a woman can dare into such beauty. Beauty is so much more than mere truth.
Everyone is afraid of danger. There is no need to be afraid. In danger there is no thought, only thoughtlessness. Many times I have moved into danger. I love danger. Thousands of times I have been in real danger.
Once I was traveling in Rajasthan. I was in a first class compartment. In the middle of the night a man attacked me with a dagger as I was sleeping. I opened my eyes and looked at the man. He looked into my eyes, my childlike eyes. You can understand the whole story if you just look into my eyes. He looked into my eyes, saw the child, and stopped. He dropped the idea.
I said to him, "What is the matter? Why are you not doing your thing? I am doing my thing so you can do yours. I dare you!"
He said, "You are the only man ever to dare me. Excuse me, I cannot stab you. I want to be your disciple." He is now one of my sannyasins.
There may be some devils among my sannyasins. One can never know. Perhaps my being at these great heights may be infectious. My wings are there, you can ride on them.
I am not a democrat, I am a dictator; that is why so many Germans come to me. In fact they come because they cannot find anybody in Germany. That's why they come to me. I am a dictator with a difference, a dictator with the heart of democracy.
I am grateful. Every master has been grateful to his disciples, because they are more cunning. Lao Tzu was grateful to Chuang Tzu because Chuang Tzu was more cunning. I am not saying he was not very beautiful... but more cunning than Lao Tzu. Buddha was grateful to Mahakashyap because Mahakashyap was more cunning. And that has always been the story, and will be the story always. Prove to be my real disciples so I too can say "Thank you." Yes, thank you, thank you. God is content.
The world has to see the ordinary, the small things, in order to see the extraordinary. That's why I say I am not enlightened. Enlightenment and non-enlightenment are two aspects of the whole. But the whole is known only by the one who can say, "I am no more enlightened." For example, there is only one man outside this Noah's Ark, J. Krishnamurti, but he is too much enlightened. He too must become unenlightened, then only will he be whole. That is why to see the eyes of a master is to see the eyes of ignorance. It is difficult to open the eyes, that is why I am in the body. Commitments have to be fulfilled.
Wipe that tear from my eye. I have to pretend to be enlightened, and enlightened people are not supposed to cry.

SESSION 2
It feels so joyful, so peaceful, so blessed to have you all around me. It is very beautiful. Jesus was not so blissful... I mean the company he had around him. It was not a very beautiful company, only Jews. I also have many Jews. Jews are beautiful, but to be Jewish is wrong. To be traditional, to belong to a tradition, to hang with religion, is wrong.
Just to be oneself is true. That is my teaching, just to be yourself; just to be your own purity, without fear... whatsoever it means, without fear, because it will mean different things for different people.

Sheela was thinking of buying a plane for me. A million dollar plane so I can fly... but I am flying, flying without a license, and flying to the highest, where there are no limits. Otherwise there are always limits.
I have heard: One man was driving fast, suddenly he stopped, looked at his wife and his mother-in-law sitting in the back and said, "Okay, let's first of all decide who is driving this car, you or your mother."
This is beautiful. Without wasting a million dollars....
Good. I am now high. It is so good.

Satyam... Shivam... Sundram.
Truth... Good... Beauty.
God is more precisely defined as beauty, not as truth, or as good. We are only consciousness and awareness; even chemistry cannot interfere....

I am a child again,
I can hear where this water,
and the land ends....
What a land.

I am relaxed twenty-four hours a day, so sleep is very difficult. I am relaxed... no, I am relaxation.
Howsoever beautiful a man is, there is something ugly about him, and vice versa; howsoever ugly a man is, there is something beautiful about him. Whereas a woman is always beautiful.
Do you know I am laughing? I am trying my best to make you laugh. Don't listen to anybody, continue towards the heights which only the ignorant can know, heights which only those who do not know much can reach. To know is not great. To not know is to go to the heights. Not knowing is truth. That is why I said J. Krishnamurti is full of knowledge. He is so full of intellectuality; if he gets out of it he will become unenlightened again, just like me.

To know is not to know.
Not to know is to know.
That's what the Upanishads say, and they say it rightly.

I cannot see, but I can cry,
I can again be a child.

Only very few people have known such a vastness.

SESSION 3
This is rare. This is for what we are searching, seeking, wanting, everywhere else.
This is the end.
You can go anywhere, to the church, to the mosque, to the temple, but wherever you go you do not reach the whole. This is so beautiful. I feel so good.

Actually, oxygen and nitrogen are basic elements of existence. They can be of much use, but for reasons the politicians have been against chemicals of all kinds, all drugs. The very word drug has become dangerous. They are so against drugs because people can come to know themselves, and when people come to know themselves politicians lose their power over them -and they love their power.
In the Vedas they call it soma, the essence, and since those ancient days until today, all those who know have recognized, either directly or indirectly, that chemicals can be of immense service to man. Man is chemistry, so is existence. All is chemistry. We cannot avoid its influence.
Let Devageet write his notes, but on his other side the woman knows, but the man writes. The one who knows always remains silent. Neither the Gita nor The Bible are written by men who know. Those who know are silent, and the ones who do not know talk about it. About and about and about, round and around, turning around and around but he never comes to a real stop. And I am really stopped.

In me the existence has stopped.
In me also the woman knows.
It is the man who speaks.
The woman remains silent.

Just because of the eloquence of his words man has dominated; otherwise he knows nothing. The same is true for me too....

The woman knows,
is soaring high above the clouds,
leaving the man to talk.

Buddha says charaiveti, charaiveti.
Go on, go on,
there are no limits.
We are not going anywhere.
We are here and now.

If we are in total intensity, in total sincerity, we are here and now. Then all is achieved. It is so close that we need not go anywhere, but just relax. Relaxation is the peak. If you can relax utterly and remain aware, then there are no holds, no hindrances, but gaps. The gaps are immense, you can use them as stepping stones towards God.
I am here, so no need to be afraid. I am absolutely unafraid.
I have transformed your room into a Noah's Ark. It is so and it will always remain so.
The Upanishads have this prayer:

"O Lord, take us from darkness to light,
from untruth to truth,
from death to deathlessness...."

This, this is for what they are praying.

The word in Sanskrit is prah, from which the Hindi prarthana comes. Excuse me, for a moment I fell into an old habit, because English to me is still a foreign language. It can never be very close to me. Although I have spoken millions of words in English it still doesn't mean it is close to my heart. It is my only foreign language, but my real language is the language of silence, and "prayer" in Sanskrit comes closest.
Yes, Sanskrit comes closest... Hebrew a little, but no modern language.... English particularly does not come close; in fact it has gone the farthest. It is not their fault. It is the language for measurement and technical accuracy. They have to make it a reality, a reality of technology, of science. So don't be worried if I halted in saying 'prayer'.
Don't be worried about my language, my grammar. I am not a man of language, not a logician at all. I am a man of silence who only speaks out of necessity... of necessity because nobody speaks the language of the Real. Everybody speaks of everything else, endlessly about everything except the Real. Hence I have to speak. In the whole world there are very few who know, who can understand, who can speak of the Real.
All the great speakers are deaf. I am not a great speaker but I am certainly deaf. But what is happening now is so very beautiful I don't want to hear anything. My consciousness is beyond, far away beyond the clouds. I can hear you saying, "Stop, the time is over." Time is never over, cannot be.
I can understand why Leonardo da Vinci is Leonardo; why Michelangelo is Michelangelo; why Rabindranath is Rabindranath; and Khalil Gibran is Khalil Gibran. They have all touched this beauty in their dreams. Yes, only in their dreams -- but they never knew the truth. What they knew was the object, but what I know is the knower... the subject, the Great Subjectivity... consciousness... Sat-Chit-Anand. I understand Truth -- Bliss -- Consciousness....

Open your wings,
there is nothing to fear,
nothing to lose.
Just be open to the sun,
the stars....

Don't be afraid. I am always in favor of danger, and this is dangerous because you are on the very verge of consciousness. This is the time you want to stop, but this is the time I want you to go on, because danger is beautiful, you cannot have too much.
But I see you are already going back, you are backing away. What is there to fear? Chemistry is there, the body is there; I can talk -- what does it matter if I am not in the body? One man is not important... but what I am saying matters. What I am saying will remain, it will stay; it is of the essence. I don't matter. What matters is what I am saying.
If the time is over, okay, but five minutes for my silence.... I was just trying to feel the chair, because I am so in the sky, to be in this chair at the same time is wonderful. I am not joking. I have never joked in my life. All those jokes... I have forgotten them.
The word Bhagwan is a code word. It means nothing in itself. I have given it the meaning, the blessed one, but it means nothing. But wherever I am, I will come back whenever you use this word bhagwan.
I will always be there when you say, "Bhagwan."
Thank you all.

SESSION 4
Now is always my time.
The world is left behind.
I'm in the clouds.
It is dangerous
but don't be afraid,
I am awake.

Don't be cowardly, that is the only hindrance for knowing the truth. One needs to dare to know; one needs to go into danger. You get afraid. You feel that I am going beyond the limits. But don't be afraid, I am already beyond limits.
Danger is beautiful. I have known it in many ways. In almost fifty years I have lived five hundred years, because I have dared in many, many directions. Each danger was beautiful, an experience.
What is danger? Do you think you know? I do not mean the dictionary sense of the word. Danger is when you are close to death, very close, so close that just a step more and you are finished... but only then you are.

When death is so close
being comes to its absolute flowering.

I can talk of life and death because they are one, and one can only talk of life if one knows death. A woman is never afraid. When a woman becomes afraid she becomes a lady. I hate ladies; they stink! Especially English ladies, they are the ladiest of all ladies. But who cares at moments of beatitude.... Ashu, never be a lady.
I am close to death -- that's the only way to bring me to myself, because death is where life goes on. Danger is beautiful, it is very beautiful. It is right on the heights; one wrong step and you are finished. That's why I love this chair: there are no steps. One can just relax. Death is so close you can touch it... it is tangible, touchable... like a beautiful woman, you would like to touch. Only then you know what is, what is- ness is. That is-ness is called God. It would have been better not to call it God, because the word god has become dirty. Is-ness is better.

It is the same is-ness
in the flight of a bird
in the shine of a star
in the flame of a candle
in the flowering of a flower.

Then it is not one thing; then it is a multi- splendored thing, a multi-phenomenon. Then existence is not one. Hence I use the word multi-existence, although grammarians will say it is wrong. To hell with them! -- it is the multi-is-ness of life that makes it a joy. Even Ashu is laughing. No need to hide, even laughter is a star. This is-ness cannot be worshipped. There is no way to worship it. It can only be lived, loved, danced, sung, but cannot be worshipped.

Just the other day Nirupa asked if she can go horse riding. I said, "No, because horses stink and you will come back stinking." She started crying like a child. Chetana came running to tell me Nirupa was crying with big, big tears running down. When Chetana came she said, "I am lost, what shall I do?"
I told her to tell Nirupa it is okay, she can go horse riding. Later Chetana said, "You are wonderful! When I told her, she immediately started laughing. Her tears just disappeared. Big, big tears just stopped. Incredible."

Life consists of such small things: tears... horse riding....

God is not to be worshipped, but lived.
Lived in small things...
drinking a cup of tea, or sitting doing
nothing.
Life is simply a song which is meaningless.

Let tears come into my eyes. Once in a while it is beautiful. One is renewed through tears, resurrected.
Remember, however hard I may appear, I am not. I am not a hard man...

I am as soft
as the newly growing grass,
as soft as the morning dew....
But let the dew appear in my eyes.
This is so beautiful.
Let me cry over this beauty.
Yes, these are the heights I have been inviting everyone to. These are the heights of the Vedas, of The Bible, the Koran; in short this is Allah. That's the Sufi expression; it simply means God willing.
We have not created this world. How can we create the stars? It is not possible for us, so Sufis say Allah -- God willing... and there is no God. There is no person called God, just a presence. If you want to feel it then feel it right now....

God is pouring,
showering,
raining,
and there is no umbrella.

It is good to have the woman on the left side. The right hand is connected to the left side of the brain. It is useful for being mathematical or technical... Devaraj and Devageet. The left hand is connected to the right brain... musicians, dancers, painters, sculptors, all that is beautiful. The woman is on the left side. Hence in the East the woman is always on her husband's left side, she always stands on the left. It is a reminder to herself, and also to her husband.
Who can hear a woman? Only a man of meditation, a man of silence. Reason is impossible with a woman, only meditation.... Unless people learn to meditate they will

not learn to live together. Men and women only fight. Even if you are just throwing clothes at each other it is not love, and this continues for twenty-four hours every day, goes on and on. One's whole life becomes a hell.
But meditation is magic. It can transform the ordinary into the extraordinary. One cannot find words to describe it... poetry fades before it.

Poetry fails to describe it...
Music fails to describe it...
Everything fails to describe it...
Everything fails,
only silence....

Devageet, don't be afraid. I know you love me. Leave me alone while you write the notes. Ashu and I can soar higher....
Go to the stars,
the rainbows,
to the world which is beyond...

which I cannot describe, nobody can describe. I am a madman. It is not easy to deal with me.

This is perfect.
This is transcendence.
This is sunrise.
It is... it is no more there.

Let the stars dance.

O it is so good
the source of everything great
where everything great
is born...
Michelangelo, Dostoevsky....

Yes! This is it!

SESSION 5
I have never worked. I am not a worker. I have simply enjoyed, enjoyed life to its limits, each moment of it.

The ancient pond
A frog jumps in
Plop!

There are ripples and ripples in the ancient pond....

The small pond
The frog jumped
Plop!

The circle is complete. Only the circle is perfect. Only the circle can know perfection. Pythagoras knew it, hence he became so hypnotized by circles. All those who have known, have known the circle is the only perfect thing in existence.
The village where I was born was exactly eighteen miles from the highway. It was a poor village, could not afford rich hills. It had a small pond. Frogs must have jumped in, but I was not aware of Basho then. Now I can see the point. I can see the ripples in the pond, and the silence... utter silence. That is rare on the earth.
I have stopped speaking to the masses because to speak to the crowd means to come down. Now I can only speak to the individual, to those who are close to me. And words are only gestures. Ordinarily words become things -- even God becomes a thing. Thousands worship things. But God is not a thing; you cannot make an image of God. God is all things together. He is the very togetherness. He is apart from this, but in it. The god of the philosophers is certainly dead forever. Churches, mosques, temples are empty... that god is dead. But the real God is not dead. So Nietszche is also not true, nor Russell, nor Sartre. The real God is the Real, the very essence, the togetherness.

From the smallest to the biggest,
from the meaningless
to the meaningful,
from the cry of a child
to the verses of Kabir,
from doodling to painting,
from those who know
to those who don't know,
He is the bridging.

At this moment, at this very moment, I am simply aware of this. It is worship, but one can love it... one can touch it... one can hold it in one's hands, one can feel its texture.
It is beautiful that the god of the philosophers is dead. I am a brigand. To be with me is to be a brigand, to be a Zorba and a Buddha at the same time. My vision is the vision of the ultimate unity between the Epicurean and the ascetic, between the materialist and the spiritualist. I do not belong to any category, I am a class unto myself.
This is so beautiful, and I mean so prayerful, so worshipful. When I say it is beautiful I am saying that nothing can be said about it. I am just pointing my finger to the moon, but my finger is not the moon.
There are moments when one cannot remain silent. One cannot say much, but one wants to share it, express it. Nobody till now has ever been able to say what it is... neither has anybody ever been able to resist trying to say.
I have been continuously speaking for twenty-five years and only being misunderstood. Hence I have moved from the masses, but for the chosen few I am always available.
I hear Ashu's giggle. She remains a lady, what a pity. Next to me, by my side, she remains a ladyship. Laugh, don't giggle. Laugh so the stars fall. At least this house can

fall. Don't be afraid, we are going high. I say "we" knowingly because I am pulling you. We are going high, every moment higher and higher. If I stop speaking that simply means I am in such awe that I can only say ahhh! Life's greatest song, of such transcendental beauty that it cannot be sung.
Rabindranath, India's greatest poet, wrote six thousand poems. When he was dying a friend asked him, "Good God! Why are you crying?" A tear comes to my own eyes that he was crying, even at the age of eighty years. One thinks a man should be sober, be serious, that death must be accepted, especially in India. The friend said, "God has given you such great talent. You have sung six thousand songs yet you are crying?"
Rabindranath said, just as I myself am saying with tears in my eyes, "That is why I am crying. Those six thousand songs are all efforts, but failures. The unsung has remained missing. I am weeping and crying, and asking God to help me a little more. Maybe I can succeed a little more next time. And you are telling me not to cry.... These are my last breaths...." And with tears in his eyes he died.
What a beautiful death -- and a beautiful life too. And what courage to say, "The song has remained unsung," even after being a Nobel prize winner.
I cannot say what I am seeing... I cannot describe it. It is going to be a failure, but there is nothing to be worried about. It is better to fail before great beauty than not to try at all.

I see the clouds being left behind,
mountain peaks being left behind,
everything left behind....
This is the way of godliness,
this is existence,
paganism.

I love beauty,
I love the world,
flowers, trees, stars....
I love, simply love.

But I am not just a Zorba, I am also aware of my love, even in these moments when my body feels like something far away... just somebody else's body.
I have sat by the side of many corpses, it is not the same. I am aware. I am not dead. I cannot be dead, that is impossible.

I am eternal.
The very essence of the eternal...
THAT.

You are,
everything is.
Nothing dies.
Everything continues in a different form, but higher.
The moment you go lower it is hell. It is not good, it is ugly. It is very difficult to find a great word for "very deep"... how is it possible? There are so many words coming but

none expresses it. It simply cannot be said. At the most you can share. But this is so beautiful, so beautiful. Go every day higher. These are the moments when even the sky is new.
The stars are reborn because my eyes are new.
Chemistry can give you a bath. Everybody needs it... the Christians, the Hindus, the Buddhists need to be bathed, showered, so they can again become new, just like small babies... fresh, innocent, available, wonderers, full of awe.
It must be difficult listening to a man like me twice each day. It allows me a chance to share my vision. But I cannot share it in words. My tears show it. I cannot say it.

I cannot hear anything.
Everyone is so full of bullshit.
I don't want to hear.
I can relax again
and face the rainbows.

This is the very essence of poetry.
This is the moment
when Jesus delivered his parables,
particularly
The Sermon on the Mount.
It was spoken
at such a moment.

It does not mean that it was spoken from a mountain, but from a very great height; from this height. Only from this height is it possible to speak of truth and beauty. This is the beauty. This is the moment, the very moment that great riches are created. You are so close to that moment... but so far. It is there within you; whenever you dive within yourself you can reach. But I don't want in any way to interfere with your life....
In fifteen minutes I can produce a sermon on the mount. This moment is true enough. What should I speak of? I am not asking you, I am asking this beatitude surrounding me....

What should I speak of O Lord?
Of Beauty?
Of Bliss?
Of Silence...?

There is so much to say but it all comes to the same. Whether it is joy, beauty, silence, it means the same -- silence....
My only experience is that of such great silence that in it even I am not... only silence prevails... I mean infinitely, without an end, without limits.
Words -- they can do much, but not much really. If one remains beyond then one has lost words.
Chemistry is a byproduct of alchemy. Alchemy was just an effort to hide the truth of meditation from the priests and the popes. Behind its facade was nothing but pure

religiousness. In this Noah's Ark it is the very essence of Truth, Beauty, Consciousness... and Beauty is the last, the ultimate prayer.
If there is still time I can still sing one song more. My song may not be much, just a birdsong, maybe less, but who cares when it comes to singing a birdsong! It may be just colors, but the colors of a rainbow.
My fingers? -- don't worry, it's an old habit. I am trying to use my fingers, my hands when I speak. The habit comes because words cannot say it. Just a gesture, even a simple finger can say more. Hands are so eloquent.
I want to remember humanity like this. It is so difficult to come back from the heights, to be back in the body... so it takes a little time. Please forgive me.

SESSION 6
Good, this is what I mean by being unmiserly. Mind is always miserly, is always a cheat. It cannot be otherwise. Mind always tries to limit, to stop, because it is possible to control the limited. One should give totally in everything, then one can know the is-ness of life. It is the very spirit of living... not great nor holy, not the other chaining the other.
I have been leading a revolution, not of gradualness -- so once in a while be fearless. And remember, with me there is no danger. I have nothing to lose, I have lost everything. I have nothing more to lose because now I have only that which cannot be lost -- ever.
The Upanishads sing, "Take us beyond the deathless...." Who can do it for you? It is futile. Only you yourself can go; nobody can take you, only you. The Upanishads go on, but it is only beautiful words. Words are words; howsoever beautiful, they are empty, they can never contain the poetry, they never contain the essence.

"O Lord,
take us from untruth to truth...."

But how can anybody take you from the untruth? You are clinging to it. Nobody is holding you to it, you are clinging; it is in your hatred, your anger, your jealousy, your miserliness. Who can take you beyond it except your understanding of it? I emphasize, only understanding is the way. It is not a road ready-made for you. You have to make it. You have to make it, and you have to make it by living it. There is no other method.
You have never been in this isness before. This is rare.
The Himalayas are full of snow, pure whiteness, pure innocence, purity. That's what the word snow-white represents; that is my color. Orange is the color of my disciples, the color of sunrise. My color is white, and can only be white, because white contains all the other colors. It is all; it is one.
You have to listen to me, absolutely. It is a one- way affair: I say, and you listen... I order you. There is no other way. When I am working on your soul, do not disturb me.
Look: I am a poor man, the poorest, but also the richest poor man, if such a thing is possible. I have everything that no king on earth has. Napoleon and Alexander must be jealous... they must be.
So listen and don't try to say anything to me, because whatever you say is bullshit! As far as I am concerned I simply want to be myself. One day what I am saying here, in the privacy of your Noah's Ark, will have to be declared, but wait.

All that is great comes from here.
All that has splendor comes from here. All that is
beautiful comes from here....

I am afraid that even my fingers may not be able to say what I want.
I love to be on these peaks. I love the heights. This beauty, this is sundram. This is something that I can only explain to my lovers. It is beautiful. This is not a story, it is not a novel, it is reality. My tear is a proof. Truth has to be proved by one's tears, by one's existence, by one's way of living.
A scientist cannot be generous. He has to take care, he has to be the calculator, the cautious... but again his left side is taking over. Ashu is winning. This is a polar alignment. Devageet, the man, to the right; the woman, Ashu, to the left. This is not accidental. No man can be on the left, only a woman, because only a woman can be on the left; only a woman because only a woman can connect with me from the left side. Man is just this poor right hand -- workable, usable, technical, but otherwise of no use. The right side has no poetry, so man should remain on the right; then he is right. When he tries to be on the left he is wrong.
Don't be afraid that I am going mad or something -it is impossible. How can a madman go mad again? Impossible! So with me you can be absolutely fearless.

Just like a flower...
a flower,
the bees are buzzing around it.

That is what happens around me:

The flower opens
and the bees start coming
and singing.

When I see that you are going mad I will stop. Till then let the flower grow and the birds sing. I am a little crazy. Everyone knows it so no need to worry.

Ahhhh the flowers...
the birds... the bees...
I love it all.
Nothing can harm me,
not even death.
Now, now... it is immense!
The very grandeur of it...
the grace of it...
I am afraid to say so....

I hear your giggles. I am afraid my body may not be able to express it. For twenty-five years I have been speaking, and with a wrong pronunciation. Who cares? What matters is

the heights from which I am speaking. Why are you in a hurry? You are hurrying to nowhere. Call everyone here.
If there is time to relax... let me relax once in a while. I should check whether you are conscious or not. Never be afraid, even if I die at this moment, because I'll be dying with all my blessings, all my joy, whether expressed or not.
Devageet seems to be a little shaky, even more than me when I walk. Have you seen me walking? It is so difficult for me, but as far as the heights are concerned, I can fly.
I am such a devil! I have always been a devil!

SESSION 7
This is good.
Now take off.
Leave the earth behind.
Go towards the skies,
to the stars.
Go on and on....

Light does not disturb me. I am facing thousands of suns so you cannot disturb me at all. Nor the noise. The whole marketplace is around me all the time, so your noise is not disturbing at all.
It is rare... it is beautiful to come so close to beauty, to come so close that there is just a thin veil and nothing else but beauty. The beauty of the beautiful... it is just like a wave in the ocean

Or like the rainbow....
It is not material.
It is immaterial.

I like this light, it is good. It is something like what I am facing. I am facing such tremendous light... this is nothing. I am facing so much music I am almost drowned in it. To be close to beauty is to be close to death. I cannot forget that. I have been close to death again and again. I have been coming close to death many times in my life, knowingly. You may not know but we have faced death infinite times, but with such fear we have not seen its beauty; otherwise death is another name for God. I am amazed nobody has said it yet. It is another name for God, for light, for joy, for beauty.

So I go on and on,
into myself.
Deep into the beyond,
and the beyond is all there is.
All else is going to disappear.
Only that which is beyond
will remain forever.
I am talking of the beyond.

From the beyond it is difficult. It has always been difficult. No language has words for it, particularly English. I am not against the English language. I love it for many reasons; it is accurate, more accurate than other languages. For that reason it is difficult. It is good for science, for technology, but not for religion.
Vivek calls your notes "The Ramblings of a Madman"... written by a madman, but not ramblings. If I am mad, then who is sane? If I am mad then who can say he is not mad? Nixon? Who can claim sanity? This poor earth is full of mad men, so I appear to be mad. A sane man among the insane always appears so.
There is a beautiful story by Khalil Gibran which I have always loved:

There was an ancient town ruled by a well-loved king and queen. Into the only well -- except that for the sole use of the king and queen and their prime minister -- a magician throws a potion. The magician declares, "Whoever drinks the water will go mad." Obviously, except for the king and queen and the prime minister, the whole town goes mad. They had to drink from that well, and they all went mad. Except for the king, the queen and the prime minister, they all go mad.
All the mad townspeople are gathered around the palace shouting against the king and saying, "The king has gone mad. We don't want a mad king."
The king asked his chief minister what to do. The minister must have been a wise man, not like politicians today, a man of insight, not elected but chosen by the wise. He said, "I will keep the crowd happy for a time. You run to the town's well and drink deeply. Drink deeply. Get drunk on it. Then come back and all will be right."
The king soon returns, but entering through the front door naked, singing, dancing... singing songs of ecstasy he dances with the crowd. The king's dance convinces the crowd of his sanity. They declare him sane. They recrown him. They rejoice. They celebrate his return to sanity.

I am surrounded by madmen. I am in a whole world of madmen. Certainly I will look mad... mad, even to my own people.
I have not shouted for twenty-five years. I have spoken with a microphone. But just for your sake I say, "Shut Up!" -- not for you but for the fool within you. For you I have nothing but tears... and joy... and prayer. Look, my tear is coming. It comes in the left eye, it is joined to the right brain, like the left hand.
The right side of the brain is right. When I say, "Right is right and left is wrong," it refers only to the brain. The body is just the opposite: right is wrong and left is right. If you want to see the tear you will need to come to the left side.
It is beautiful to cry for someone. To have a tear for someone is far more beautiful than to be joyous. It is like a shower; it is as if in the middle of the night the sun has risen. I will not say anything, I will only keep silent.

Arise! Ascend! Awaken!

These are words to be understood. And I am not a preacher -- preaching is dirty. I am a lover.
At least I cannot go mad. And I am not going to die at this moment. I have a few more strange things to do yet.

I was saying before that English is not the language to express It. It is too technical, too accurate. English can give good scientists to the world but not mystics. I am really a mystic, a mystic in a world of scientists... high beyond the stars.
Thank you. I always want to say the last word myself. Even in my grave I will sit up and say, "Okay, close it." If it is a funeral... but if it is done as it is in India, I will say, "Okay, start the fire!" But I want to have the last word. If you bug me I can be terrible. It is I who is going to have the last laugh.

Notes of a Madman
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SESSION 1
Om Mani Padme Hum

The Tibetans have got a mantra... Om Mani Padme Hum. The Lotus and the Jewel both together. It must have originated at a moment like this.

Om Mani Padme Hum
Om is simply an exclamation, it simply means "Ahhh!" or "Oohhh!" It is not a word, it is meaningless, but tremendously meaningful too. Meaningful in the sense of its beauty, its joy, its depth... Om....

I am reminded of Basho, old Basho. Whenever I remember the Japanese haiku poet tears start coming. Basho is one of the greatest men, or saints, whichever you prefer. To me they are the same: the ancient-born. And that sound -- oohhhh, that sound -- is Om. That sound... the frog jumps into the pond:

The ancient pond
The frog jumps in
Plop!

Om Mani Padme Hum... The Jewel in the Lotus.... I am soaking in the pond. It is so beautiful.

Om Mani Padme Hum
Before birth I was okay.
After death too I will be okay.
In life the same okay continues.

And the okay is perfect.

Dogen sings in a haiku -- Dogen is a saint....

Coming
Going away
The waterfowl
leaves no trace behind
Nor it needs a guide

Om Mani Padme Hum.

So beautiful... so tremendous... I am in the land of the buddhas. Again I can utter nonsense, because only nonsense can become poetry.
The other day, Devageet, I saw that you were a little hurt again because I called you a fool. Please try to understand the language of a madman. If you want to understand the meaning of the word fool read The Prince by Dostoevsky, or even better, Mikhail Naimy's book, The Book of Mirdad. It is incomparable. Each word is pure understanding, so sweet. Particularly because, as you know, I suffer from diabetes. The Book of Mirdad is good for all sufferers from diabetes because it is so sweet even though there is no sugar in it.
The Book of Mirdad talks about the fool -- fool simply means the simple, the childlike, the innocent. This is why the other day I called you a fool, with great love.
I can call anybody a fool only when I love them; otherwise I am very respectful to the real fools. Then I say "sir".... I called you a fool because I love you. Whenever I call you a fool, rejoice, utterly rejoice, rejoice totally. Only then you will be able to understand.
Om... ahhh! This is the very beginning of the world. Nobody has created it as the Christians think. They think that God created it. God has done nothing. God is the very existence, not a creator. God is the very creativity that pervades everything.

God is,
even today,
this very moment,
creating.
Wherever there are devils in creation, there is God. I am seeing what must have been the very beginning. Nothing can be more beautiful, more pure, more musical... just pure music, just pure poetry.... Just the pureness of all that is good, all that is beautiful....

Om Mani Padme Hum

This mantra has been chanted for thousands of years in Tibet, but it can only be chanted in Tibet because they alone know the great height, the purity of the Himalayas; the purity which nobody else can know. Tibet is the only country in the world to come closest to religion. It is unfortunate, most unfortunate that Tibet is now in the hands of the communists; they are destroying it.

This is the very essence, the ultimate good. The Book of Mirdad must have been conceived in such moments. There are very few books which have been conceived in such moments: Lao Tzu's Tao Te Ching....
Don't be worried about time. Can you ever be freed from all worries, just like me... free from all concerns? Yes, I know you can -- one day you will be. But for the moment, I am a madman and you are a fool; what a strange combination...!

Om Mani Padme Hum
Om Mani Padme Hum
Om Mani Padme Hum
Om Mani Padme Hum

Now I am only concerned with beauty, that is why I am mad. Just in this beatitude, if you can imagine... it is so beautiful. I know the origin, I recognize it immediately....

The tears in my eyes
are good, so good.
The roses are blooming,
the birds are singing again,
and these fools don't know....

When there are words, nobody expects words and flowers to be together. You must think that I am talking nonsense. It is impossible for me to go out of my mind -- I cannot. I go out but I have no mind. I am a madman not a fool. I am such a height that to even say anything is difficult....

Om Mani Padme Hum....

SESSION 2
Om Mani Padme Hum
The Jewel in the Lotus

I know you find it difficult to follow the word chawal. It should be properly pronounced, but I'm not a proper man. It should be pronounced jew-el, but I pronounce it cha-wal. I pronounce it phonetically. English is illogical; it is written in one way and spoken in another. My difficulty is that I have lived and been brought up using languages which are phonetic, which are written and spoken exactly the same. English is a little bit crazy. If Jesus could have read his words in the modern English version he would have beaten his head, he would have wept. He had said on the cross, "Father, forgive these people" -- the people who were crucifying him -- "because they know not what they are doing."
But I know perfectly well that seeing the English version he would not have said this. Impossible. Jesus spoke Aramaic, which is still spoken by a few people in the East. Gurdjieff had come in contact with those few people, and whatsoever Gurdjieff had said about Jesus is not from the modern English version of the New Testament, it is from those few people. He had heard the stories from those people. Those stories have been passed by word of mouth.

Aramaic is a primitive language; hence it has the poignancy, the beauty, which only a forest can have and never a Victorian English garden. It is impossible for a Victorian English garden. It is a pity to see trees pruned and cut according to measurement.

Jesus never knew what was going to happen to him, that he would be translated. No master can be translated. From Aramaic he was translated into Hebrew. Much was lost because he was fighting against those Jews, and when they translated him into Hebrew, in that very translation Jesus was lost.
Then he was translated into Greek. Perversion from perversion! Aramaic to Hebrew, Hebrew into Greek. Then he was translated into Roman. The very perversity - because the Jews and the Romans were the people who had killed him. And from Latin, that is Roman, he was translated into English. Still, the old English translation is far more beautiful, far more significant. The more modern it becomes, the less it contains, the more ugly it becomes.
Fortunately I was born to primitive people, in a village, uneducated. For nine years I remained uneducated. What a blessing! No modern child can afford it. It is against the law. You have to go to school. For nine years I was absolutely free from all education. It is because of that I could penetrate the ultimate, that I could come into contact with the unknown. Those nine years were beautiful, immensely beautiful. No education, no discipline, no morality.
From my earliest years I was brought up, again fortunately, by my grandfather, my mother's father, not by my father. A father is bound to be a disciplinarian, because he is bound to be concerned about the future. My grandfather, maternal grandfather remember... because my father's father was a totally different man. My mother's father had no other child. My mother was the only child, and once my mother was married he showered all his love on me. I lived like a king. He used to call me Raja. Nobody has called me that since. Raja means the king.
Although my grandfather was not very rich, he was the richest man in his village. On each of my birthdays he would bring an elephant. I would sit on the elephant and throw coins all around. That was his great joy. In his days there were golden coins, not paper notes. That's what I have been doing my whole life: throwing golden coins all along. I am still throwing, sitting on an elephant....
So when I say something and you do not understand, please forgive me. I come from a totally different context. I am really a foreigner. In my own country I am a foreigner. My whole vision is in a way primitive, and in a way original. Original means primitive, of the origins.
This morning I said, "the chawal in the lotus." I know the right pronunciation, but what to do with a wrong man? -- I will still pronounce it in my way. Coming in I asked Vivek, "What is the right pronunciation, 'jewel'?" I can easily understand jewelry, jeweler, jewel, but forgive me... I will say "the chawal and the lotus."
I am a little bit stubborn, my type of people have always been so. If they are not stubborn they cannot work. To work with stupid people you have to be stubborn, really hard, steel hard.
And this beautiful mantra, Om Mani Padme Hum, has been translated by the English fools. It seems unimaginable, but it has been translated. Even you will be shocked... they think it is something sexual! They think the mani represents the male sexual organ -- look

at the perversity of the so-called great psychologists - - and the lotus represents the female sexual organ! Now, you cannot make the meaning that they make of it.... Om Mani Padme Hum means to them male human organ into female human organ. Great! Great discovery! And these fools are thought to be scientists, biologists, psychologists, and all kinds of things, but they are just imbeciles, idiots.

I should not use the same word, fool, for them. They are not ordinary fools, they are idiots. An idiot is a fool who cannot be cured. A fool is an idiot who is already on the path to recovery. But I cannot call these people fools; they are idiots.

This morning, talking about Dostoevsky's book I called it The Prince. Forgive me, it is not titled The Prince; that is my own title for it, on my own book. I have titled it The Prince but the printed title is The Idiot. I avoided mentioning the word idiot this morning because I wanted to make the distinction. The idiot is incurable. The fool is available, ready, ready to change. The idiot is hard, very hard. For anything to penetrate into the head of an idiot is impossible. An idiot's head is covered with steel, nothing can penetrate him. That is why I called the book The Prince.

I also remembered Mikhail Naimy's book The Book of Mirdad. That book is just unbelievable. I feel jealous of only one man, Mikhail Naimy. Jealous not in the ordinary sense, because I cannot feel jealous in that sense; jealous in the sense that he has written it already, otherwise I would write it. I would have written it... it is of the same heights I am flying to.

From these heights I can see the whole existence as a play, as celebration, without any reason or rhyme, without any meaning. Yes, that's what I would like you to know too. People celebrate Christmas; they should celebrate all the year round. To celebrate only once in a while simply shows that your life is not a life of celebration, it is not a joy.

Everyone can go mad except me because I am already mad. I have been mad for almost one fourth of a century, and if you all help me I may make the century. I can make it... not on my own; on my own I am just Humpty Dumpty, but if you all help me I can make the century very easily. My father lived seventy-five years; my father's father, eighty; my father's father's father, ninety. Why can't I beat them in this race? If you all put your energies together you can help a buddha make millions of buddhas in the world. I am mad; otherwise just to think of one buddha is enough, and I always think of millions of buddhas. Less than that is not enough. I always think big. We have to create millions of buddhas, only then a new man can be born. Only then can we make Christians disappear and Christs appear. The beginning of the buddhas will be the death of the Buddhists.

I am a beginning and also an end.

I am an end... end in the sense that after me there can be no Christianity, Judaism, Hinduism, Mohammedanism. After me there is no possibility of any ideology. With me ends the old and begins the new -the New Man. Man with no ideology, no religion, no philosophy, no concept to live, but only a joy to live, a celebration.

This is the place spoken of in Jonathan Livingston Seagull, spoken of by Khalil Gibran in The Prophet. It is so tremendously beautiful I would like to dance... so beautiful. I would like to be a Baul again. Yes, in one of my lives, not in this life of course, I was a Baul, a mad singer playing an ektara.

You have never been here, but I know you can go a little further. How do I know? I am a con-man. You cannot con me. I have conned so many con-men.

Even when I can no longer hear a man, I can hear a woman. This is strange but it is so... because as you go higher the male is left behind, but the female is heard; in fact can be heard only then. Before that who hears a woman? Who hears a wife? That is one of the reasons why I have chosen the women to lead my whole organization, and not the man. I am a man and it would have been logical to choose other men, as it has always been done. Lao Tzu chose Chuang Tzu to be his successor. Chuang Tzu was beautiful, I have nothing against him....
Again, Jesus chose the twelve disciples, and among those twelve there was not a single woman. And yet on the cross when he was dying only three women were there. There was Magdalena... yes, I call her Magdalena, not Magdalene, because Magdalene looks less feminine than Magdalena. I have named some houses in the ashram after Magdalena. Sheela was asking me, "Isn't the real name Magdalene, not Magdalena?" I said, "Don't be worried about the real. What I say, follow it."
Magdalena was there. Mary, Jesus' mother was there, and Magdalena's sister was there. All the so-called apostles were absent. But still Jesus chose Peter to be his successor. Lao Tzu was at least right in choosing Chuang Tzu even though Chuang Tzu was a man. But Jesus was not right in choosing Peter.... As you can see, my eyes, my ears and my hands are all so full of Jesus.

Your laughter is so good, so beautiful.
Flowers are made of it.
Stars are born out of it.
Love is only a fragrance
of this flower.
Can there be
so much
goodness...?

I am such a con-man. Even my ears are trained, they hear only what they want to hear. My eyes are trained, they see only what they want to see -- for the simple reason that I want to live the way I want. I have always lived according to my own way, right or wrong, I don't care. If there is a God, and I have to face him, he will have to answer to me, not me answer to him.
I have lived my own way. I am not answerable to anybody. When you live according to somebody else you are always confused, and answerable to them; always trying to fulfill their expectations. I don't expect anything from anybody, nor do I want anybody to expect from me. Freedom is my slogan. It is freedom that brings truth.
J. Krishnamurti's first book is called The First and Last Freedom. In fact after that he has not said anything new. That book contains his testament; since then he has been dead. It happens to many people. Khalil Gibran died at the age of eighteen when he wrote The Prophet. In fact he lived many, many years afterwards and wrote many books, but The Prophet remains unsurpassed.
Krishnamurti's title is good: The First and Last Freedom. What is the first and last freedom? To be oneself, totally, utterly, without any consideration for any consequences. Gurdjieff used to say, "Do not consider others...." It is absolutely right. The moment you consider others you are no more yourself. But to live in freedom is difficult too because

you have to live with people who are full of expectations, and they are very touchy! If their expectations are not fulfilled they are miserable, and the miserable create misery for you, they cannot do otherwise. You can only give that which you have, and they have only misery.
So I say do not consider, let the world go on its way, you move on your own.

When you are yourself,
there is truth,
there is beauty,
there is grace,
there is ecstasy.
Om Mani Padme Hum

This mantra is tremendously powerful. Thousands of years and millions of people chanting it have made it so sharp, so penetrating, that just to repeat it again and again can create all the chemistry:

Om Mani Padme Hum

SESSION 3
Om Mani Padme Hum

IT IS AN AMAZING THING that all religions of the world agree on the sound of the soundless sound, OM. That's the only agreement between all religions, and there are three hundred religions. Why? Why do they all agree only on this point? They agree because when you come to such a height you hear it... it resounds all over... vibrates... OM....

Om Mani Padme Hum

Om is the most significant sound ever uttered by man.

Om Mani Padme Hum
Om Mani Padme Hum....

I love this mantra. I love no other mantra like it because there is none parallel to it. There cannot be. No other people have touched these heights continuously for hundreds of years. Don't look at my legs, and my toe....

The foolish toe,
what does it know;
it is not the Tao
it is only a toe.

I know the worry is because of your love for me. But don't take indications from toes. Listen to the whole. I cannot be harmed. I am beyond harm. Nothing can be taken away from me. I cannot lose anything. What a grandeur! To be in a state of not losing anything

because you don't have anything. I live like a king; in fact no king has ever lived like me. I can truly say what I mean and mean what I say. I am beyond the clouds, in open sky,

unlimited,
unbounded.

I am not saying anything of the ego. It is just a joy. I rejoice in my people, that's what I mean when I say I am proud. I am not comparing with anything, because there are not other people on the earth to whom my people can be compared. It is a rare moment in the history of humanity that only my people are the religious people.
The bureaucracy, the government, the politics, the stupidity... they are synonymous in my language. They may not be synonyms in the dictionary, but I don't have a dictionary any more. For the past few months now I have not read any book. I have stopped reading for the simple reason that what is beautiful has already been understood. Now it is pointless to read. I don't even read the Vedas, the Bible, the Koran. There is nothing that can be added to my experience, so I have stopped. Why waste your vision, your eyesight? It is not worth it.
When my doctors started saying that if I still wanted to study I would have to use spectacles, I said, "To hell with all books, because I hate spectacles." I hate all kinds of specs because they obstruct, they come in between. I want things face to face, directly, immediate. So I have stopped reading books. And the library is so rich, and so big, containing all that is great. But it no longer matters to me, I have gone beyond the words. I am not silent because I don't want to say anything to you, but because what I see is really spellbinding. It is really... this is the moment when one says, "Aahhh!" and this is the meaning of Om. But you have to experience it; you have to live it. There is no other way to know it. To be is to know. To be is the only way -- Tao, the way. Tao does not mean anything else, it simply means the way to be poetic again, to be a singer again, a Baul, a dancer, a mad dancer -- because if when you dance you take care of your steps, then it is not a real dance. When all is forgotten, the steps and all, when only the dance remains, the whirling -- the whirling Jalaluddin Rumi knew -- just the whirling....
Twelve hundred years ago Rumi created the whirling dervishes, the dancing Sufis. He himself danced for thirty-six hours!
I am a simple man. This is so beautiful.... Basho where are you? Come write again... paint... Basho, again say:

The ancient pond
A frog jumps
and the silence... Om
Om Mani Padme Hum.

This is beauty...

Beauty,
and beauty is God.
I am facing God.
I am touching him.

So immensely vast.
Om Mani Padme Hum
Om Mani Padme Hum

At this moment I can create Tolstoy... Dostoevsky... Leonardo... Turgenev... Lao Tzu... Chuang Tzu... Buddha... Mahakashyap... Bodhidharma... Kabir... Jesus ....

The silence is so beautiful.
There are beauties and beauties
on every plane,
on every level.
Even in the mud a lotus can flower.

Om Mani Padme Hum.

SESSION 4
Om Mani Padme Hum
I can repeat this mantra forever. Its beauty is such and you are so deaf that it has to be repeated again and again. Truth by its very necessity has to be repeated, because those who are hearing are not hearing. They have lost that sensitivity, that receptivity. So I will go on repeating this mantra. The day I see that it has penetrated to your unconscious, beyond you, within you, where right now you cannot reach... but I can.... The moment I see it has reached, the seed has found its soil, I will say it no more. That will be the end of the series.

Om Mani Padme Hum...
Om Mani Padme Hum.

Just the vibe of it is thrilling, tremendously thrilling, just overwhelming; one is drowned in it.
This mantra was not composed by a poet. Poets can say beautiful things but those beautiful things are sweet nothings. This mantra was conceived, not composed, conceived just as a woman conceives a child, conceived by the mystics. The mystic is always feminine, that's why I call the male part of you the fool. But don't be offended; I love your heart, your feminine part. Only the feminine can be loved. The male, the masculine, is unlovable; it can be used, it is a good mechanic, technician, scientist, mathematician, but never a mystic.
The moment you become a mystic, from he you become she. Now, it will look the very climax of absurdity to call Jesus she, Buddha she, Lao Tzu she. Nobody has called them that, but I have. I am determined to open all doors to all that has remained hidden. I am ready to take every risk. Jesus is a she, it cannot be otherwise. Only the heart knows. The mind can be knowledgeable but never knows.
This mantra, Om Mani Padme Hum, was conceived like a child, in the hearts of the mystics on the peaks of the Himalayas. The Himalayas are covered with snow from eternity; it has never melted. It has remained the same.

This mantra comes from Tibet, the hiddenmost part of the Himalayas. And on these heights I hear it: it is a sound like the sound of bees buzzing. And the humming is so beautiful. One cannot be grateful enough to the mystics who tried to make this humming sound into a mantra. Om Mani Padme Hum... aahhh, the Jewel in the Lotus.
I can hear the giggle of the fool, because I am still saying chawal. I will always say it. I stick to my ground right or wrong. I care for sincerity, authenticity. I am authentically myself. I feel if it is spelled j-e-w-e-l it should be pronounced chawal not jew- el. That is the wrong pronunciation -- according to me of course. Sooner or later you will have to make something like Osho-English. If there can be Indian- English, American-English, then why not Osho-English, with all its absurdities? I am laying the foundations for it.

Om Mani Padme Hum
When one lays foundations one should lay them religiously.

Om Mani Padme Hum

To be good with me is difficult. I called you the fool, and still you are nice to me. The fool... respectfool... and I will go on calling you the fool because I want to kill the fool, to crush the fool completely! I want you to be without it.
I am reminded, by the way, of thousands of Indian people around the world named Fooljan. Fool in the Indian language means flower. Now, when these people learn English and start writing their names they don't spell it as it should be, f-o-o-l; no, they have found a way, they spell their name p-h-o-o-l, Phooljan. But everybody is doing that, somehow hiding one's fool. But the more you hide it, the more you protect it, the more it is there. Leave it open to the winds and to the stars and to the sun and to the moon, and it will disappear. I want to kill it. If I ever wanted to kill anything it is the fool. But to kill a fool, I mean his foolishness.... I was afraid you might think, "A saint, and trying to kill something?"
In India saints don't even kill mosquitoes, they don't kill bedbugs. Bedbugs are okay, mosquitoes are okay, but the fool has to be killed. I am not violent, but with the fool I am. I am utterly violent with the fool. I want to cut off its head! That's why sometimes I am so bitterly and naturally misunderstood by the fools. I don't think any man has been misunderstood so much. I am blessed as far as that is concerned. I am the most misunderstood man. But it is nobody's fault, it is my own device. I am hitting the fools just exactly where it hurts, on their very skulls. And remember, I always carry the joke to its very end, the punch line!
There is an ancient story, the famous Zen story, The Ten Bulls of Zen. It is a pictorial story with ten picture cards, each card containing a phase of man and his evolution. The original pack consisted of only nine cards; the tenth was added by a madman like me. Everybody opposed him, everybody denounced him. He had to leave his country. He added the tenth picture, and the tenth picture is the most beautiful, the very culmination, the culmination of culmination itself.
In the first picture the bull is lost and the owner is searching for it.
In the second, he is looking everywhere and he cannot find it.
In the third, far, far away he can infer: "Perhaps that is my bull."
In the fourth he has actually seen the bull -- not the whole bull but just its tail.

In the fifth he has seen the whole bull.
In the sixth he has caught hold of the bull by its tail.
In the seventh the man has learned a lesson; he is holding the bull by the horns.
In the eighth he is riding on the bull.
In the ninth they have arrived home. The ninth has no picture, neither the bull nor its owner. That was the old pack. A madman like me added the tenth to those nine cards.
In the tenth the man is seen in the marketplace -not only seen but with a bottle of wine.
Now, no Buddhist can forgive it! Nobody thinking himself religious can forgive it!
That madman was thrown out of his country, but miraculously the tenth card has remained. Whatsoever is done by men like me... you may throw them out, you may kill them, you may crucify them, but what they do remains. You cannot destroy it. The man -- nobody even knows his name, they even erased his name from the books; nobody knows who he was, but he has done a tremendous service to humanity.
I have denied the invitation to visit America for years. My first Western disciples were American. Mukta has been asking me to go to America, and she could manage it because she belongs to one of the richest families in the Greek world. But I said, "No, Mukta."
One day while sitting in my room, Sheela just laughingly offered me a bottle of champagne, thinking that I would refuse, not knowing me at all. I accepted it with a "thank you." She looked puzzled. Vivek laughed, everybody laughed when I poured the champagne into my glass and drank it. Vivek took pictures. They have been hiding those pictures, but I will persuade them to give the pictures to you because they are the tenth picture. I want to add the tenth picture to a man himself, not to any story, not to any pack of cards.
In the East only the woman serves the wine. Ashu, don't be afraid. Except fear, nothing has been the enemy of women. They were subjugated because of their fear. They were so ready, so willing to be subjugated, to be slaves, and for centuries. Don't be afraid. At least with me be fearless, because I teach nothing but fearlessness.
I want to bring back the ordinary man, with all his extraordinariness. Naturally, first I have to be that ordinary man myself -- and I am an ordinary man, extraordinarily ordinary... with a champagne bottle in the marketplace, rejoicing. That's what champagne represents.
Life is nothing but wine, and at such heights I know that I am a drunkard. I know the ultimate heights of Being and nothing can be higher than that, that much I know.

Om Mani Padme Hum....

Even while I am dying I will say the last word. Nobody else can say it for me, on my behalf; nobody can be a pope. I am... and will not be represented by anyone else.

Om Mani Padme Hum...
The Jewel and the Lotus.

SESSION 5
Om Mani Padme Hum

I was thinking to discontinue the mantra, but the beauty is such that it cannot be discontinued so soon. For one reason more, Devageet: it has only scratched your subconscious, not penetrated to the very core, to the very center; hence I have to continue....

Om Mani Padme Hum....

The Himalayan hills
are covered with snow, and
the sun is rising.
The first sunrays
falling on the snow are
creating millions of
diamonds....

That is the meaning of Mani, Diamond. The Diamond symbolically represents the eternal. What a strange phenomenon, the snow, the ephemeral... one moment here, the next moment gone; sometimes represents the eternal....

The snow,
the sunrise,
the diamonds,
the miracle of eternal being
reflected in the ephemeral,
in the very phenomenal....

Just as the moon is reflected in the lake, even ripples can disturb it; just a pebble thrown into the lake is enough. But although it can be disturbed it is capable of reflecting the beyond in its undisturbed moments. That is what I call meditation: an undisturbed moment in mind -- which is always disturbed, but is capable of being undisturbed. The very disturbance proves its capacity to remain undisturbed -- even if for a single moment it is here and now. In fact we should only say "herenow"; the and should be dropped. It is not needed in reality. In language maybe it is needed, but I am not a linguist, thank God. Although there is no God we can still use the expression thank God -- that means thanking no one.
The moment the mind is herenow... get it! Herenow... get it!

Om Mani Padme Hum

Then you are surrounded in all directions and dimensions by diamonds, and also by lotuses. That is the meaning of Padme.
Om Mani -- aahhh! The Diamond... the Diamond is the indestructible part of our being. Om Mani Padme Hum, and the Padme, the Lotus, is our changing circumference. The Diamond is our center, and the Lotus, the cyclone, and we are the centers of the cyclone.

And what is the Hum? It means nothing but emphasis. It simply means, as when you strike a rock with a hammer you say "Hummmm!" -- that is Hum. And the mystics have to strike on the rock of your unconscious... Hummmmm!
Om Mani Padme Hum... what a beautiful expression: the Diamond and the Lotus together. They are not colleagues; the Diamond lives in a totally different world. The Lotus knows nothing of the diamond, but the mystic has brought them together. The mystic is the magician. He brings things together which cannot ordinarily be brought together. Togetherness is his whole work, and this mantra represents the ultimate togetherness of the mortal and the immortal...

of darkness and light,
of the changing and the unchanging...
Om Mani Padme Hum....

I love it so much; that's why, although I had decided to discontinue this series, in spite of myself I have to continue it.
A strange thing is happening today. My right eye is becoming blurred with a tear. It is because of Devageet becoming scratched -- although only the unconscious, and that too is being scratched only in part, but still that affects my right eye. My left eye, which is always full of tears at such moments, is absolutely clear. This is happening for the first time. Ashu, you should be sad. My right eye is full with a tear. But I don't really mean that you should be sad... soon my left eye will follow. Just go to the heights so the left eye also is full of tears... and the poor right will never be full of tears, only a small tear, but even that is rare.
Remember again Jonathan the Seagull. Go higher. I will not be able to speak until my left eye becomes full of tears. Yes, the tear is appearing.
Tears are beautiful....

Tears and laughter,
life consists of only two things.

The dance is coming... the dance of Jalaluddin... thirty-six hours dancing continuously shouting "Allah! Allah! Allah!" People first gathered around him, then they left. How long could they stay with him? Thirty-six hours! Even the disciples left. That is condemnable. Then he was alone, but he continued his dance.
That is what I am doing in my aloneness -- dancing, singing. Nobody else is there... nobody else can be. Everybody is born alone, remains alone, dies alone....

Om Mani Padme Hum.

Ashu, your tear is just appearing in my left eye like a sunrise. But this time it is appearing on both of my sides, left and right; I am amazed because it always used to appear only on the left.

Aahhh... Om Mani Padme Hum...
the flowers are blooming.

Om Mani Padme Hum
I cannot wait any longer. I know my bladder is full. I have already waited too long. I am such a rascal that even if something is going against me I will sit up in my grave and say, "Stop! Put it right! Put it exactly as I want it!" With me you cannot have your own way. My way is the only way, as far as being with me is concerned.

Om Mani Padme Hum....

SESSION 6
Om Mani Padme Hum

Ordinarily man has understood meditation to mean concentration. It is not, it is relaxation, and both are contrary. This is so beautiful... I can sing my song. Alas I am not a singer, nor a poet, nor a painter, but one need not be a poet, a painter, or singer to sing a song; one can sing it just by being ordinary. It works in ordinariness.
This morning I was talking about The Ten Bulls of Zen. The ninth picture is just an empty garden. That has been the ultimate of all religions. Even Krishnamurti belongs to the ninth picture. It does not matter whether he thinks it is so or not, but he belongs to it. I have been in the company of the ninth -- Krishna, Ramana, J. Krishnamurti, and there are the ancient ones also: Mahavira, Mohammed, Moses -- they all belong to the ninth. Yes, they are very saintly, very extraordinary. The grip of the extraordinary is extraordinary; to get out of it is the last thing in existence, and that is the tenth card. When you come out of nothingness, back into the world of ordinariness, it is so beautiful. The ordinary is no more ordinary. The mundane has become sacred.
Om Mani Padme Hum contains both. Om is beyond it, and Hum is below the expressible. Hum is used by the laborers; Om is used by the saints. Om Mani Padme Hum joins them both; Om becomes Hum, and Hum becomes Om.... What a tremendous synthesis.
The Diamond is the hardest, the most masculine -- Mao Zedong, Joseph Stalin. Amazingly, Stalin means steel; that's what the Diamond stands for. It is the steelest of all steels. And the Lotus, the softest, the most fragile. You cannot conceive of anything more fragile than a lotus -- the hardest and the softest. The Lotus represents the feminine. The feminine is always at the center, the center of everyone. The Diamond is at the circumference. Its hardness is to guard, to protect -- a safety device, a security. The feminine however is at the center, at the very core where security is not needed; where one can open up in love; where one can trust; where trust is simple, not arranged, not made. It is simply, effortlessly there.
This mantra joins them both, the highest, Om, with the lowest, Hum. The hardest, the Diamond, with the softest, the Lotus. The total is what is existential, and here and now. It is the present within me herenow. It is present in my silence, and it is also present in the words that bubble out of my silence. I have come across hundreds of mantras but nothing is comparable to Om Mani Padme Hum.
Just from words, or rather sounds... but what intensity! What fire! What sacred fire!
It is no ordinary fire, but a sacred fire which burns, and burns totally, leaving nothing behind... and yet you are reborn out of it.
It is a mystery just like the mythological story of the phoenix -- the story of a bird burning itself to death, and out of that death coming alive again and again, eternally.

It is not just a myth. No myth is just a myth; something of the truth is given through it. Down the generations this mantra has been there, and I have come to it again and again. I see Ashu laughing. She must be thinking, "This man is really crazy. He must be to come back again and again to his mantra." You cannot drown his mantra; to drown him is impossible, so the mantra goes on and on....

Om Mani Padme Hum....

This is the mantra Tibetans repeat when a child is born... not exactly that, but when a child is conceived. How is it possible? The method is this: while you are making love, keep repeating this mantra, so when the child is conceived, Om Mani Padme Hum is there from the beginning. For nine months the mother repeats it as often as possible, and whenever possible. When the child is born, the father repeats the mantra, the lama repeats the mantra. "Priest" is an ugly translation, but in English the only translation for lama is priest, but that's not my fault. A lama is not just a priest, he is a prophet too. He comes when the child is born -not a doctor, but the mystic -- and he repeats the mantra continuously. As the head of the child emerges, he is repeating; as the child is born, he is born into Om Mani Padme Hum.
The same happens when one falls in love and gets married. The lama is not a Christian priest marrying two people, he is a mystic helping two people to go deep into love. He again repeats the mantra.

Om Mani Padme Hum....

Again it is not what you would call a wedding; it is not a bondage. It is beautiful. Hence in Tibet they have never heard of divorce. You will be surprised... only now, recently, have they heard of it; otherwise for centuries and centuries their people have been joined in love. The very concept of divorce was unknown to them.
Again the same mantra is repeated when a person is dying. The lama repeats it, and so does everybody present. The dying person is in an ocean of Om Mani Padme Hum. From the very beginning to the end this mantra remains a secret, silent undercurrent in the life of the man.
So don't laugh; try to understand, rather, try to feel. Perhaps that's why I continued with it. In my sane moments I was going to stop. But trust my insanity. The more insane I am, the closer I am to truth.

Om Mani Padme Hum....
I have left the ninth card of Zen because I was tired of Moses, Ramakrishna, Mohammed, Mahavira, Krishnamurti -- the whole company. They are good company, but even good company sooner or later becomes nauseating. A good company, just good, becomes tasteless. I dropped out of it. I transcended it and became a real dropout: the tenth bull of Zen. And entering the tenth I have known all that is worth knowing, while the poor fellows in the ninth are playing with toys... religious toys, but toys are toys. Only in the tenth are you beyond. And the tenth resounds in you with the soundless sound of...

Om Mani Padme Hum....

This will be the last for this series.

Seeds of Wisdom

Letters written from 1966 - 1969
Miscellaneous
120 Letters
Year published: 1994
120 Immortal Letters, translated from Hindi. Previously called "The Seeds of Revolution".
2nd edition pub. 1978, 200 pgs. Later retitled "Seeds of Wisdom" for publication in 1994.

PREFACE

I too am a farmer and I sowed some seeds. They sprouted and now flowers have come to them. My whole life is filled with the fragrance of these flowers and because of this fragrance now I am in a different world. This fragrance has given me a new birth, and now I am no longer that which is seen by ordinary eyes.
The unseen and the unknown have flung open their closed doors, and I am seeing a world which is not seen through the eyes, and I am hearing music which ears are not capable of hearing. Whatsoever I have found and known is eager to flow just as the mountain waterfalls and springs flow and rush towards the ocean.
Remember, when the clouds are full of water they have to shower. And when the flowers are filled with fragrance they have to give off their fragrance freely to the winds. And when a lamp is lit, the light is bound to radiate from it.
Something like this has happened and the winds are carrying away some seeds of revolution from me. I have no idea in what fields they will land and who will tend them. I only know that it is from seeds like these that I have attained the flowers of life, immortality, and the divine. And in whatever field they land, the very soil there will turn into the flowers of immortality.
In death is hidden the immortal and in death is life -- just as flowers are inherent in the soil. But the potential of the soil can never become realized in the absence of seeds. The seeds make manifest that which was unmanifest and give expression to that which was latent.
Whatever I have, whatever I am, I want to give away as seeds of divine consciousness. What is attained in knowledge -- knowing -- love gives away in abundance. In knowing one knows God; in love one BECOMES God. Knowledge is the spiritual discipline, love is the fulfillment.

1
I had been to a village. I heard someone saying there: "Religion lies in renunciation, and renunciation is a hard and demanding discipline."

As I heard this, I recollected an incident from my early childhood. I had accompanied a picnic party to the bank of a river. The river was small but with a vast expanse of sand. On the sandy bank there lay many pebbles in luminous colors. I felt I had stumbled on a treasure. By the evening I had collected so many pebbles that it was not possible to bring them home with me. Tears came into my eyes when I had to leave them behind as I left, and I was surprised to see my companions' lack of interest in those pebbles.

That day they seemed to me to be great renouncers. When I think of it today, I see that there is no question of renunciation once you have known the stones as stones.
Ignorance is indulgence.
Knowing is renunciation.
Renunciation is not a doing; it is not something to be done, it just happens. It is a natural result of knowing. Indulgence is mechanical: that too is not a doing -- it is a natural result of ignorance.
Hence, the idea that renunciation is a hard and arduous task is meaningless. In the first place it is not an act -- activities alone can be difficult and strenuous -- it is an outcome. Secondly, in renunciation what apparently drops is worthless, and what is attained is priceless.
In fact, renunciation as such does not exist, because we gain immensely more than we drop. The reality is that we drop only our bondage, but we gain liberation; we drop only shells but we receive diamonds; we forsake only death but attain immortality; we leave only darkness but attain the light -- eternal and infinite.
Where then is the renunciation? Dropping nothing and receiving everything cannot be called renunciation.

2
LAST NIGHT a man breathed his last. Today people mourn at his door.
At such moments a memory of an event in my childhood arises in my mind. It was my first visit to the burning ghats. The funeral pyre had been lit, and the people were chatting in small groups. The village poet said, "I am not afraid of death. Death is a friend."
Since then I have heard this same assertion in different forms from different people. I have also looked into the eyes of those who say this and have found that these fearless words arise from fear.
Nothing changes just by giving death beautiful names. In fact, the fear is not of death, the fear is of the unfamiliar. What is unknown creates fear in us. It is necessary to become acquainted with death. This acquaintance brings one to fearlessness. Why? -- because it is through acquaintance that one comes to know that there is no death to what is.
It is only the personality, which we have taken to be our "I", that shatters, that dies. It shatters because it is not. It is only a combination, a union of a few elements. As this union disintegrates, the personality shatters. This is what death is. Hence, as long as personality is taken to be one and the same as the true self, there is death.
Move deeper from the personality, and as you arrive at the true self, the deathless is attained.
The path of this journey, the penetration from the surface of personality to the core of the self, is religion.

It is in samadhi, enlightenment, that acquaintance with death happens. Just as darkness ceases to exist the moment the sun rises, so does death when samadhi is attained. Death is neither an enemy nor a friend, it simply does not exist. One needs neither to fear it nor not fear it. One has only to know it. Ignorance of it is fear, knowing it is fearlessness.

3

ONE DAY I went to a temple. The crowd of worshippers was engaged in worshipping the deity. The devotees were bowing down before the idols. An elderly man who had come with me said, "Nowadays people do not have faith in religion. So very few people visit the temples."

I said, "Where is the religion in a temple? What a self- deceiver man is! He deceives himself by taking as gods the idols created by his own hands. He satisfies himself by taking the scriptures -- the product of his own mind -- as truth."

Whatsoever is the creation of man's own hands and mind is not religion. The idols sitting in the temples are not images of gods but of man himself. And what is written in the scriptures is but a reflection of man's own desires and thinking, not the truth seen within. It is not possible to express the truth in words.

It is not possible to have an idol of truth, because truth is boundless, infinite and formless. It has no form, no name, no attribute. The moment it is given a form it disappears.

In order to attain it, all idols and all physical conceptions have to be dropped; the whole cobweb of self-fabricated fallacies has to be swept away. That uncreated truth reveals itself only when man's consciousness is liberated from the prison which his own mind has created .

In fact, rather than building temples in order to reach the truth, we should demolish them; instead of sculpting idols, we should destroy them. We should drop our obsession with the form so that the formless may enter. The moment the manifest leaves our minds, the unmanifest appears.

It was there already, but it was hidden beneath the idols and the tangible. Just as we cannot see the empty space in a room stuffed with things -- remove those things and the empty space is revealed; it has always been there.

Truth too is like this. Empty the mind and it is there.

4

I HEARD a discourse this morning. It happened unintentionally. A so-called saint was speaking and I was passing that way when I heard him say, "The way to be religious is to be God-fearing. Only one who fears God is religious. It is fear that brings one to love God. There is no loving without fear. Love is impossible in the absence of fear."

Usually, those who are called religious are religious because of fear. Those who are called moral are also bound to fear.

Kant has said, "Even if there is no God, still it is necessary to accept him." Perhaps that is because the fear of God makes people good.

When I hear such statements, I cannot help laughing. Perhaps nothing else is so mistaken and untrue.

Religion has nothing to do with fear. Religion is born out of fearlessness.

It is impossible for love to co-exist with fear. How can fear give birth to love? Out of fear, only the pretense of love can be born. And what else but non-love can exist behind a counterfeit love? Love born out of fear is an impossibility.
Hence, religiousness and morality based on fear are false, not true. They weigh down, rather than elevate, the energy of the soul. Religion and love cannot be imposed on oneself, they have to be kindled and aroused within.
Truth is not founded on fear. Fear does not support the truth, it is opposed to it. The foundation-stone of truth is fearlessness.
The true flowers of religion and love can be grown only in the soil of fearlessness. Those planted in the soil of fear can only be artificial.
The realization of God happens only in fearlessness. Or to put it more correctly, the realization of fearless consciousness is the realization of God. The moment all fear disappears from the mind, what happens in that moment is the encounter with truth.

5
THE HEAT of noon is at its peak. The flowers on the palasa tree are glowing like embers.
I walk along a deserted path. Thick bamboo groves line the path and I find their shade very pleasant.
A familiar bird sings a song and accepting its invitation I stop there.
A man who is with me asks,"How to conquer anger? How to conquer sex?"
This is a question so frequently asked nowadays. The mistake lies in asking the question -- and I said so to him.
The problem is not to conquer, it is to know. We know neither anger nor sex. This ignorance is what defeats us.
Knowing brings victory. When there is anger, when there is sex, we are not. There is no awareness, hence we are not. What happens in this state of unconsciousness is completely mechanical. When the unconsciousness releases its grip, remorse follows -- but that is futile. Because the one who now repents will fall asleep again as soon as sex catches hold of him. If he does not sink into sleep -- if he lets consciousness, wakefulness and right remembrance prevail -- he will find that there is neither anger nor sex. The mechanicalness is broken and there is nothing to be conquered -- the enemy has gone.
You may understand this better through a symbolic story. In the darkness, a rope is taken for a snake. Seeing it, some run away, some get ready to kill it. Both are mistaken because they both take the rope for a snake. Somebody goes near it and finds that there is no snake at all. He does not need to do anything more than approach it.
Man has only to approach himself. Whatever is within him, he must be familiar with it all. He does not have to fight with anything. And I say unto you that victory comes to him without a fight.
Right watchfulness towards one's own mind is the key to victory over life.

6
THE NIGHT is past and the rays of the morning sun are spreading all over the fields. We have just crossed a small stream. Hearing the sound of the train, a flock of white herons flies from the white lilies towards the sun.

Then something happens and the train stops. Halting in this lonely place feels good to me. My unknown fellow passengers are also awake. They boarded at some wayside station in the night. Perhaps taking me for a sannyasin, they come as though to touch my feet. An eagerness to ask something is in their eyes.
Finally one of them speaks: "If it does not inconvenience you, I wish to ask a question. I am interested in God and I have tried hard to reach him, but all to no avail. Does this mean that God does not favor me?"
I say, "Yesterday I went to a garden. Some friends were with me. One of them was thirsty. He lowered a bucket into the well. The well was very deep. It took some effort to pull the bucket up. But when it appeared at the top of the well it was empty. All the others laughed.
"It seemed to me that the bucket was like the mind of a man. It had many cracks and holes. Of course, at first it was filled with water, but every drop ran out through the holes. Our mind too is full of holes. Offer the leaking mind to the existence as persistently as you wish, it will return to you empty. If you repair the bucket beforehand, my friends, it becomes easy to fill it with water. Of course, the leaking bucket may cause you to undertake many exercises in asceticism, but it will not quench your thirst.
Remember that the existence is neither sympathetic nor unsympathetic. It is your responsibility to keep your bucket intact. The well is always ready to offer you water. It will never deny you."

7
ONE DAY I was standing on the bank of a river. I saw a paper boat sink in the water. The day before, some children had built castles of wet sand. They too had tumbled down. Every day, boats sink and castles tumble.
A woman came to me. Her dreams had not been fulfilled. She had lost all interest in life. She had been thinking of committing suicide. Everything seemed futile to her. Her eyes were deeply sunk in their sockets.
I said, "Who ever has his dreams fulfilled? All dreams ultimately bring misery because, even if the paper boats sail, how far can they go? The dreams are not in error: dreams are naturally unrealizable. It is we who are at fault: dreaming, we are asleep. Sleeping, we can achieve nothing. On waking, we see that what we thought we had attained, we have not attained.
"Instead of seeing dreams, see the truth. See what is. This brings liberation. This boat alone is real. This boat alone will carry you to the ultimate fulfillment of your life.
"In dreams is death, in truth is life; dreams mean sleep, and truth means wakefulness. Wake up and realize your self. As long as the mind is dreaming, that which sees the dreams cannot itself be seen. Only the seer is Truth. Only the seer is. As soon as we realize this, we can laugh at the sunken boats and fallen castles."

8
There is a Sufi song:
A lover knocked at the door of his beloved. A voice cried, "Who is there?" The person outside said, "It is I." He heard in reply, "This house has no place for two, 'I' and 'Thou'."

The closed door remained closed. The lover retreated into a forest. There he made penance, observed fasts, and offered prayers. After many years, he returned and again knocked on the closed door. Again the voice asked, "Who is there?"
This time the doors were thrown open, for his reply was, "It is thou."
This reply, "It is thou", is the essence of all religion. On the endlessly flowing river of life, "I" is the only bubble. "I" alienates the individual from existence. The bubble of "I" thinks itself distinct from the river, whereas in reality the bubble has no separate existence. It has no separate center, no separate life. It is the ocean. The ocean is its life. Its very existence is in and through the ocean. Even the idea of its being separate from the ocean is ignorance. Look into the bubble, and you find the ocean. Look into t he 'I', and you find brahman.
Where 'I' does not exist, 'Thou' too is absent. There is only 'being'. Only existence, pure is-ness is there. To awaken into this pure existence is nirvana.

9
The only light came from an earthenware lamp. But now it too has been blown out. A gust of wind came and extinguished the flame. How far can we rely on lamps? When they are so easily blown out, how long can even a great many flames last? We are drowned in an ocean of darkness.
A young man is sitting with me. He is very much afraid of the darkness. He says his very being is shaken by it, so much so that he can hardly breathe.
I tell him, "Darkness, and darkness alone, envelops this world. And the world has no light to dispel the darkness. Whatever flames there are in the world are fading out. They flicker, but the darkness remains unaffected. The darkness of the world is eternal, and those who rely on these flames are unintelligent, for the flames are not real. Ultimately, they are all overpowered by the darkness.
"But there is another world -- a world different from this visible world. If this world is darkness, the other is light. If in this world light is transient and temporary and darkness permanent, in the other one darkness is transient and temporary and light permanent.
"The wonderful thing is that the world of darkness is far away from us, and the world of light is very near.
"Darkness is outside, and light is inside.
"And remember, if you do not awaken to the light within, no other light can dispel your fear. Drop your reliance on mortal lamps, and seek the immortal light. This alone can bring you fearlessness, bliss, and the light which no one can take away from you. This alone is ours and of this we cannot be deprived. Only that which does not come from outside is ours.
"Of course there is darkness outside your eyes. But when you look within your eyes, what do you find there?
"If there were darkness there, how could you recognize the darkness? He who recognizes the darkness cannot himself be darkness.
"Again, if he aspires for light, how can he be darkness? He is light. Hence he aspires for light. He is light, hence he yearns for light. He is light, hence he seeks the light. Light alone can thirst for light. Search the place from which your thirst arises, make that point your goal, and you will find what you thirst for hidden there."

10

I am not God-fearing. Fear does not take one to God. It is only a complete absence of fear which can take you there.

In no sense am I a believer either. Belief is blind. How can blindness take one to the ultimate truth?

Nor am I a follower of any religion, because religion cannot be divided up and categorized. It is one and indivisible.

Yesterday when I said this, someone asked me, "Then are you an atheist?"

I am neither an atheist nor a theist. These distinctions are superficial, merely intellectual. They have absolutely nothing to do with existence. Existence is not divided into 'is' and 'is not'. These distinctions are of the mind. Accordingly, both atheism and theism are of the mind. They do not reach the spiritual. The spiritual transcends both positive and negative. That which is lies beyond positive and negative.

In other words, there they are one, and there is no dividing line between them. No concept accepted by the intellect gains access there. In fact, the theist has to drop his theism and the atheist his atheism. Then possibly they may enter the world of truth. Both these ideas are the obsessions of intellect. Obsession is an imposition. We are not asked to decide what truth is, but to recognize it as the moment one opens oneself.

Remember that we do not have to decide about truth: we have to recognize it. He who drops all intellectual decisions, logical conceptions, mental obsessions and assumptions, in that state of mental innocence opens himself to the truth as flowers open themselves to the light. It is in this opening up that seeing becomes possible.

Thus, I call that man religious who is neither a theist nor an atheist. Religiousness is a leap from the notion of many into oneness.

Where there is no thought, but only absence of thought, where there is no choice, only choicelessness, where there are no words, only wordlessness, there we enter religion.

11

I had set out for a walk at night. The village road was rugged and uneven. I had a friend with me who was a sadhu. He had travelled a great deal. There was hardly a place of pilgrimage where he had not been. He sought the path to the divine.

That night he asked me a question: "What is the path which leads to the divine?"

He had put this question to many others. Slowly slowly he had become conversant with many paths. But the distance between him and the divine remained the same as ever. It was not that he had not attempted those paths. He had done all he could. But treading the path had been the only result. He had reached no goal. But he was not yet weary of traveling, and his search for new paths continued.

I remained silent for some time. Then I said, "There is no path to attain what I myself am. Paths are for reaching 'the other' and 'the distant'. What is 'near' -- not only near but what I myself am -- cannot be attained by means of a path. There is no intervening space for a path. Attainment is of that which is lost. But can the divine ever be lost?"

What can be lost cannot be one's own self.

The self can only be forgotten.

Hence one does not have to go anywhere. One has only to remember. Nothing is to be done -- only known. And to know is to attain. What we should know is, "Who am I?" To know this is to attain the divine.

One day, when all our efforts seem futile, when no path seems to lead anywhere, then it will become clear that whatever we do will not attain the truth.
No-action will unravel the mystery of the 'I', because all action leads away.
No-action takes us to existence. Where action ceases existence reveals itself.
No-action will give that to us, because that is in existence even before the activities.
There is no path leading 'there', because 'there' is 'here'.

12

One evening, there was a storm on Lake Galilee. A boat was on the verge of sinking. There seemed to be no way of avoiding disaster. Passengers and boatmen were equally helpless. Gusts of violent wind shook everyone to the core of their being. The waves had begun to break into the boat. The shore was far beyond reach. But amid the raging storm, a man was sleeping soundly in a corner of the boat, unruffled and unworried. His companions woke him up. Shadows of imminent death lurked in their eyes.
Waking, the man asked, "Why are you all so frightened?" -- as if there were no reason at all to be afraid. His companions stood dumbfounded. They could not utter a word. He asked them again, "Have you no faith?"
On saying this, with calmness and courage he rose and walked slowly to the side of the boat. The storm was lashing and raging in its final attempt to overturn the boat. Addressing the turbulent lake, he said:
"Peace. Be still."
He said, "Be still", as though the storm were a naughty child.
The passengers must have wondered what kind of madness this was. Do storms pay heed to entreaties? But even as they watched, the storm subsided and the lake became as calm as if nothing had happened.
The man had been heard.
The man was Jesus Christ and the incident is two thousand years old. But it seems to me that these events happen every day.
Are we not constantly in the midst of a storm, a restlessness? Is not the shadow of imminent death constantly in our eyes? Is not the inner lake of our mind continuously disturbed? Does not the boat of our life constantly seem to be on the verge of sinking? So is it not proper that we ask ourselves, "Why are you so afraid?" and "Have you no faith?" Should we not go into ourselves and say to the turbulent lake within, "Peace. Be still?"
I have tested this and found that the storms do subside. It is simply a matter of beginning to feel at peace, and peace descends. We make ourselves restless; we can also make ourselves calm. The attainment of peace is not a matter of practice, it is a matter of 'right-feeling'.
Peace is our nature. Even in the midst of deep restlessness, there is a center where we are at peace. There is a person within us who is calmly asleep in the midst of all our storms. In this peaceful, still, unworried spot is our real existence. The miracle is that, despite its existence, we become restless. There is no miracle in returning there.
If you wish to be at peace, you can be so right now, right here. Practice brings results in the future, right feeling brings results instantly. 'Right-feeling' is the only real transformation.

13

I used to ask myself, "Who am I?" It is impossible to count how many days and nights I passed in this query. The intellect gave answers heard from others, or born of conditioning. All of them were borrowed, lifeless. They brought no contentment. They resonated a little at the surface, and then disappeared. The inner being was not touched by them. No echo of them was heard in the depths. There were many answers to the question, but none was correct. And I was untouched by them. They could not rise to the level of the question.

Then I saw that the question came from the center but the replies touched only the periphery. The question was mine, but the answers came from outside; the question arose from my innermost being, the replies were imposed from outside. This insight became a revolution. A new dimension was revealed.

The responses of the intellect were meaningless. They had no relevance to the problem. An illusion had shattered. And what a relief it was!

It seemed as if a closed door had been flung open, filling the darkness with light. The intellect had been providing the answers -- that was the mistake. Because of these false answers, the real answer could not arise. Some truth was struggling to surface. In the depths of consciousness some seed was seeking the way to break open the ground in order to reach the light. Intellect was the obstruction.

When this was made plain, the answers began to subside. Knowledge acquired from outside began to evaporate. The question went ever deeper. I did not do anything, only kept on watching.

Something novel was happening. I was speechless. What was there to do? I was, at the most, simply a witness. The reactions of the periphery were fading, perishing, becoming nonexistent. The center now began to resonate more fully.

"Who am I?" My entire being was throbbing with this thirst.

What a violent storm it was! Every breath quaked and trembled in it.

"Who am I?" - like an arrow, the question pierced through everything and moved within. I remember -- what an acute thirst it was! My very life had turned into thirst. Everything was burning. And like a flame of fire the question stood forth, "Who am I?"

The surprise was that the intellect was completely silent. The incessant flow of thoughts had stopped. What had happened? The periphery was absolutely still. There were no thoughts, no conditionings of the past.

Only I was there -- and there was the question too. No, no -- I myself was the question.

And then the explosion. In a moment, everything was transformed. The question had dropped. The answer had come from some unknown dimension.

Truth is attained through a sudden explosion, not gradually.

It cannot be compelled to appear. It comes.

Emptiness is the solution, not words. Becoming answerless is the answer.

Someone asked yesterday -- and someone or the other asks every day -- "What is the answer?"

I say, "If I mention it, it is meaningless. Its meaning lies in realizing it oneself."

14

I am not a preacher. I do not wish to deliver a sermon or a lesson. I have no desire to instill any thought of mine into your mind. All thoughts are futile. Like particles of dust

they cover you up. And then you begin to appear what you are not. And what you do not know appears to be known. This is suicidal.
Ignorance is not dispelled by thought, it is only concealed. In order to awaken knowledge, it is essential to know ignorance in its stark nakedness. For this reason, do not conceal yourself in the garments of thought. Remove all coverings and garments so that you become familiar with your nakedness and hollowness. This will become a bridge to take you beyond ignorance. The acute distress of realizing your ignorance is the starting-point of revolution.
Hence, I wish to expose you, not conceal you. See how many blind faiths, conceptions and fancies you have hidden yourself behind! And you think yourself safe and secure behind these barriers. This is not security but self-deception.
I wish to disturb this sleep of yours. Truth, not dreams, is your sole security.
If you can gain the courage to drop your dreams, you will attain the truth. What a bargain! In order to attain the truth, you have only to drop your dreams, nothing else. You must break through the unconscious -- its thoughts, dreams, fantasies. You must awaken from the seen to that which sees.
"The seer alone is the truth; if you attain it, you have attained life."
I said this to someone. On hearing it, he fell into reflection. I told him: "You have become engrossed in thought. But that is the slumber from which I urge you to awaken."

15
A bullock cart is passing by. I watch its wheels revolving on the axle. The wheels go round and round on what itself is motionless. The motionlessness lies behind all motion. There is inaction behind action. Nothingness dwells within isness.
Similarly, one day I saw a violent dust storm. A huge column of dust was rising, circling upwards to the sky, but its center was calm and motionless.
Is not the basic truth of existence revealed in these symbols?
Does not nothingness dwell behind all isness?
Is there not inaction behind all action?
Nothingness alone is the center and soul of isness. It alone has to be realized. There alone must we be, for that is our real being. We must all become that which, at the center, we already are. We have to go nowhere else other than where we are already.
How is this to be accomplished?
See that which 'sees' and you descend into nothingness.
We have to proceed from the 'seen' to the 'seer'. The 'seen' is form, action and isness. The 'seer' is formless, inaction, and nothingness. The 'seen' is the other, the ephemeral, the world, bondage, non liberation, and the cycle of rebirth. The 'seer' is the self, brahman, liberation, emancipation, nirvana. See; see Him who sees. This is the whole essence of yoga.
This is what I say every day. Or, to put it another way, whatever I am saying contains only this.

16
There is a thirst for true knowledge. What a thirst! I see it in everyone. Something is blazing within which wishes to calm itself. And in how many directions man searches for it! Perhaps this search goes on through infinite lifetimes. Seeking some golden deer,

man's mind keeps on wandering. But at every step he meets nothing but frustration. No path seems to lead there. There is some movement, but no destination ever appears in sight.
Do paths lead nowhere then?
This question need not be answered. Life itself is the answer. After walking through an infinite number of ways and directions, is not the answer already clear?
Is the answer still not received?
In an intellectual reply, the real answer is lost in smoke. When the intellect is quiet, experience speaks out. When thoughts remain silent, wakeful intelligence arises.
In fact, there are no answers to the basic questions of life. Problems are not solved, they are only dropped. The task is simply to question, and to become empty. The intellect can only ask -- it cannot provide the answer. The answer comes only from the void.
'The answer comes from the void -- knowing this truth, the revelation of life takes on a new dimension. This state of mind is called samadhi, enlightenment.
Ask and be quiet -- utterly quiet. And let the solution come of its own accord, allow it to come to fruition at its own pace. And in this unblinking state of the mind is seen that which is, that which I am.
The thirst for true knowledge is not quenched without knowing the self. To reach the self, it is necessary to abandon all paths. When the mind is on no path at all, it is in the self. And to know the self is true knowledge. Everything else is only information, and information is indirect. Science is not true knowledge. Science does not know the truth, it only knows the applications of truth. Truth can only be known directly. And any existence which can be known directly is the self.
The doors of the infinite are flung open at the moment the mind becomes quiet and still, realizing the futility of search.
Choiceless consciousness attains to the divine. And the ultimate quenching of the thirst for true knowledge is only in the divine.

17
It is past midnight. I have just returned from a gathering where someone said, "Call the name of the Lord! Remember and repeat his name. If you call him incessantly, he is sure to hear."
I was reminded of Kabir, who said, "Has God turned deaf?"
Perhaps Kabir's words have not reached this man.
Then I heard him say, "Ten people are sleeping. Someone calls out: 'Devadutt.' It is only Devadutt who wakes. The same thing is true of the Lord. Call his name, and he will surely hear you."
On hearing his words, I was tempted to laugh. First, it is not the Lord who is sleeping, it is us. He is ever wakeful. It is not he who has to awake, it is us. It is ironic that the sleepers should have to rouse the wakeful!
We should not call him -- we should listen for him calling us. This can happen only in silence, only when the mind is completely free of disturbance. When there is no sound in the mind, his resonance is perceived.
Complete silence is the only prayer. Prayer is not action; on the contrary, when the mind is doing nothing, it is in prayer.
Prayer is not an activity but a state of being.

Secondly, the Lord has no name. Nor has he any form. So there is no means of calling him or remembering him. All names, all forms are imaginary. They are all false. We reach the truth by abandoning names and forms, not by relying on them.
He who dares to abandon everything fulfils the condition for attaining the Lord.

18
I have heard:
A fakir was begging. He had grown old, and his eyesight was weak. He stood outside a mosque and called for alms. A passer-by said, "You had better move on. This is not the house of a man who can give you something." The fakir asked, "Who can be the householder who gives nothing to anyone?" The passer-by replied, "Madman, don't you know this is a mosque? The owner of this house is the great father, God himself."
The fakir raised his head and looked at the mosque. His heart filled with a burning thirst. A voice within him spoke. "But how can I move from this door? This is the ultimate doorway. Where is the door beyond this?" A strong resolution grew within him. Like an immovable rock, his heart declared, "I will not leave here empty-handed. Whatever they gain afterwards, those willing to leave here empty-handed have gained nothing."
He sat down near the steps of the mosque. He stretched his empty hands towards the sky. He was thirsty -- and thirst itself is prayer.
Days came and went. Months rolled away. The summer passed, the rainy season passed. The winter was almost over. Nearly a year had gone. The old man's end was near. But in the last moments of his life, people saw him dancing.
His eyes had an otherworldly glow. His old body radiated light.
Before dying, he said to someone, "He who asks, attains. One need only have the courage to surrender oneself."
The courage to surrender oneself.
The courage to annihilate oneself.
The courage to become a void.
He who is willing to disappear attains fulfillment. He who is willing to die achieves life.

19
Early one morning, Gautama the Buddha was about to speak. But before he could do so, a bird began to sing at the door. In the peace and stillness of the morning, Buddha remained silent. The morning sun went on weaving the patterns of its rays and the bird kept on singing. Buddha was silent; all were silent. In that silence, in that void, the song had become divine. When the song ended the void became even deeper.
Buddha then arose. That day, he uttered no word. That day, the silence itself became the discourse.
What he conveyed through that silence could never be conveyed through words.
All that is in this life, in this universe, is wholly divine, is entirely godly. In everything there is the imprint and reflection of the divine. He alone is latent in everything; he alone is manifest in everything. All form is his, all sound is his. But as we do not remain silent, we cannot hear. And because our eyes are closed, we cannot see.
Our minds are too present, and so he is absent.
If we are empty, he is here and he is now.

Truth is, but the self is unconscious -- just as there is light but our eyes may be shut. We do not awaken the self, but we search for truth; we do not open our eyes, but we seek the light.
Never fall into this mistake. Drop all seeking, and be silent. Quiet your mind and listen. Keep your eyes open and see. If a fish in the water were to ask my advice in its search for the ocean, what would I say to it? I would say, "Stop searching. Just see: you are already in the ocean."
Everybody is in the ocean. The task is not to find the ocean -- it is to start drinking it.

20
There is a temple in the neighborhood. Every day, soon after nightfall, they begin to sing and chant hymns and prayers. A strong smell of incense fills the sanctuary. The worship and offerings begin. Musical instruments are played, bells are rung, drums are beaten, gongs are sounded. The priest dances and gradually the devotees too join in.
One day I went to the temple to witness this. What I saw was not worship at all but a kind of unconsciousness. It was self-forgetfulness in the name of prayer. If you forget yourself you forget your sorrow. These forms of religion serve the same purpose as drugs and intoxicants.
Who does not wish to forget the pain of his life? That is why intoxicants were created. That is also why intoxicating rituals were created.
Man has concocted many types of wine. But the most dangerous of wines is not in bottles.
Sorrow is not conquered by forgetting it; its seeds are not destroyed by these methods. Rather, its roots are strengthened.
Sorrow must be conquered, not forgotten. Forgetting it is not religion but self-deception. Just as self-oblivion is the way to forget sorrow, self-remembrance is the way to overcome sorrow.
True religion awakens the self completely. All other forms of religion are false. Self-remembrance is the true path, self-forgetfulness leads away from it. Also remember that the self is not quelled by forgetting the self: its hidden current continues to flow. The self disappears only through self-remembrance.
He who knows the self totally can attain to the whole by realizing the disappearance of the self.
The path to the whole is not through forgetfulness of the self but through its disappearance.
It is a fallacy to try to forget the self by remembering God. The way is to annihilate the self by becoming aware of it.
And, when the self ceases to exist, what remains is God.
God is attained by annihilating the self, not forgetting it.

21
Since evening, it has been stormy and rainy. Gusts of wind have lashed the trees. The electric supply has failed, and the city is plunged into darkness.
In the house, an earthenware lamp has been lit, its flame ascending. The lamp is of the earth, but its flame endlessly mounts to touch the unknown.

Man's consciousness is like this flame. His body is content with the earth but there is something else in him which constantly strives to rise above it. This consciousness, this dancing flame is the life of man. This ceaseless yearning to soar is his soul.
Man is man because he has this flame within him. Without it, he is only earth.
If this flame burns fiercely, a revolution comes into being. If this flame is manifests totally, the earth itself can be transcended.
Man is a lamp. There is earth in him, but there is light too. If he concerns himself only with the earth, his life is wasted: there must be attention to the light also.
Awareness of the light transforms everything and allows man to see God in the earth.

22
The morning is ended. The sun becomes stronger, and my heart wishes to move to the shade.
An elderly schoolteacher is visiting. He has been practicing spiritual disciplines for years. His body is emaciated, skeletal, his eyes dull and sunken. He has been torturing himself, and thought his torture to be spiritual discipline.
The lives of many who are eager to tread the divine path are poisoned by this error. For them, attaining the divine takes the form of denying the world, and saving the soul becomes destroying the body. This negativity destroys them, and they cannot see that rejecting the world is not the same thing as realizing God.
The truth is that those who mortify the body actually have faith in the body; those who condemn the world are subtly obsessed with the world. Asceticism binds one to the world no less than hedonism.
True spiritual discipline does not reject the body and the world -- it transcends them. And that is achieved by neither indulgence nor suppression. This way is different from both; it is a third way, the way of balance. Balance lies at the midpoint of two extremes, and that which is exactly at the midpoint transcends both polarities.
In fact, it is only by way of illustration that it is called the midpoint: it lies beyond both extremities. To be balanced between indulgence and suppression is not to have a little indulgence and a little suppression: it is to have neither. It is not a compromise, it is a balance. At the extreme is imbalance, at the midpoint is balance. At the extreme is destruction, at the midpoint is life.
To be at the extreme is to perish; both indulgence and suppression destroy life. Imbalance is ignorance, darkness and death.
My spiritual discipline is balance and harmony. When the strings of the veena are neither too loose nor too tight, then music arises. Strings which are too loose are as ineffective as those which are too tight. But the strings can be at a point where they are neither too loose nor too tight, and it is this point which gives birth to the melody. This point is the point of balance.
The law of music and the law of balance are identical. Truth is attained through balance.
I mentioned this matter of balance to the schoolteacher and it seems he paid attention. His eyes bear witness to it: their expression is of someone awakening after sleep. He appears to be peaceful and calm, as if some tension has relaxed and some insight has been attained.
At his departure, I told him, "Drop all your tensions, and then watch. You have dropped enjoyment, drop suppression also. Drop it all, and watch.

"Be natural, and watch. Only by being natural can we become healthy, can we reach the self."
By way of reply, he said, "What now remains to be dropped? It is already dropped. I am returning peaceful and free of burden, as if a nightmare had ended. I am very grateful."
His eyes had become very innocent and calm, and his smile was sweet and innocent. Though old, he seemed like a child.
I wish these things could be clear to everyone who seeks God.

23
If you wish to attain truth, then drop the mind. As the mind ceases to exist, truth is revealed, in just the same way as opening the doors allows the sunlight to enter. Like a wall, the mind prevents the truth from entering, and the bricks of the wall consist of thought. Thoughts, thoughts and more thoughts, this chain of thought constitutes the mind. The sage Ramana once said to someone, "Stop your thoughts, and then tell me where the mind is."
Where there is no thought, there is no mind. If there are no bricks, how can there be a wall?
A hermit came last night. He asked, "What shall I do with the mind?"
I said, "Do not do anything with it. Leave the mind alone and watch. Leave it completely alone and go on watching. Just as one watches the flow of the water while sitting on the bank of the river, go on watching the flow of your thoughts. Do not identify yourself with them, do not attach yourself to them. Just go on watching; just be alert. By your watching, your thoughts will vanish, and your mind will disappear."
And, as the mind disappears, what is experienced in its vacant place is the soul, is the truth, because that alone is.

24
One dark, cold night, a hermit was staying in a temple. In order to ward off the cold, he was burning a wooden statue of the temple deity but, sensing the blazing fire, the priest awoke.
When he saw the statue burning, he was stunned. Overcome with anger, he could not utter a word, so unthinkable was the act. Then he noticed that the hermit was searching for something in the heap of ashes. The priest asked him, "Whatever are you doing now?" The hermit replied, "I am searching for the bones of the deity's body." At this, the madness of the hermit became clear to the priest. He said to the hermit, "Madman, how can there be bones in a wooden statue?" The hermit replied, "Then please do me the favor of bringing another statue. The night is long and very cold."
When I think of this story, it appears to me that I myself am that mad hermit.
If only we were free of images so that we could see the imageless! If we persist with the form, we cannot reach the formless. With our eyes fixed on the external, how can we leap into the ocean of the infinite? Can someone who worships something outside himself return into himself? Throw the corporeal to the flames so that only the incorporeal remains. Let the massed clouds of form be scattered so that the formless sky may be attained. Let the form melt, so that the boat may reach the ocean of the formless. He who launches his boat from the shore of the finite certainly reaches the infinite, and becomes one with it.

25
What is prayer? Is it self-forgetfulness? No, it is not self-forgetfulness. All forgetting, sinking and losing oneself is only a form of intoxication. Techniques such as these are not prayer, but an escape. It is possible to lose oneself in words, in melody, to find forgetfulness in the hypnosis of music and the dance. This forgetting and falling away may even be pleasurable, but it is not prayer, it is unconsciousness. Prayer, however, is conscious awareness.
Is prayer an activity? Is doing something a form of prayer?
No, prayer is not an activity but a state of consciousness. Prayer is not something we do, it is something we are. Its essence is inactivity. When all activity ceases, and only a witnessing consciousness remains, that is prayer. The word prayer implies activity, and the word meditation too implies activity; but both these words should be used, not for doing, but rather for a state of consciousness. To be in nothingness, in silence, in wordlessness - this is prayer, this is meditation.
I mentioned this yesterday in a prayer assembly.
Someone asked me later, "Then what shall we do?"
I said, "For a while, do nothing. Move into complete relaxation. Let both your body and your mind become quiet. Silently, watch the mind. By itself, it becomes calm and empty. It is in this emptiness that we come close to the truth. It is in this emptiness that that which is both within and without manifests itself. Then 'within' and 'without' disappear and pure existence remains. The totality of this pure existence is called God."

26
Evening has merged into night. Some people have come. They say, "You teach nothingness. But the thought of nothingness. terrifies us. Is there nothing we can hold on to?"
I tell them that courage is certainly essential for a leap into the void. But those who leap in, do not attain nothingness, they attain wholeness. And those who hold on to something achieve nothing. Can an imaginary handhold really help you?
It is only through emptiness that we can attain truth. And in emptiness, there can be nothing to cling on to.
I tell them a story:

"One dark, moonless night, a traveller passing through unfamiliar mountains slipped and fell into a deep chasm. Catching hold of a bush, he hung in suspense. There was darkness all around. Below him was also impenetrable darkness and the dreadful abyss. For many hours he clung to the bush, and throughout this time he suffered the pangs of imminent death. It was a winter night and gradually his hands became cold and numb. Soon he would have to release his grip, and then he would fall into the abyss. No effort could save him, and already he saw himself in the jaws of death. He fell -- but nothing happened. There was no abyss at all. The moment he let go, he found himself standing on the ground."

This has been my experience also. Falling into emptiness, I discovered that emptiness itself was the ground. By dropping the support of the mind, we attain the support of the divine.
The courage to leap into the void is man's only true courage, and those who cannot summon up the strength to enter the void remain unfulfilled.

27
I was returning home from a morning walk. On the bank of a river I came across a small spring. Sweeping dry leaves from its path, the stream was racing towards the river. I saw its headlong rush, and its blissful merging with the river. Then I saw that the river too was in haste.
And then I perceived that everything was hurrying -- to meet the ocean, to be lost in the infinite, to achieve completeness, fulfillment, brushing aside the dry dead leaves from its path.
The drop of water longs to merge with the ocean. This longing is fundamental to life. All of our striving arises from this yearning, and to fulfill it brings true joy. To be finite is to have sorrow; to be incomplete is to have sorrow. It is because of being finite, being incomplete, that life ends in death. In their absence, life is immortal. Because of them it is shattered into pieces. In their absence it becomes an undivided whole.
But man halts as a droplet of the ego, and it is there that he becomes severed from the endless flow of life. Thus, of his own free will abandoning the sunlight, he tries futilely to find fulfillment in the feeble flame of an earthen lamp. But he cannot find contentment, for how can a drop be content to remain only a drop? There is no answer other than becoming an ocean. For the drop, the ocean is the goal -- it has to become an ocean. It is essential for the drop to disappear. It is essential to destroy the ego. When the ego can become brahman, then alone is fulfillment possible.
It is only the fulfillment of being the ocean which establishes one in truth. And it is this fulfillment alone which liberates; for how can he who is not fulfilled become liberated? Jesus Christ has said: "He who tries to save his life loses it and he who loses it attains it."

Let me say the same. This alone is love. Losing oneself is love. Accepting death in love is the way to attain the life of the divine.
This is why I say, "Drops, hurry towards the ocean. The ocean alone is your destination. Gladly accept death in love, for that alone is life. To halt before reaching the ocean is to perish, but to reach the ocean is to transcend death."

28
Once the disciple of a hermit passed away. The hermit went to the disciple's house, where the dead body was lying and people were crying. The hermit approached and asked in a loud voice: "Is this man dead or alive?"
This astonished and perplexed the mourners. Why was the question asked? The dead body lay there. Was any further evidence needed?
For a while there was silence, and then someone asked the hermit, "Please, sir, can you answer your own question?"
Do you know what the hermit replied? He said:

"That which was dead has died. That which was alive still lives. It is only the link between the two which has given way."
Life does not die, and death does not live.
Those who do not know life call death the end of life. But birth is not the beginning of life, nor death its end. Life exists within birth and death, and beyond them also. It exists before birth and it lives after death. Birth and death exist within life, but life itself is not born, nor does it die.
I have just returned from a cremation. As the funeral pyre blazed, people said, "It is all over."
I said, "You have no eyes, and so that is the way it appears to you."

29
I have returned from a journey during which I met many sadhus and sadhvis. Sadhus are everywhere, but there is no sadhana -- meditation -- in their lives. They are as plentiful and as false as artificial flowers.
Without meditation, religion is impossible. What now goes by the name of religion only strengthens irreligion. On the surface we have religion, but inside there is only irreligion. And this is only natural. You can push plants without roots into the soil and they will make a beautiful party decoration, but will they grow fruits and flowers?
The roots of religion lie in meditation and yoga. Without yoga, the life of a sadhu can only be either pretence or suppression. Both are valueless.
To pretend good conduct is hypocritical. And suppression too is fatal. Both involve effort and struggle but achieve nothing. What is suppressed does not die: it simply moves down into deeper layers of the being.
At one extreme there are the pangs of sensual enjoyment, the heat and fever of a life scorched in its own flames, and the endless race to slake an unquenchable thirst. At the other extreme, we find the burning flames of suppression and self-torture. Escaping the well of one extreme, we fall into the deep ditch of the other.
Yoga is neither indulgence nor suppression. It is awakening from both. Both extremes of this duality should be avoided. We cannot transcend a duality by choosing only one of its sides. He who chooses and clings to to either of the sides gets himself caught and enslaved by it.

Yoga is not a clinging to anything -- it is dropping all clinging. It is not leaving off one thing only to take up something else. Remain aloof, drop all clinging. It is the clinging itself which is the mistake. It is this which leads one to fall into the well or the ditch. It is this which leads one to extremes, into dualities, into conflicts, while the right path is where there is no extreme, no duality, no struggle.
Do not make choices; instead, move into the consciousness which chooses. Do not fall into duality; instead, move into the state of knowing which perceives the duality. This movement is true wisdom, and it is this wisdom which is the door to light.
That door is near. And those who liberate the flame of their consciousness from the storms of duality attain the key which opens at the door to truth.

30

I see people with such crowded lives that I feel pity for them. There is not even a fraction of space, of empty sky within them. And how can anyone be liberated who has no sky in him? For liberation, what is needed is sky inside, not sky outside. He who has sky inside is at one with the sky outside. And when the inner sky becomes one with the universal sky, that merger, that mingling, that transformation is called liberation. And that is the realization of God.

Hence, I never urge anyone to fill himself with God -- rather, I say that you should empty yourself, and then you will find that God has filled you up.

During the rains, when the clouds pour forth water, the hills remain dry but the valleys, which had also been dry, are filled. Be like the valleys, not like the hills. Do not fill yourself, empty yourself. The divine is constantly showering on you: he who is empty to receive that shower becomes full.

The value of a pitcher is precisely that it is empty. The more empty it is, the more the ocean can fill it.

A man is also worthy to the extent that he is empty. It is this emptiness that the ocean enters and makes full.

31

When I see spiritual seekers, I find that they are all engaged in disciplining their minds. But truth cannot be attained by disciplining the mind. On the contrary, it is the mind which is the obstacle in realizing the truth. You should drop the mind, not control it. Drop the mind and you find the door. Religion is attained neither in the mind nor through the mind. It is attained in the state of "no-mind."

Ma Tzu was a seeker. Living in a solitary hut in the hermitage of his master, he tried day and night to discipline his mind. Even if someone came to visit him, he ignored them. One day, his master visited Ma Tzu's hut. Ma Tzu ignored him also, but his master remained there all day, rubbing a brick against a rock. Finally, unable to endure this any longer, Ma Tzu asked, "What are you doing, sir?" His master replied, "I have to make a mirror of this brick."

Ma Tzu said, "A mirror from the brick? Have you gone mad? Even if you rub the brick for the rest of your life it will never become a mirror." On hearing this, his master began to laugh and asked Ma Tzu, "And what are you doing? If a brick cannot become a mirror, can the mind become one?"

In fact, neither the mind nor the brick can become a mirror. The mind actually is the dust which has covered the mirror. Drop it, put it aside; then alone can you realize truth. The mind is a mass of thoughts, dust particles which have to be swept away. What is left when they are swept away is eternally spotless consciousness. In that no-mind state free from thoughts, we see the eternal truth which had been hidden behind a smoke-screen of thoughts.

If there is no smoke of thoughts, the smokeless flame of consciousness alone remains. That is what has to be attained; that is what one has to be. That is the fulfillment of your seeking.

32

First the morning, then the noon-time came and departed. Now the sun is sinking: a beautiful sunset is spreading over the western horizon.

Every day I see the sunrise, the burgeoning of the day and its passing. And I also see that I have not risen, nor passed into afternoon, nor realized sunset.
When I returned from travel yesterday, I perceived this. Travel always brings the same insight: the path changes but not the traveller. Travel itself is a change, but the traveller appears unchanging.
Where was I yesterday and where am I today? What was I then and what am I now? What I was yesterday, I am today. What I was then, I still am. The body is not the same, the mind is not the same, but I am the same.
In space and time there is change, but there is no change in 'I'.
Everything is a flowing current but this "I" is not a part of it. The "I" is with the current, but outside it and beyond it.
This eternal traveller, ever-new, ever-familiar, is the soul. In the changing universe, to awaken to the unchanging is liberation.

33
I see you and also what lies beyond you. Sight which stops with the body does not see. How transparent the body is! No matter how solid, it fails completely to conceal what lies beyond it.
But if there are no eyes to see, then everything changes. Even the sun ceases to exist. The whole game is of the eyes. We do not realize the light through thinking and logic.
There is no alternative to the spiritual eye; it is essential. To see the spirit, we need an inner eye, we need insight. With it, everything is visible to us. Without it, we are blind both to the light and to the divine.
To see existence beyond another's body, we must first look beyond our own material bodies.
The other body becomes transparent only to the extent to which I see into my own depths. The entire insentient world becomes filled up with consciousness for me only to the extent to which I unfold consciousness in my own unawareness. The world is only that which I am. The day I realize the totality of my consciousness, the world will cease to exist.
Self-ignorance is the world; self-knowledge is liberation.
Each day, I say to everyone, "Can you not see who resides within you? Who inhabits this body of bones and flesh? Who is imprisoned within your outward appearance ?
"What immensity is present within this insignificant body?
"Who is this consciousness? What is this consciousness?"
Without inquiring into this, without comprehending this, life has no meaning. Even if I understand everything, but do not understand myself, then that understanding is valueless.
The energy which can apprehend the other, can also apprehend the self. How can it not? It is simply a question of changing direction. From that which is seen, we have to move to that which is seeing. The change of attention from the 'seen' to the 'seer' is the key to self-realization.
From the flow of thoughts, awaken to that which witnesses them. And a revolution takes place. Like a great spring of pure water suddenly bursting forth, the current of consciousness sweeps away all unawareness from life.

34

Until last evening, a plant was alive. Its roots were in the ground and there was life in its leaves. It was green and lustrous. Swaying in the breeze, it shed bliss all round. I had passed by it many times and had felt the melody of its life.

Yesterday, someone disturbed it, loosening its roots, and coming to it today I found that the plant had breathed its last. This is what happens when the root is dislodged from the ground. Everything depends on the roots. They are invisible, but they hold the whole secret of life.

Plants have roots. Man too has roots. Plants have a ground; man too has one. When the roots are dislodged from the ground, plants dry up. So too with man.

I was reading a book by Albert Camus. The opening sentence of the book ran, "Suicide is the only significant problem for philosophy." Why?-because nowadays man finds no purpose in life. Everything has become meaningless and futile.

What has happened is that our roots have been shaken. We have lost our link with the fountain-head of life, without which life is nothing more than a meaningless story.

We have to give man back his roots. We have to give him back his ground. The roots are the soul, the ground is religion. If this can be done, flowers can bloom once again in humanity.

35

I hadbeen invited into a family's home, and returned only after dusk. A beautiful incident took place at the house. There were many children there and they had built a house with a pack of playing cards, which they took me to see. It was beautiful, and I praised it. But the lady of the house said: "What is there to praise in a house of cards? The gentlest breeze will topple it to the ground."

I began to laugh, and the children asked why. But even as we spoke, the house of cards collapsed. The children became sad, and the lady of the house said, "You see!"

I replied, "Yes, I saw. I have seen other fine houses too, and they all collapse just like this one."

Even palaces of stone are but houses of cards -- palaces built by old men just the same as those built by children. . We all build palaces -- palaces of fantasy and dreams. And then a gentle breeze tumbles them to the ground. In this sense we are all children. Maturity is a rare phenomenon, and most people die still children.

All houses are houses of cards. Realization of this makes an individual mature. Even then he continues to build them, but by then it is only acting.

To know that being in the world is only acting, is to become free of the world.

Only that which we attain with this understanding will not be destroyed by the first breath of wind.

36

Last night it rained. The weather is wet and just now it has begun to drizzle again. Moist winds were driving the falling leaves as far as the door. It seemed as if the autumn were here, preparing for the arrival of spring. The pathways were covered by dry leaves which made a sweet rustling sound when people stepped on them.

I have been watching those leaves for a long time. That which becomes ripe falls. Though leaves fall continuously from dawn to dusk, it causes the trees no pain.

This demonstrates a wonderful rule of life: to pluck the unripe fruit brings pain, but the ripe fruit falls by itself.
A sannyasin has come. Renunciation has not yet become blissful for him. Rather, it is painful and difficult. Taking sannyas did not come to him naturally, he stretched out for it. The leaves of attachment, ignorance, possession and ego are still unripe. He has applied force: the leaves have fallen but their falling has caused pain. This pain prevents peace from coming. I think I should go this evening and tell him the secret of the falling leaves. Understanding, not renunciation, comes first. When sannyas comes through understanding, the world falls away like dry leaves. Sannyas is not forced, it is found. After the revolution of the understanding, renunciation becomes a pleasure, not a pain.

37
There are different types of knowledge. There is a kind of knowledge which is the amassing of information, a simply intellectual understanding; and there is a knowledge which is experience, intelligence, and a live perception. One is the accumulation of dead facts, the other is the understanding of living truth. There is a great difference between the two, the difference between earth and sky, darkness and light.
In fact, intellectual knowledge is not knowledge at all: it is the illusion of knowledge. Can a blind man know the light? This is intellectual knowledge.
This illusion of knowledge conceals ignorance, but it is merely a disguise. In the maze of its words and in the smoke-screen of its thoughts, ignorance is forgotten. But to forget ignorance is more deadly than ignorance itself: where ignorance is visible, there comes a desire to rise above it. Where ignorance is invisible, it is impossible to free oneself from it.
The so-called wise men are destroyed in their ignorance.
Knowledge -- the true knowledge -- does not come from outside. Be aware that what comes from outside is not knowledge, it is information. Be careful not to fall into the illusion of knowledge, for whatever comes from the outside forms an additional layer over the self.
Knowledge awakes from within. It does not come, it awakens. And for this to take place, we have to peel away the layers over the self, not add to them.
Knowledge is not acquired, it is discovered. Acquired knowledge is information, discovered knowledge is experience. Life has to be forced to fit the shape of acquired knowledge. But the fit cannot be exact, and so a conflict arises between that knowledge and life.
But our behavior naturally shapes itself to conform with discovered knowledge. It is impossible to run counter to true knowledge. Such a thing has not yet happened on this earth.

I am reminded of a story. Two sages were travelling along the hazardous paths of a thick forest. Their relationship was that of father and son. The son was in front and the father behind. The path was lonely and frightening. Suddenly they heard the roar of a lion. The father said to the son, "Come behind me: there is danger ahead." The son laughed and continued to walk in the lead. Again his father warned him. Suddenly, the lion was facing them. Death was imminent. The son said, "Since I am not the body, where is the danger?

Isn't this what you always preach?" The father ran away, shouting, "Mad boy, keep away from the lion." But the son continued to walk ahead, laughing.
Already, the lion had pounced upon him. Already, he had fallen, but he saw clearly that that which had fallen was not 'I'. He was not the body, and so he could not die. Now he understood what his father used to say. And the difference is immense. His father was sad, the tears welling up in his eyes. But the son had remained a witness, in life as in death. He had no misery, no pain. He remained unmoved, and unattached because whatever was happening to his body was happening outside. He himself was not involved in any way.
This is why I insist that there is a difference between knowledge and knowing.

38
What is samadhi?
Someone has said, "The mingling of the drop with the ocean."
Someone else has said, "The descent of the ocean into the drop."
But I say, "It is the disappearance of both the drop and the ocean. Where there is neither the drop nor the ocean, there is samadhi. Where there is neither one nor many, there is samadhi. Where there is neither the finite nor the infinite, there is samadhi."
Samadhi is oneness with existence.
Samadhi is truth, samadhi is consciousness, samadhi is peace.
'I' is not present in samadhi. Rather, what remains when 'I' ceases to exist is samadhi.
And perhaps this 'I' which is not 'I' is the real 'I'.
'I' has two existences: the 'ego' and the 'Brahman'. I am not the ego, but I seem to be. I am the brahman but I seem not to be.
Consciousness, pure consciousness is brahman.
I am pure witnessing consciousness, but because I identify with the stream of my thoughts, I do not see this. Thought itself is not consciousness. Consciousness comprehends thought. Consciousness is the witness of thought. Thought is the object and consciousness is the subject. To identify the subject with the object is to be unconscious. This is the opposite of samadhi. This is sleep.
What remains in the absence of thought is consciousness. To be in what remains is samadhi.
Awakening into thoughtlessness opens the door to existence. Existence means that which is. Awaken into it -- this is the essence of the message of all the enlightened ones.

39
I see the gardener sowing seeds. He then puts manure in the soil, waters it and waits for the flowers to blossom. Flowers cannot be compelled to bloom. They need patience. Love and patience.
The seeds of the divine should be sown in the same way. And similarly, we need patience to await the blooming of the flowers of the divine life.
Prayer and patience.
To resist this, to be impatient, leads nowhere. Impatience does not foster growth.
If one waits peacefully, patiently and lovingly, one fine morning the flowers bloom and their fragrance fills the courtyard of one's life.

For the flowers of the infinite to bloom, infinite patience is essential. But remember that if you are prepared for so much patience, your awakening can come in an instant. Infinite patience is the only condition for realizing the infinite. The moment this condition is fulfilled, attainment is realized. It does not come from outside; it grows from within. It is already present, but because of our impatience and restlessness, we are unable to see it.

40

Man's mind is wonderful. It holds the mystery of the world and of liberation. Sin and virtue, bondage and liberation, hell and heaven reside within it. Darkness and light are its own creation. Birth is in it and death too is in it. It alone is the door to the external world, it alone is the ladder to the internal being. When it ceases to exist, we transcend both worlds. The mind is everything. Everything is its own imaginative creation. If it disappears, all imagining ceases to exist.

Yesterday I said this somewhere. Someone came forward to ask, "The mind is very unstable and fickle. How to lose it? The mind is polluted. How can it be made pure?" Then I told a story.

After Buddha had become old, one afternoon he stopped to rest at the foot of a tree in the forest. He felt thirsty, and Ananda went to a nearby mountain stream to fetch water. But just before, some carts had crossed the stream, and the water had turned muddy. Rotting leaves and scum had begun to float on the surface. Ananda returned without water, and said to Buddha, "The water in the stream is not clean; I shall go back to the river and bring water from there." The river was very far off, and Buddha asked him to fetch water from the stream. After a short while Ananda returned again empty-handed: the water did not appear to him fit to bring.

But Buddha made him go back once more. On the third occasion that Ananda reached the stream, he was amazed. The stream had now become completely clear and unpolluted. The mud had settled and the water had become pure.

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I find the story very interesting. The state of the human mind is just the same. The traffic of life comes and stirs it up. But if one goes on watching it, sitting in silence and patience, the impurities settle and a natural clarity returns. In this clarity of mind, life renews itself. It is only a matter of patience, silent awaiting, and without doing anything the impurities of the mind settle.

One has only to become a witness and the mind becomes pure. Our task is not to make it pure. All difficulty arises because of doing. Simply watch it, just sitting on the bank -- then see what happens!

41

In the stillness of the night someone is playing on the flute. The moonlight appears to have frozen. This cold, solitary night, and the notes of the flute coming from far away sweet as a dream -- all this is unbelievably beautiful.

How much nectar can a hollow bamboo reed shower!

Life is also like a flute -- empty and void in itself but at the same time having a limitless capacity for melodious notes.

But all depends on the player. Life becomes what one makes it; it is one's own creation. It is merely an opportunity. What type of song one wants to sing is entirely one's own decision. This is the dignity of man, that he is free to sing songs of both heaven and hell. Everyone can create divine notes on his flute; it is only a matter of practicing a bit with the fingers. A little practice and the attainment is immense. The empire of infinite bliss is attained without doing anything.
I wish to say to each and every heart, "Take up your flute. The time is going fast, see that the opportunity to sing the song does not slip by. Before the curtain falls you have to sing your life's song."

42
It is essential to know what is the seed and what is the fruit on the spiritual path. It is necessary to recognize the beginning and the end. One who moves ahead without recognizing the cause and effect makes mistakes. Just walking is not enough; no one reaches the goal just by walking. The direction and the mode of spiritual endeavor must also be right.
On the spiritual path there is one thing central and there are things which are peripheral also. If the effort is made at the center the periphery will be taken care of on its own. There is no reason to take care of it separately. It is only the manifestation of the center; it is only the extended center. Hence efforts on the circumference prove futile. There is a saying "To beat about the bush." To get worked up at the circumference is just like that. What is the center, what is the periphery?
Knowing is the center and humbleness the periphery. Knowing is the beginning and humbleness the outcome. Knowing is the seed, humility is the fruit. But generally people start in the opposite direction: proceeding from humbleness they want to reach knowledge. They want to transform modesty into knowledge.
But humility cannot be cultivated in ignorance. In fact, humility cannot be cultivated at all. Cultivated humbleness is not humbleness; it is a false covering beneath which the lack of humbleness is suppressed. Practiced humility is a deception.
Darkness is not to be suppressed or concealed, it has to be eliminated. Paper flowers of humility are not to be pasted on to cover the lack of it. It has to be eradicated. When it is not there, what comes out is humility.
A forced humility cultivated in ignorance is dangerous, because in it what is not appears to be, and thus what has to be brought about vanishes from sight altogether.
In ignorance there is simply no way of bringing about humbleness directly, because the manifestation of ignorance is in itself the absence of humbleness. The lack of humility is nothing but ignorance. A buddha has said, "What can he do who is in ignorance?"
It is not humility but knowing that has to be brought about. Knowing itself becomes humility.
Knowing illuminates everything. Only when it arises do ignorance and delusion disappear. It is only through knowing that infatuation and hatred are eliminated. It is only through knowing oneself that the state of liberation is attained.

43
I received a letter in the morning. Someone has asked, "Life is full of misery, yet you talk continuously of bliss? If one looks at what is, all talk of bliss seems to be just fantasy."

Certainly we are surrounded by misery, life is full of it, but that which is surrounded is not misery. As long as we go on looking at that which surrounds us, only misery seems to be there, but the moment we begin to look at that which is surrounded, misery becomes untrue and bliss true.
The whole thing is only a matter of perspective. The seeing which manifests the seer is the only seeing. Everything else is blindness. The moment the seer becomes manifest everything turns into bliss, because bliss is its true nature. The world still remains but it becomes entirely different. What appeared to be thorns because of self-ignorance, no longer appears so.
The existence of misery is not real because it is shattered by the later experience. Just as the dream becomes unreal on waking up, so does misery after self-realization.
Bliss is truth because it is the self.

44
Yesterday I gave a talk at a certain place.
I said, "I want to make you discontent. That a spiritual thirst, a divine discontent may be born in all -- this is my desire. For man to be satisfied with what he is, is death. Man is not the end-point of evolution; he also is only a rung on the ladder of evolution. What is manifest in him is nothing in comparison to what is unmanifest in him. What he is is almost nothing in comparison with what he can be.
Religion wants to awaken everyone from the death of contentment to the life of discontent, because it is only through this discontent that one can reach to the point of real contentment.
Man has to transcend his humanness.
It is this transcendence that gives him access to divinity.
How will this transcendence take place?
Let one definition be understood, then the process of transcendence is also understood:
Animality -- pre-thinking state.
Humanity -- thinking state.
Divinity -- state beyond thinking.
If we go beyond the boundaries of thought, consciousness reaches divinity.
To transcend thought is to transcend humanness.

45
I see God in nature itself. I am experiencing him each moment, each minute. Not a single breath passes without meeting him. Wherever my eyes fall I see he is present. Whatever my ears hear I find that his melody is being sung.
He is everywhere -- it is only a matter of our ability to see. He is but we need the eyes that can see him. When the eye is ready he manifests himself everywhere, every moment.
At night, when the sky is filled with stars, do not think about them but see them. And when the waves dance on the vast expanse of the ocean, do not think about them but see them. And when a bud is opening into a blossom see it, just see it. When there is no thought but only seeing, a great secret is revealed and access is gained through the door of nature into that mystery which is God. Nature is nothing more than a veil over God, and only those who know how to lift that veil become familiar with the truth of life.

A young seeker of truth went to a master. Arriving he asked, "I want to know truth, I want to know religion. Kindly tell me where to start?"
The master said, "Do you hear the sound of the waterfall from the nearby mountain?"
The youth replied, "I hear it clearly."
The master said, "Then start from there, enter from there. There is the door."

Really the entrance is so near -- in the waterfalls descending from the mountains, in the leaves of trees swaying in the wind, in the sunrays dancing and sparkling on the vast ocean. But there is a curtain at every door and it is not lifted unless we ourselves lift it. In fact the screen is not on the entrance but over our vision. Thus a single curtain has covered an infinite number of doors.

46
The moon is coming up. Passing through the trees, its soft light has begun to spread on the pathway. The wind is full of the fragrance of the mango-blossoms.
I have just returned from a symposium. Most of those present there were young people -- influenced by modern trends and excitable. It is as if no-faith was their only faith and negation the only positivity.
One of them said, "I do not accept God. I am free and independent."
This statement reflects only the mood of the time we live in. This whole era is under the shadow of this freedom, without knowing that this freedom is suicidal.
Why is it suicidal? -- because without denying oneself it is impossible to deny God.
I told them a story:
There was a grapevine spread out in the palace garden of God. It was tired of expanding and expanding, growing and growing, obeying and obeying. It was fed up with dependence and one day it had the desire to be free. It shouted at the top of its voice so that the whole sky would hear it: "Now I will not grow! I will not grow! I will not grow!"
This rebellion was certainly strange, because it was against the true nature of the grapevine itself.
God looked and said, "Do not grow -- what is the need for growth?" The grapevine was glad; the rebellion had succeeded. It became occupied with efforts not to grow. But the growth did not stop, it never stopped. It busied itself in not growing and it went on growing and growing. And God knew it beforehand.
This is the situation. God is our true nature; he is our inner law, one cannot go away from it. There is no other way except to be it. However much we may deny it, however much we want to be free of it, there is no liberation from it because it is our very self. In fact, only it is; we are imaginary. This is why I say: liberation is not from it but in it.

47
A king had imprisoned a man of sound health and balanced mind. He wanted to study the effect of aloneness on man. The prisoner continued to shout and scream for some time and to cry and beat his head in his desperation to get out. After all, his entire existence was outside; his whole life was tied up with 'the other'. Within himself he was nothing; to him, to be alone was like not being at all.

Slowly he began to break down. Something within him began to disappear and a quietness overtook him. Crying ceased, tears dried up. His gaze became stony. Even while seeing he would appear to be not seeing.
Days went by, months passed, and finally a year elapsed. All arrangements had been made for his happiness and comfort. What he did not have even while outside was now available to him in the prison. After all it was royal hospitality!
But by the end of the year, the specialists declared that he had gone mad. Externally he was the same as before, perhaps healthier, but inside? Inside he had already in a sense died.
I ask: Can aloneness drive a man mad? How can aloneness make one mad? In fact, madness is already there. The outside relationships keep it concealed, aloneness only uncovers it. The restlessness of man to lose himself in a crowd is only to avoid seeing it. This is why everybody is escaping from himself. But this escape cannot be called healthy. Not to see reality is not to be free from it. One who is not healthy and mentally balanced in utter aloneness is in a deception. Sometime or other this self-deception is bound to be shattered. And one will have to know that which is within in its stark nakedness. If this happens unintentionally and suddenly, the personality shatters and goes insane. That which is suppressed sooner or later comes to an explosion.
Religion is the science of descending into this aloneness on one's own. On uncovering layer by layer, an amazing truth is encountered: slowly, slowly it becomes known that really we are alone. In the depth, at the innermost center, everyone is alone. And it is because of not being familiar with that aloneness that fear is felt.
Ignorance and unfamiliarity cause fear. Once familiarity is there fear is replaced by fearlessness and bliss. In the realm of aloneness, satchidananda -- truth, consciousness, bliss -- itself is present.
The divine is attained on descending into oneself. Hence I say: Do not run away from aloneness, from yourself, but dive into yourself. Only by diving in the ocean are pearls found.

48
It rained in the night. The roads are wet, the wind is damp and the sky is overcast with clouds. It seems the sun will not rise. The morning feels very gloomy.
A young man has come. He is well-read and educated -- appears to be so. His words smell of books and nothing but books. How boring is this smell!
I listen to him although he had come to listen to me. He has been speaking for an hour, but whatsoever he has been saying is not his own. This is the kind of mechanical mind that our system of education today is producing. It is not creative. It gives birth to memory, not to the faculty of thinking. Thoughts are gathered, but the ability to think is not attained. This is a fatal situation. Through it, no growth happens to the individuality and the ability to think, to one's capacity for self-experience. The person only repeats other people's words like a machine.
That which only fills the memory system is not real education. Such an education is only an appearance of education. Education must give birth to that insight which is itself capable of looking into the problems. The problems are mine -- how can the solutions provided by others help me? And then every problem is so new that no old solution can be a solution for it.

The latent energy within us, the genius must awaken through education. We should not be stuffed with those thoughts which we have neither lived ourselves nor known ourselves, and which are utterly dead for us and can only increase our burden. Beneath this dead weight the awakening of the genius becomes impossible.
Every day I see such people all around me who are getting crushed under the burden of those thoughts which they have not known themselves but rather accepted from others. The thought that has not been known by oneself inevitably becomes a burden.
Education should not be a passive acceptance of thoughts. Only when education is based on active understanding and creative knowing is it meaningful.
I am forgetting that young man in all these digressions. When he stopped after expressing his thoughts -- which are not his at all -- he proudly looked around in a gesture that said, "I also know."
How arduous is knowing but how easy is the ego of knowledge! Knowing is not attained but ego certainly takes over. And remember that the two are polar opposite dimensions. Knowing is the death of ego, and where ego is present it can be inferred that knowing has not happened. It is enough indication of the absence of knowing.
Knowing brings egolessness. The more deeply a person knows the deeper his realization of knowing nothing. Knowing does not demystify existence, it only reveals. And at that moment when one is face to face with the whole mystery of the universe and of the self -- at that boiling point the person becomes empty and all his 'I-ness' disappears. Ego was the product of the darkness of ignorance; in the light of knowing it dies.
I kept quiet for a while and then said to him, "I wanted to listen to you but you do not say anything. What you have just said -- nothing of it is yours, it is all is borrowed. And no richness comes from others' wealth. It may conceal poverty but it cannot eradicate it.
In the case of truth only one's own experience is true and alive. If that is there, a revolution takes place in one's life. Otherwise, by carrying the burden of dead alien thoughts about truth nothing comes to pass. It only increases the burden, and the possibility of self-experience recedes.
Knowledge that is not one's own becomes a hindrance in the arising of that knowing which can only be one's own.

49

The evening seems to have come to a standstill. The westbound sun has long since gone behind the clouds, but the night has not set in yet. There is solitude outside as well as inside. I am alone -- neither is there anybody outside, nor inside.
At this time I am nowhere, or rather I am there where there is emptiness. And when the mind is empty it is not.
This mind is amazing. It comes to be experienced like an onion. One day, seeing an onion, I was reminded of this resemblance. I was peeling the onion; I went on peeling layer after layer, and finally nothing remained of it. First thick rough layers, then soft smooth layers, and then nothing.
Thus is the mind also. You go on peeling off, first gross layers, then subtle layers, and then remains an emptiness. Thoughts, passions and ego, and then nothing at all, just emptiness. It is the uncovering of this emptiness that I call meditation. This emptiness is our true self. That which ultimately remains is the self-form. Call it the self, call it the

no-self, words do not mean anything. Where there is no thought, passion, or ego, is that which is.
Hume has said, "Whenever I dive into myself I do not meet any 'I' there. I come across either some thought or some passion or some memory, but never across myself." This is right -- but Hume turns back from the layers only, and that is the mistake. Had he gone a little deeper he would have reached the place where there is nothing to come across, and that is the true self. Where there remains nothing to come across is that which I am. Everything is based in that emptiness. But if somebody turns back from the very surface, no acquaintance with it takes place.
On the surface is the world, at the center is the self. On the surface is everything, at the center is nothing-ness, the void.

50
I have just returned from a walk in the sun. How pleasant the warm sunshine of the winter feels. The sun rose not long ago and the warmth of its rays is gradually increasing. A man was with me. I was silent all the way but he kept on talking. As I listened, I noticed how often we use the word 'I'. Everything is tied up with the center of this 'I'. After birth it is probably the awareness of 'I' that arises first of all, and at the time of death it is the last to leave. In between these two points is the expanse of the same 'I'. How familiar this 'I' is and yet how unknown too! There is no other word more mysterious than this in human language. Life passes but the mystery of 'I' is rarely uncovered.
What is this 'I'? It is not possible to deny it either -- even in negation it gets proposed. Even in saying "I am not" it is present. In human realization this 'I' is the most certain decisive and undoubtable entity.
"I am" -- this awareness is there, but WHO I am is not an inborn knowing. To know that is only possible through spiritual endeavor. All spiritual endeavor is the endeavor to know this 'I'. All religions, all philosophies are answers to this single question.
"Who am I?" This question is to be asked by everyone of himself. Let everything else drop and this single question remain. Let this quest alone remain resounding in the whole being remain. Thus this question descends into the unconscious part of the mind. As the question moves deeper, the superficial identifications start dissolving. It begins to be seen that I am not the body. It begins to be seen that I am not the mind. It begins to be seen that I am that which sees everything -- I am the seer, I am the witness. This experience becomes the realization of the true nature of the 'I'. The pure, enlightened witnessing consciousness is revealed with the arising of this true knowledge. The door to the mystery of life opens. Becoming acquainted with ourselves we become acquainted with the whole mystery of the universe. Knowledge of the 'I' becomes the knowledge of God. This is why I say this 'I' is precious. To descend to its ultimate depth is to realize everything.

51
The city is asleep in the stillness of the night. I have returned from my walk with a guest. A lot of talking has happened on the way. The guest is a hylotheist. A well-read scholar. He has accumulated lots of arguments. I heard all that with peaceful silence and then asked only one thing, that through all these thoughts is he in peace and bliss or not?

At this he felt a little embarrassed and was not able to come up with an answer.
Argument is not a touchstone of truth, nor is thought; only the experience of bliss is the touchstone of truth. If the mindfulness is right, life is filled with bliss-consciousness as a consequence. Mind is there only for the purpose of coming to this point, and the mindfulness that does not bring one here is more of an un-mindfulness. "Hence", I said to him, "I do not oppose your statements at all, I only request you to put this question to yourself."
Religion is not thought, it is only a science for attaining to divine consciousness. Its test is not in argumentation but in experimentation. It is not an analysis of truth, it is the endeavor for truth and its attainment.

52
I am sitting in a hut. Through the holes in the thatched roof sunlight is falling in circular patches on the floor. Dust particles are visible floating in the beam of the light. They are not part of the light but they have made the light impure. They cannot even touch the light because they are in every way different and foreign, and because of them the light is seen as impure. The light is still the light, there is no change in its self-nature, but its body -- its appearance -- has become impure. Because of these foreign bodies the host itself has a different appearance.
A similar thing has happened with the soul of man. There also many particles of dust have become guests and man's true nature is covered by them. It is as though the host is lost in the crowd of guests beyond recognition -- something similar has happened.

But for those who want to be know the meaning of life and encounter truth, it is necessary to recognize in the crowd the one who is not the guest but the host. Without knowing this host life is just a somnambulism. Wakefulness begins with the recognition of the host. That recognition is self-realization. Through that recognition happens the acquaintance with that which is eternal -- pure buddha-nature.
The light does not become impure because of the dust particles -- nor does the soul. The light becomes dull, the soul becomes forgotten.
What kind of dust particles are there on the light of the soul? All that has come into me from the outside is that dust. What is in me other than that is my buddha-nature. All that has been attained and accumulated by the sense-organs is dust.
What is there in me which has not been attained by the sense-organs? Form, taste, smell, touch, sound -- apart from these what else is there in me? That which has not been attained by the sense-organs -- consciousness -- only that is truth. It has not come from the sense-organs, rather it is behind them.
This consciousness alone is my true nature. Everything else is alien, dust. This alone is my host -- all the rest are guests. This consciousness alone is to be known and uncovered. Only in this consciousness is attained that wealth which is imperishable.

53
The last star of the dawn is disappearing in the mist. The morning is about to be born, and rosiness has spread all over the eastern sky.
A friend has just given me the news of the death of some beloved relative; this very night he left his body. After a short silence he began to talk on death. He said many things and

then in the end he asked, "Death is an everyday happening, yet everyone lives in such a way as if he has never to die. It simply does not enter one's mind that he also will die. How come there is such faith in non-dying amidst so many deaths?"
This faith is very meaningful. It is so because the one who exists in the mortal body is not mortal. The circumference is of death, but at the center there is no death.
The one who is seeing -- the seer of the body and the mind -- knows that he is separate from the body and the mind. That seer of the mortal is not mortal. He knows, "There is no death to me; death is only a change of the body. I am eternal. Even while passing through death, I, the deathless, remain."
But this knowing is unconscious. To make it conscious is to become liberated. Death is seen directly, the comprehension of the deathless is indirect. One who makes that also direct comes to know that which has neither birth nor death.
To attain to that life which is beyond life and death is liberation. This is present within everyone, it has only to be realized.
Someone asked a sage, "What is death and what is life? I have come to you to know this."
What the sage said in response is wonderful. He said, "Then go somewhere else. Where I am there exists neither death nor life."

54
Yesterday I said, "Dirt becomes a flower, filth and rubbish become manure and turn into fragrance. The passions and emotions of man are also like this. They are energies. What seems animalistic in man, on changing its direction the same attains divinity."

Hence even the mundane is divine in seed form. Then, in fact, there is nothing unholy. The whole of existence is divine. Everything is divine. The differences are only in the manifestations of that divinity.
Seen in this manner nothing remains despicable. What is animal at one end is divine at the other. There is no contradiction between animality and divinity, but a growth. In such a context, repression and self-torture are meaningless. That kind of struggle is unscientific. Splitting oneself in two, no one can ever attain to peace and self-realization.
A part of what I myself am cannot be eliminated. It may be suppressed, but what is suppressed has to be continuously suppressed. What has been overcome has to be overcome again and again. Victory can never be achieved through that path.
The right path is entirely different. It is not of suppression but of knowing. It is not of discarding the filth and the rubbish -- because I am that filth and rubbish too. It is that of transforming it into manure. This is what has been referred to in ancient alchemy as transforming baser metal into gold.

55
Mahavira has asked, "O seekers, what is fear to living beings?"
Yesterday someone was asking me the same. And whether one asks it or not, the same question lurks in the eyes of everyone. Perhaps this is the only eternal question and perhaps this is the only question worth asking.
Everyone is afraid. In the known, in the unknown, fear is creeping in us. Sitting or standing, sleeping or waking, the fear continues. There is fear in all our behavior, in every thought and deed. There is fear in love, in hate, in virtue, in sin -- in everything. It

is as if our whole consciousness is created of fear. What else are our beliefs, concepts, religions and Gods other than fear?
What is this fear? There are many forms of fear but the fear is only one -- the fear of death. That is the basic fear. At the root of all fear is the possibility of being destroyed, annihilated. Fear means the apprehension of not being, of disappearing. Effort goes on the whole life to escape from this anxiety. All efforts are to avoid this basic insecurity. But even after racing through one's entire life, 'being' does not become assured. The race comes to an end but the insecurity remains the same. Life is completed but death could not be avoided. On the contrary, what appeared to be life turns into death on its completion. Then one comes to know it is as if there was no life at all, only death was growing. It is as if life and death were the two polarities of death itself.
Why this fear of death? Death is unknown, death is unfamiliar -- how can it be feared? What connection can there be with something that is not known?
In reality, what we call the fear of death is not the fear of death, it is the fear of losing what we know as life. It is the fear of losing what is known. We have identified ourselves with what is known. That alone has become our 'being', that alone has become our existence. My body, my wealth, my prestige, my relationships, my conditionings, my beliefs, my thoughts -- all these have become the life of my 'I', have become my 'I'. Death will take away this 'I', that is the fear. All these are being accumulated in order to avoid fear, to gain security, but just the opposite happens -- the very apprehension of losing these becomes the fear.
On the whole, whatever man does turns against the very goal for which it has been done. All steps taken in ignorance for attaining bliss take one to misery. The path taken for reaching fearlessness leads one to fear. What appears to be the attainment of the self is not the self. If one is able to wake up to this truth -- if I can know that I am not what I have understood as 'I', and even in this moment I am different and separate from my identifications, the fear disappears. Only that which is 'other' is lost in death.
In order to know this truth, no ritual, no technique is to be followed. One has only to know, only to become awake to everything I understand to be 'I', and with which one has become identified. Waking up breaks the identification. Waking up separates the self and the other. The identification of the self and the other is fear, and the realization of their separateness is freedom from fear, is fearlessness.

56
A sage sent out the residents of his hermitage for to travel in order to learn from the vast school of the world. When the set time was over, all of them except one returned. The sage was delighted on seeing their achievements and accumulation of knowledge. They had come back with much learning.
Eventually the other young student also returned. The sage said to him, "You have returned last of all; certainly you must have learnt more than all the rest."
The young man replied, "I have returned without learning anything. On the contrary, I have forgotten even that which you taught me." What could have been a more disappointing answer?
Then one day the same young man was massaging the body of the sage. Rubbing his back, he murmured to himself, "The temple is very beautiful, but inside it there is no image of the divine." The sage heard it; he was outraged. Certainly these words were said

to him. Certainly it is his beautiful body that has been described as a temple. And seeing the anger of the sage the young man started laughing. This was like adding fuel to the burning fire. The sage turned him out of the hermitage.
And then one morning when the sage was reading his scriptures, the young man casually stepped in from somewhere and sat near him. He sat there as the sage continued to read. At this very moment a wild honeybee flew in the room and started searching for an exit. The door was open -- the very door through which it had entered, but becoming utterly blind it was making futile efforts to go through the closed window. Its humming sound began to echo in the stillness of the temple. Standing up the young man said aloud to the bee, "Stupid, there is no door there, it is a wall! Stop and look behind you. There only is the door by which you have entered."
It was not the bee but the 'master' who heard these words -- and he found the door. He looked into the eyes of the young man for the first time. This was not the youth who had left to go traveling. These eyes were different. Now the master knew that what the young man had learned was no ordinary learning. He had returned after knowing something, not after learning something.
The master said to him, "Today I have come to know that my temple is empty of the divine, and that until now I have been hitting my head only against the wall and I haven't found the door. Now what shall I do to find the door? What shall I do so that my temple does not remain empty of the divine?"
The young man said, "If you wish for the divine, be empty of yourself. Only he who is full of himself is empty of the divine. He who becomes empty of himself finds that he has been full with the divine forever. And if you wish to find the door to this truth, do the same that this honeybee is doing now...."
The master saw that the bee was doing nothing now; it was sitting on the wall, just sitting. He understood. He woke up. He realized as though a sudden flash of lightning happened in the darkness. He also saw that the bee was now going out through the door.
This story is my whole message. This is what I am saying. Nothing has to be done to attain the divine; rather, dropping all doing one has just to see. When the mind becomes quiet and looks the door is found. The peaceful and empty mind is the door.
My invitation to you all is towards that emptiness. That invitation is of religion itself. To accept that invitation is to become religious.

57
The warmth of the sun has begun to spread beneath the blue sky. The cold air is thick and the dewdrops on the grass are icy cold. Dewdrops are also dripping from the flowers. The night queen has gone to sleep after diffusing its fragrance the whole night long.
A cock crows which is then answered by the crows in the distance. The trees are shaking gently in the mild breeze and the songs of the birds seem endless. The morning makes its mark on everything. The whole world suddenly proclaims that the day has dawned.
Seated I watch the path that disappears among the distant trees. Slowly, slowly the path is becoming busy and people pass by. They are walking but they seem to be sleepy. Some inner slumber is gripping them all. They do not seem to be awake to these blissful moments of the morning, as if they have no idea that that which is behind the universe manifests itself during these moments effortlessly.
How much melody there is in life -- and how deaf is man!

How much beauty there is in life -- and how blind is man!
How much bliss there is in life -- and how insensitive is man!
That day I had been to the hills. We stayed in those mountain ranges for a long time, but those who had come with me were deeply engrossed in the small talk of the routine life -- talk which has no significance, whose presence or absence in life matters not. The clouds of this talk had deprived them of the beauty of that mountain twilight.
Thus enveloped in the insignificant we remain unacquainted with the infinite, and what is so close becomes far off by our own doing.
I wish to say to mankind: You have nothing to lose except your own blindness, and you have everything to gain. O self-made beggar, open your eyes! The entire kingdom of heaven and earth is yours.

58
Yesterday noon we were in a valley beneath a small mountain. Among the expanses of light and shade we spent many a pleasant hour. There was a pond nearby and powerful gusts of wind kept it restless. Waves rose, fell and lay shattered. Everything in it was agitated.
Then the wind subsided and the pond was lulled to sleep!
I said, "See, one who is restless can also become peaceful. Restlessness has peace hidden within itself. The pond is peaceful now, then also it was peaceful. The waves were only on the surface; inside there was peace earlier also."
Man too is restless only on the surface. The waves are only on the surface; inside, in the depths, a deep silence. As we move away from the winds of thoughts, the peaceful pond begins to be seen. This pond can be found now and here. There is no question of time at all, because time exists only as far as thoughts are. Meditation is beyond time.
Jesus has said, "And there shall be time no longer."
In time is misery. Time is misery. To be beyond time is to be in bliss. To be beyond time is to be bliss.
Come, friend, let us go beyond time -- for that is where we really are. What appears within time is really beyond it. Knowing this much is the going. The moment one knows, the winds stop and the pond becomes peaceful.

59
I see man surrounded by words. But scriptures and words are futile. That way one can know about the truth, but it is not the way to know truth.
Isness is not realized through words. The door to isness is emptiness. The very courage to take the jump from words to wordlessness is religiousness.
Thought is the means to know the other; it does not reveal the self because the self is even behind it. 'Self' is above everything. It is through the self that we are connected to isness. That too is other. When even that is not, then only 'that which is' really is. Before it I am ego, in it I am Brahman.
In truth, in isness, 'self' and 'other' are eradicated. That difference too was only in thought and of thought.
Consciousness has three aspects: 1. Outer unconscious -- inner unconscious; 2. Outer conscious -- inner unconscious; and 3. Outer conscious -- inner conscious.

The first aspect, unconscious, is that of non-consciousness. It is insentience. It is the pre-thought stage. The second aspect, half-unconscious, is that of half-consciousness. It is between the insentient and the sentient. This is the thought stage. The third aspect, non-unconsciousness, perfect consciousness. This stage is perfectly conscious and is beyond thought.
In order to know the truth one has to attain not just to thoughtlessness. That leads only to insentience, to unconsciousness. Many of the techniques prevalent in the name of religion take one only to unconsciousness. Wine, sex and music too lead only to unconsciousness. In unconsciousness is escapism. It is not an attainment.
To attain to the truth one has to attain to both thoughtlessness and consciousness. This state is called samadhi, enlightenment.

60
It is full-moon night but the sky is overcast with clouds. I have just come along a pathway. Some children were playing on a sand-mound there. They had built a few sand-castles and a dispute arose among them. All disputes arise only over sand-castles. They were, after all, children, but shortly even those joined in who were not children. In the quarrel of the children their elders too had joined.
I stood by the roadside and thought how artificial the division is between children and the elders! Age does not in fact bring about any difference, and maturity has no connection whatsoever with it.
Most of us die as children. There is a story about Lao Tzu that he was born an old man. This seems very unnatural. But is not this phenomenon even more unnatural -- that one may not attain to maturity till the very end of one's life? The body grows but the mind remains stagnant at one spot. That is how it is possible that there should be quarrels over sand-castles and man reveals himself, putting aside the pretense of humanity and proving thus that all talk of evolution is meaningless. And who says that man has descended from animals -- because he still is nothing but an animal.
Is man not yet born?
The answer that comes after looking deeply into man is not in the affirmative. Diogenes used to carry a burning lantern even in the broad daylight and would say, "I am searching for Man." When he became very old, someone asked him if he still hoped to find Man. He said, "Yes -- because I still have the burning lantern with me."
I was standing there and a big crowd gathered near the sand-mound, and people were deeply and with fascination enjoying the insults, threats and browbeatings of the participants. There seems to a peculiar shine in the eyes of even those who are fighting. Some animalistic pleasure is certainly flowing in their eyes and actions.
Gibran has written, "One day I asked a scarecrow standing in the middle of the field: 'Do you not get bored standing still in this field?' It replied, 'Oh! the pleasure of scaring the birds is so much that I am not at all aware how and when the time passes!' After a moment of contemplation I said: 'This is true because I also have the experience of this pleasure.' The scarecrow said, 'Yes, only those whose body is stuffed with straw and grass can be familiar with this pleasure!'"
But everybody seems to be familiar with this pleasure. Is not straw and grass stuffed inside all of us too? Are not we also false men standing in the field?

This is the pleasure after witnessing which I have just returned. Is not the same pleasure going on over the mound of this whole earth?
I ask this to myself and weep. I weep for that man who can be born but has not been born; who is within everyone but is hidden as the embers are hidden in the ashes.
In reality the body is no more than a heap of straw and grass, and for anyone who stops at that it would have been better if he were in some field because then at least he would have served the purpose of saving the crop from the birds. Man is not even that useful!
No one becomes really man without knowing that which is beyond the body; no one becomes man without knowing the soul. To be born in the form of man is one thing and to BE Man is entirely different.
Man has to give birth to himself within himself. It is not like garments with which one can cover oneself. No one becomes man just by covering himself with the garments of man, because they keep him man only so long as the actual necessity for being Man does not arise. As the necessity arises, one does not even know when the garment falls off!
Just as a seed becomes a sprout by transforming its being -- not by wearing any garments -- similarly man also has to transmute his entire life source into a totally new dimension. Only then is he born, only then the transformation.
Then his pleasure does not lie in scattering or sowing thorns but is transformed into picking the thorns and scattering flowers. It is at this moment that it becomes evident that he is no longer straw and grass now, he is man; he is not the body, he is the soul.
Gurdjieff has said, "Drop this illusion that everyone has a soul." How does it matter whether he who is actually asleep has a soul or not? Only that is real which actually is. The soul is a possibility for all, but the one who makes it an actuality alone attains it.

61
I find the entire consciousness of man revolving around three small words. What are these three words? They are: wakeful intelligence, intellect, and instinct.
The most excellent beings move according to their wakeful intelligence. The mediocres move according to their intellect. The lowest state of consciousness is instinct. Instinct is animal, intellect is human, wakeful intelligence is divine.
Instinct is natural and blind. It is slumber. It is the world of the unconscious. Nothing is good or bad, there is no discrimination; hence there is no inner struggle either. It is the natural flow of blind passions.
Intellect is neither slumber nor wakefulness. It is semi-consciousness. It is the transitory stage between instinct and wakeful intelligence. It is a corridor. A part of it has become conscious, but the rest is unconscious. Hence there is the awareness of difference -- the birth of good and bad. There is passion as well as thought.
Wakeful intelligence is total wakefulness. It is pure consciousness. It is only light. Here also is no struggle. This is natural. It is the natural flow of the good, of the true, of the beautiful.
Instinct is natural, wakeful intelligence also is natural: instinct is blind naturalness, wakeful intelligence is awake naturalness. Only the intellect is unnatural. In intellect, towards the back is instinct and towards the front is wakeful intelligence -- the flame of its crest is towards wakeful intelligence, and the roots of its base are in instinct. The surface is one thing, the root is another. This is the tension. The temptation to drown into the animal, the challenge to rise to the divine, both co-exist in intellect.

Afraid of this challenge, those who try to drown in the animal are under a delusion. The part that has become conscious cannot revert to the unconscious. In the scheme of the universe there is no path of reversion.
Accepting the challenge, those who begin to choose on the surface between good and bad are also under a delusion. That sort of choosing and change of conduct cannot be natural. It is merely an effort in acting -- and that which is an effort is not good either. The problem lies in the roots, not at the surface. That which is asleep there has to be awakened -- not that the bad has to be dropped but unconsciousness. The lamp has to be lit in the darkness.
This is my message for today.

62
The stillness of the noon. The bright sunlight and drowsy trees. I have come and sat upon the grass in the shade of a roseapple tree. Now and then leaves fall on me -- they seem to be the last, old leaves.
New leaves have come on all the trees. And along with the new leaves, countless numbers of new birds have also arrived. There seems to be no end to their songs. How many varieties of melodious sounds are giving music to this noon! I listen, I go on listening, and then I too slip into a unique world of music.
The world of the self is also the world of music.
This music is present in everyone, it does not have to be produced. In order to let it be audible, one has only to become silent.
The moment one is silent, a veil seems to be lifted! What was always there is heard and for the first time we realize that we are not poor. We gain the re-inheritance of an infinite wealth. How much does one laugh then -- the one whom we sought was already seated within!

63
It rained during the night. The dampness still lingers and a fragrance emanates from the earth. The sun has come up high and a herd of cows is moving out to the forest. The wooden bells round their necks sound sweetly. For a while I have been listening to them. Now the cows have gone very far and only a faint echo of the tinkling bells remains.
In the meantime a few people have come to see me. They are asking, "What is death?"
I say, "We do not know life, hence there is death. Self-forgetfulness is death; otherwise there is no death, only a change."
Not knowing the self we have created an illusory self, and that is our 'I', the ego. It is not there, it only appears to be there. It is only this false entity that shatters. Its shattering creates misery because we identified with it.
To realize this falsehood while living is to be saved from death. Know life, and death comes to an end. What is is immortal. To know it is to attain the eternal, permanent life.
Yesterday I have the same in a meeting:
"Self-knowledge is life.
Self-forgetfulness is death."

64

There is a schoolmaster who is very much interested in religion. He has spent his life in the study of religious scriptures. If one mentions of the topic of religion, there is no end to the flow of his thoughts. Like an endless string, his thoughts go on uncoiling. It is difficult to say how much he can quote and how many aphorisms he has learned by heart. No one remains unimpressed by him. He is a walking encyclopedia, or is reputed to be so. Many times I have heard his thoughts and have remained silent.

Once he asked me my opinion about him. I said only the truth. I said in accumulating thoughts about God, he had lost God. Certainly he appeared to be shocked. Later he came again to question further in this connection. Coming to me he said, "It is only by study and contemplation that truth can be attained. There is no other way. Knowledge of course is everything." How many people do not have this false notion?

I ask only one question to all such people. I asked the same to him: "What is study and what happens within you thereby? Does a dimension of new vision take birth in you? Does consciousness rise to new heights and levels? Does any revolution take place in your being? Do you become different from what you are now? Or do you remain the same with only a few more thoughts and bits of information becoming part of your memory?

Through study only the memory is trained, and on the surface of the mind more dust of thought settles. Nothing more happens, nor can happen through it. No change happens at the center through it. The consciousness remains the same. The dimensions of experience remain the same.

To know something about truth and to know truth are two totally different things. 'To know about truth' pertains to intellect, 'to know truth' pertains to consciousness.

In order to know truth -- a total awakening of consciousness -- absence of the unconscious is essential. By training memory, and so-called knowledge, this cannot happen.

What has not been known by oneself is not knowledge.

The intellectual information about truth, the unknown truth, is only an appearance of knowledge. It is false and is an obstacle on the path of right knowledge.

There is no path through the known to know what is in fact unknownable. It is totally new, it is such as has never been known before; hence memory is not capable of delivering it, or even of recognizing it. Memory can deliver or recognize only that which has been known before. It is only repetition of the known.

But for the arrival of the new -- the entirely new, unknown and unfamiliar -- the memory has to stand aside. The memory and all known thoughts will have to stand aside so that the new may be born; so that 'what is' may be known exactly as it is. All conceptions and prejudices of men have to stand aside for its arrival. Only the mind devoid of thoughts, memories and conceptions is consciousness, is awakening. Only with an empty mind does the transformation at the center take place, and the door to truth opens up. Before this, everything is mere wandering and waste of life.

65

A hermit was saying yesterday, "I have dropped all worldly desires. Now my interest is only in liberation, and this alone is freedom. Interest in the world is abstention from liberation; interest in liberation is abstention from the world."

How true and full of wisdom the statement seems to be. There seems to be no flaw in it anywhere and it appeals totally to the intellect and logic, but it is equally meaningless. In such word games so many people remain deceived. As far as spiritual life is concerned, intellect and logic do not seem to take one anywhere.
I said to him, "You are entangled in words. 'Worldly desires' does not mean anything. Actually desire itself is the world, towards what makes no difference. Its very existence is the world, and whether it is towards the world or liberation, its nature is the same.
Desire takes man away from his own self. It is passion, it is greed for some gain, it is a yearning and a race to become something. 'A' desires to become 'B', this is its nature. And as long as there is a desire to become something, 'that which is' is not revealed. The revelation of this 'isness' is liberation.
Liberation is not a thing which has to be achieved, it is not an object of desire, hence there can be no longing towards it. It happens when all longings cease -- even those for liberation. Then 'what is', is called liberation. So liberation is not to be attained. In fact, all attaining has to be dropped and then... THEN liberation is 'attained'.

66
What man calls the universe is not the limit of existence; it is only the limit of man's senses. Beyond these senses is the limitless expanse. This limitless expanse can never be wholly attained through the senses, because the senses perceive only a fragment, only a part. And what is limitless, infinite, cannot be subjected to fragmentation and division. No limited means can measure that which is limitless. What is limitless can be grasped only through the limitless.
And those who have known it have not known it through their senses or their intellect, they have known it by becoming limitless themselves.
This is possible because in the apparently insignificant and limited man, the limitless too is present. Man does not end at the senses, nor is he only senses. He is spread in dimensions beyond the senses. What is seen is the point of his beginning, and not his end-limit. He is invisible. The invisible is seated within the circumference of the visible.
If a man realizes the invisible within himself, he realizes the entire universe, because all divisions and fragments are related to the visible. The invisible is unfragmented -- the one and the many are the same. And this is why in attaining the one the all is attained.
Mahavira has said, "One who has known one, has known all." That one is within. That one is the seer, not the seen. Hence, the eye is not the means for attaining it, closing the eye is the way.
'Closing the eye' means freedom from the visible. If the visible flows even before the closed eye, know that the eye is as good as open. If the visible is not in sight, the eye may be open, but it is as good as closed. When there is no seen and only the seeing remains, the seer appears.
The seeing in which the seer is seen is right-seeing. Without right-seeing, man is blind. Having eyes he has no sight. Sight is attained through right-seeing -- the real eye, the eye that is beyond the senses. Then boundaries disappear, the lines of division are no more, and that which is -- the beginningless and the endless expanse, Brahman -- is attained.
This attainment is liberation, because every limitation is a bondage, every limitation is dependence. To go beyond limitation is to become free.

67
I heard a discourse yesterday. Its essence was: self-suppression. This is the popular tradition, it is thought that one has to love everybody but hate oneself; one has to create enemity with oneself, then possibly the self-conquest happens. But this thought is as incorrect as it is popular. On this path one's personality splits into two, and violence with oneself begins. And violence makes everything ugly.
Man does not have to suppress his passions in this way, neither it is possible -- the path of violence is not the path of religion. So many ways of torturing the body have developed as a consequence. The torture appears to be penance, but in reality it is the sadistic pleasure of violence, suppression and resistance.
This is not penance, this is self-deception.
Man has not to fight with himself, he has to know himself.
But the knowing begins with loving oneself.
One has to love oneself in a right manner. The man who blindly folloes the passions does not love himself nor does the man who blindly fights with them. They both are blind. The second blindness is born in reaction to the first one. One man ruins himself in the passions, the other in fighting with them. They both are full of hatred towards themselves.
Knowledge begins with loving oneself. Whatever I am is to be accepted, is to be loved. It is only in this acceptance and love that the light is attained through which all is transformed naturally and a fresh beauty arises in the individual -- a music, a peace, a bliss. The integrated effect of all these is called spiritual life.

68
Some discussion on truth is going on when I arrive. I listen to it. The people who are talking are studious. They are conversant with schools of philosophy -- how many thought systems there are, how many viewpoints -- it all seems to be known to them. Their minds are full, not with the truth but with what others have said about the truth. As if truth can be known on the basis of what others have said, as if truth is a viewpoint, a thought, or some intellectual, logical conclusion! Their debate is deepening and now no one is in a state to listen to anybody. Everyone is speaking, but no one is listening.
I am silent. Then someone remembers me, and they all want to know my opinion too. I have no opinion. I see that where there is opinion, there is no truth. Truth begins where thought ends.
What shall I say! They are eager to hear. I tell them a story:
"There was a mystic, Bodhidharma. In the sixth century A.D., he went to China. He stayed there for some years. Then he wished to return home and he gathered all his disciples. He wanted to know how far they had progressed in the realm of truth.
In reply to his query a disciple said, "In my opinion, truth is beyond acceptance and non-acceptance. Neither can it be said that it is, nor can it be said that it is not -- because such is its nature."
Bodhidharma said, "It is my skin that you have."
The second disciple said, "As I see it, truth is an insight. Once attained it is attained forever. It cannot be lost."
Bodhidharma said, "It is my flesh that you have."

The third disciple said, "I consider that the five great elements are void and the five skandhas -- forms of mundane consciousness -- are unreal. This very emptiness is truth."
Bodhidharma said, "It is my bones that you have."
Ultimately he who knew rose up, he put his head at the feet of his master and remained silent. He was quiet and his eyes were empty.
Bodhidharma said, "It is my marrow, my soul, that you have."
And this story itself is my answer.

69

I went to a temple to give a talk. After my talk, a young man said, "Can I ask a question? I have asked this question to many, but the answers I received do not satisfy me. All systems of philosophy say, "Know thyself." I too want to know myself. And this alone is my question: 'Who am I?' I desire an answer for this very question."
I said, "You haven't yet asked the question, how could you have received an answer? Asking the question is not so easy."
For a moment the young man looked at me in amazement. It was clear that he had not understood the implications of my statement. He said, "What is this you say that I haven't asked the question yet?"
I told him, "Come to me at night." He came to me that night. He might have thought I would give him some answer. I did give him an answer, but the answer I gave he would never have thought of.
He came. As soon as he sat, I put off the light. He said, "What are you doing? Do you give answers in darkness?"
I said, "I do not give an answer, I only teach you how to ask the question. Regarding spiritual life and truth, there is no answer outside. Knowledge is not an external fact, it is not an information, hence it cannot be put into you from outside. It has to be drawn out from within, even as water is drawn out from a well. It is eternal, it is ever-present; we have only to open our vessel to it. The only thing to be remembered in this process is that the vessel is empty. If the vessel is empty, it comes back filled up, and one has attained."
In the darkness, a little time passed in quiet. Then he said, "Now what shall I do?"
I said, "Empty the vessel, be quiet and ask: 'Who am I?' Ask once, twice, thrice, ask with total force: 'Who am I?' Let the question ring and echo through your entire being and then remain quiet and silent, waiting thoughtlessly. Question and then silence, an empty awaiting. This is the procedure.
He said after a short while, "But I am not able to remain quiet. I have asked the question, but a silent waiting is impossible, and now I am able to see that I had never actually asked the question till today."

70

I am reading a discourse, it is from some saint. He has urged people to abandon anger, to abandon attachment, to abandon passions -- as if these were things which could be abandoned! As if one wished to shake them off and then just abandoned them. Reading and hearing create this impression however.
Looking at such sermons one comes to realize how dense is our ignorance and how little we know about the human mind!

I said to a child one day, "Why don't you drop your illness?" The boy began to laugh and said, "Is it within my power to drop the illness?"

Every person wants to drop illness and evil. But it is necessary to dive deep to the roots of the evil, it is necessary to go to the very pit of the unconscious from where they emerge. One cannot become free of them merely by making a resolution in the conscious mind.
Freud has narrated an interesting event. A villager was staying at a city hotel. In the night he tried to put out the light in his room, but he did not succeed. He tried to blow out the light again and again, but the light shone without even a flicker. Next morning he made a complaint about it. In answer to the complaint, he came to find out that the light was not a conventional lamp that could be blown out, it was an electric light.

And I say that it is a wrong procedure to ask people to blow out their evil emotions and feelings. They are not earthen lamps; they are electric lamps. The process of extinguishing them lies hidden in the unconscious.
All resolutions of the conscious mind are futile, like an attempt to blow out the electric lamp. Only by descending into the unconscious through some suitable medium can their roots be cut.

71
Tick... tick... tick... the clock has started running again. In fact, it has been running all along, for me only had it stopped. Or, better to say, I myself had become closed to the space where this running exists.
I had moved into another realm of time. I was sitting with eyes closed, looking within, and went on looking -- it was altogether a different realm of time. Then contact with this realm was broken.
How blissful it is to slip out of time! Pictures on the mind stop. Their existence is time. As they cease, time ceases and then only the pure present remains. The present is part of time only in language. In reality, it is outside the realm of time, beyond of it. To be in it is to be in the self. I have returned from that world now. How peaceful everything is! In the distance some bird is singing, a child is crying in the neighborhood and a cock is crowing.
How blissful it is to live! And now I know that death too is blissful, because life does not end with it. It is only a state of life -- life is before it and after it also.

72
What is God?
In how many minds does this question reside? Yesterday a young man was asking me -- and this question is asked as if God is a thing, separate and different from the seeker, and as if it can be obtained like other things. The very idea of attaining God is futile -- and also the idea to understand him -- because he is in every cell of me. I am in him. To say it more correctly: 'I' am not, only he is.
God is the name of 'that which is'. He is not something within isness, he himself is that which is. He does not possess existence, rather the very existence is in him. He is the name of that which is, of existence, of the nameless.

Hence he is not sought, because the seeker himself is in him.
One can only get lost in him.
And to get lost is to attain him.
There is a tale. A fish was fed up with hearing the name of the ocean again and again. One day she asked the queen of fishes: "I have been hearing the name of the ocean for so long, but what is this ocean? And where is it?"
The queen said, "In the ocean is your birth, your life, your very world. The ocean is your very 'isness'. The ocean is within you and without you. You are made of ocean and in ocean is your end. The ocean surrounds you every moment."
God surrounds everyone each moment, but we are unconscious -- hence he is not seen. Unconsciousness is the world, consciousness is God.

73
An ascetic came, he has been a sannyasin for years. I asked him, "Why did you take sannyas?" He said, "I desired peace."
This made me think, "Can even peace be desired? Are not peace and desire contradictory to each other?" I said so to him.
He looked a little puzzled. He said, "What shall I do then?"
I began to laugh. I said, "Is not desire hidden in doing too?"
The question is not of doing something. Nothing can be done for peace. It is not a part of desire, it is futile to desire it. In fact, it is necessary to understand unrest. What is unrest? This has to be known -- not through scriptures but for oneself. It is because of going into the scriptures that the desire for peace arises, and so the question 'what should be done' arises.
The ascetic said, "Unrest is due to passions, due to desires. If the desire ceases, there is peace."
I said, "This answer is from the scriptures, not your own; otherwise it would not have been possible to say, 'I desire peace.' If desire is unrest, how then can peace be desired? Just know the unrest, wake up to it through self-experience, understand it through an innocent, unbiased mind. This understanding will bring the roots of unrest in front of you. Passion is the root of unrest -- this will be seen by you. And this very seeing becomes the disappearance of unrest.
Becoming aware of the unrest is its death. Its life is possible only in darkness and in blindness. The moment the light of knowing enters, it ceases to exist. What remains with the disappearence of unrest is peace.
Peace is not desired as against unrest. Peace is not the opposite of unrest, it is the absence of unrest. Hence one is not to seek peace, one is only to know unrest. Borrowed knowledge from scriptures becomes an obstacle to this knowing of unrest, because readymade answers fill the mind with borrowed conclusions before one can ever experience. No transformation happens through these borrowed conclusions; self-experience is the path. In his spiritual life, every individual has to tread the path for himself after unloading the burden of borrowed knowledge.

74
What has happened to man?

I get up in the morning -- I see the squirrels running about, I see the flowers opening up in the rays of the sun, I see nature overflowing with harmonious melody. I go to bed at night -- I see the silence showering from the stars, I see the blissful sleep encompassing the entire creation. And then I begin to ask myself "What has happened to man?" Everything is vibrating with bliss except man. Everything is resonating with music except man. Everything is settled in divine peace except man.
Is man not a participant in all this? Is man an outsider, a stranger? This strangeness has been fashioned by his own hands. This rupture he has created with his own hands.
I am reminded of the biblical story. After eating the 'fruit of knowledge' man is driven out from the paradise. How true this story is! Knowledge, intellect, the mind have torn man apart from life. Remaining in existence, he has fallen out of it.
No sooner than one drops knowledge, no sooner than one drops mind, then a new world unfolds. In it, we become one with nature. Nothing is separate there, nothing is different. Everything begins to throb in a melodious music of peace.
This experience alone is 'God'.
God is not a person, God is not experienced. Rather an experience itself is called God. God is not seen face to face, rather seeing directly itself is called God.
In this direct seeing man becomes healthy and whole. In this experience he comes home. In this light he becomes a participant of the natural bliss of the plants and the flowers. In all this, he diappears at one end and attains to isness at the other. This is his death as well as his rebirth.

75
Someone was asking, "How to attain to atman, the soul? How to attain to Brahman?"
As far as I can see, the very idea of attaining the soul is wrong. It is not something yet to be attained, it is already eternally attained. It is not a thing that has to be brought in, it is not an aim which has to be realized, it is not in the future that one has to reach up to it -- it is. It is the name 'that which is'. It is present, eternally present. There is no past or future in it. There is no 'becoming' in it, neither it is possible to lose it; nor has the idea of attaining it any meaning. It is the pure, eternal existence.
Then on what level has this losing taken place? Or, from where has come this appearance of losing and the thirst for attaining?
If one understands the 'I', than the losing of the soul -- which really cannot be lost -- can be understood. 'I' is not the soul. Neither the 'self' nor the 'other' is the soul. This duality is of thought, this duality is of the mind.
Mind is an apparent entity. It is never in the present. It is either in the past or in the future, and neither of the two have any existence. The one has already become nonexistent, the other has not yet come into existence. The one is in our memory, the other in our imagination, but both are nonexistent. Out of this nonexistence the 'I' is born. The 'I' is the product of thought. Time too is the product of thought. Because of thought, because of the 'I' the soul is covered. It is, but it appears to have been lost. Then this very 'I', this very thought-stream, sets out to search for this so-called lost soul. This search is impossible because through this search the 'I' becomes more and more nourished and strengthened.

Searching for the soul through the 'I' is like searching for awakening through dream. One has to attain it not through the 'I', but through the disappearence of the 'I'. When the dream disappears, awakening is. When the 'I' disappears, soul is.
The soul is nothingness because it is wholeness. There is no 'self' or 'other' in it. It is non-dual, it is beyond time. The moment thought ceases, and the mind disappears, it is discovered that the soul has never been lost.
Hence it is not to be sought.
The seeking is to be dropped and the one who seeks is to be dropped. When seeking and the seeker cease, the search is complete. It is attained by losing the 'I'.

76
What is holiness?
The question arises in the minds of many. If holiness had anything to do with the clothing and external appearance, the very question would not have arisen. Certainly holiness is not an external reality, it is some internal reality. What is this internal reality?
Holiness is being in oneself. Ordinarily man is outside himself, not even for a moment is he in himself. He is with everyone, but not with himself. This very separation from the self is the unholiness. Coming back to the self, being rooted in one's own self, becoming healthy, is holiness. Spiritual unhealth is unholiness, spiritual health is holiness.
If I am outside myself, I am asleep. The external is the 'other', is unconsciousness. Mahavira has said, "He who sleeps is the non-sage. To wake up from the dependence of the 'other' into the freedom of the 'self' is to be holy."
How is this holiness recognized?
This holiness is recognized by the peace, by the bliss, by the wholeness.
There was a saint -- Saint Francis. He was on a pilgrimage with his disciple Leo. They were on their way to San Marino when they were caught up in a rainstorm. They got completely soaked and covered with mud. Night was setting in, and the day-long hunger and travel-weariness had overwhelmed them. The village was still far off and it was not possible to reach there before midnight. Suddenly Saint Francis said "Leo, who is the real sage? Not he who can give eyes to the blind, who can give health to the sick and can even raise up the dead -- he is not the real saint."
There was silence for a while. Then Francis spoke again: "Leo, the real sage is not the one who can understand the language of the animals, trees, stones and rocks. Not even he who has acquired the knowledge of the whole world is a real saint."
There was silence again for a while. They kept on moving in the middle of the rainstorm. Now the lights of San Marino were visible. Saint Francis spoke again: "... Nor is the one who has renounced all a real sage."
Now Leo could not remain silent anymore. He asked, "Then who is the true sage?"
Saint Francis replied, "We are about to reach San Marino and will knock at the outer door of the inn. The watchman will ask, 'Who is there?' We will reply, 'Your own two brothers -- two ascetics.' If he were to say then, 'You beggars, wretched mendicants, lazy parasites-away, get away! There is no place for you here!' and if he refuses to open the door, and hungry, tired, covered with mud we continue to stay in the middle of the night out there in the open, and we knock at the door again if at this time he were to come out, hit us with a baton and say, 'You scoundrels, do not disturb us!', if nothing moves within

us on this occasion too, if everything within remains peaceful, calm and empty, and in that innkeeper we continue to see nothing but the divine -- then this is real holiness." Certainly, to attain to the state of undisturbed peace, simplicity and equanimity under all circumstances is holiness.

77

Last night a young man asked, "I am fighting against my mind, but I am unable to attain peace. What shall I do with the mind so that I may attain peace?"

I said, "No one can do anything with darkness; it simply does not exist. It is only the absence of light; hence fighting against it is ignorance. So is the mind. That too does not exist. That too does not have any existence of its own. It is the absence of self-realization; it is the absence of meditation; hence nothing can be done with it too directly. If darkness is to be removed, one has to bring light in. Similarly, if the mind is to be removed, meditation has to be brought in. The mind is not to be controlled -- but it is to be realized that mind simply does not exist! The moment this is realized, one is free of it.

He asked, "How to realize this?"

"This realization happens through witnessing consciousness. Be the witness of the mind. Be the witness of what is -- drop the worry of how it should be. What is, as it is -- awaken to it, be alert to it. Do not judge, do not control, do not fall in any struggle, just watch silently. This watching... this witness itself becomes the liberation."

The moment one becomes the witness, consciousness leaves the seen and settles on the seer. In this state is attained the unwavering flame of wisdom. And this very flame is liberation.

78

I have found an old mirror lying in a corner. Dust has completely covered it. It does not appear to be still a mirror which would be able to catch reflections, because the dust has covered everything, and the mirror has become almost hidden. It appears that only the dust is and the mirror is not. But in getting covered by the dust, is the mirror really destroyed? The mirror is still a mirror, nothing has changed in it. The dust is on the mirror and not in it. The dust has become a screen, a cover, it does not destroy. A screen only covers, it does not destroy, and as soon as this screen is removed, that which is becomes manifest again.

I said this to someone that man's consciousness is also like this mirror; the dust of passions is spread over it. There is a screen of emotions over it, there are layers of thoughts over it, but nothing has changed in the nature of the consciousness. It is the same. It is always the same. Whether there is a screen or not, there is no change in it. All screens are only on the surface, hence pulling them aside and removing them is not a difficult thing. Removing dust from consciousness is not any more difficult than removing dust from a mirror.

It is easy to attain to the soul because there is no other obstacle in between except a thin screen of dust. And as the screen is removed, it is immediately realized that the soul itself is God.

79

I have returned from a movie show. It is surprising to see how much the light and shade photos projected on the screen captivate people. Where there is really nothing, everything happens! I watched the audience there and it felt as if they had forgotten themselves, as if they were not there, but the flow of electrically projected pictures was everything.
A blank screen is in front and from the back the pictures are being projected. Those who are watching it have their eyes fixed in front, and no one is aware of what is happening behind their backs.
This is how leela, the play, is born.
This is what happens within and without.
There is a projector at the back of the human mind. Psychology calls this back side the unconscious. The longings, the passions, the conditionings accumulated in this unconscious are being continuously projected onto the mind's screen. This flow of mental projections goes on every moment, non-stop.
The consciousness is a seer, a witness, and it forgets itself in this flow of the pictures of desires. This forgetfulness is ignorance. This ignorance is the root cause of maya, illusions, and the endless cycle of birth and death. Waking up from this ignorance happens in the cessation of the mind. When the mind is devoid of thoughts, when the flow of pictures on the screen stops, only then the onlooker remembers himself and returns to his home.
Patanjali calls this cessation of the activities of the mind Yoga. If this is achieved, all is achieved.

80
Yesterday I was standing at the door of a temple. Incense was burning and the whole atmosphere was fragrant. Then the bells of worship started ringing and the lamp of propitiation was being waved in front of the idol. Some devotees were there. The entire arrangement was beautiful and was producing a pleasant trance, but all these rituals have nothing to do with religion.
No temple, no mosque, no church, no form of worship, no form of prayer has anything to do with religion. All the idols are stones and all the prayers are nothing but empty words addressed to the walls.
But some happiness seems to be coming from all this -- and that is the danger, because it is due to this that a great deception begins and crystalizes. It is in this illusion of happiness that an appearance of truth is born. This happiness is derived through unconsciousness -- forgetfulness of the self and escape from the reality of the self. The happiness of intoxicants also comes from such an escape. All acts of unconsciousness in the name of religion bring only a false happiness, like that of intoxicants. Happiness is not religion, because it is only the forgetfulness of sorrow, not its end.
What, then, is religion?
Religion is not an escape from the self, it is an awakening towards the self. This awakening has no connection with any external arrangements. It is related to moving inwards and attaining consciousness.
That I wake up and become a witness -- that I become conscious of that which is -- religion is related only with this. Religion is non-unconsciousness and non-unconsciousness is bliss.

81

There is a story.

An unmarried girl became pregnant. Her relatives were at their wits' end. They asked her about the person who was responsible for it. She said that the ascetic staying outside the village had raped her. The infuriated relatives surrounded the ascetic and berated him. The ascetic calmly listened to their outbursts and said simply, "Is that so?" He spoke only this much and then volunteered to take on the responsibility of the child's upbringing.

On returning home, the girl felt a deep remorse and she confessed the truth. She said she had never even seen the ascetic and that she had lied only to protect the real father of the child. Her relatives felt a deep remorse too and they went, apologized to the ascetic and asked for his forgiveness. The ascetic listened to the whole thing calmly and said, "Is that so?"

When peace descends in one's life, this entire world and its events remain nothing more than acting. I become a mere actor. The story goes on moving on the outside, and the inside remains shrouded in a nothingness. Only after attaining to this state, the liberation from slavery to the world happens.

I am a slave if I am agitated by whatever comes from outside -- if anybody from outside can affect and alter my inside. In this way I am dependent. If I become liberated from the outside -- no matter what happens on the outside, I remain the same -- it marks the beginning of self and freedom.

This liberation begins with the attainment of nothingness.

We have to become a zero.

We have to experience the emptiness.

Walking or sleeping, sitting or getting up, one has to know "I am a emptiness," and keep remembrance of it. By keeping remembrance of the emptiness one becomes a empty. The emptiness fills your every single breath. When the emptiness comes within, simplicity comes on the outside. Emptiness itself is godliness.

82

I was sitting with my eyes closed. Seeing always with the eyes open, man is forgetting the art of seeing with closed eyes. What is seen with open eyes is nothing compared to what is seen with the eyes closed. The tiny eyelid separates and joins two worlds.

I was sitting with eyes closed when a person came; he asked me what I was doing. When I said I was seeing something, he became almost perplexed. Perhaps he would have thought, "Can seeing with closed eyes be called seeing?"

When I open my eyes I arrive in the finite. When I close my eyes, the doors of the infinite open. On one side is seen the seen and on the other the seer.

There was a mystic woman, Rabiya. On a beautiful morning somebody had said to her, "Rabiya, what are you doing inside the hut? Come out! See here, what a beautiful morning the Lord has created!"

Rabiya replied from inside the hut, "Inside here I am seeing the creator of the morning you are seeing outside. Friend, you had better come in. No external beauty has any meaning before the beauty that is here." But how many people remain outside even after closing their eyes? The eyes are not closed just by shutting them. The eyes are

closed, but the external pictures are still forming. The eyelids are shut, but the external scenes are still descending. This is not the closing of the eyes.
The closing of the eyes means emptiness, freedom from dreams and thoughts. When thoughts and scenes disappear, the eyes are closed. What then manifests is the eternal consciousness. That is truth, that is consciousness, that is bliss. The whole game is of the eyes. The eye transformed, everything is transformed.

83
A year has passed since I sowed some seeds. Now flowers have come. How much I desired for the flowers to come directly, but they do not come out that way. If one wants flowers, one has to sow seeds, one has to look after the plants and then in the end one sees the long awaited. This process is true not only about flowers but also about life. Nonviolence, nonpossession of gifts, nonstealing, truth and celibacy -- these are the flowers born of right living. Nobody can bring them directly. In order to bring them we have to sow the seed of self-realization. As soon as that comes, all these follow on their own.
Self-realization is the root; all the rest are its outcome. Ugliness in the external behaviour is a symbol of internal decay, while beauty is the echo of the inner life and its music. Hence nothing can be attained by changing the symptoms. The change has to be effected where the roots of evil basically are.
Ignorance of the self is the root of evil. "Who am I?" -- this is to be known. The moment this is known fearlessness and nonduality are attained. The realization of nonduality -- the awareness that the other is the same as I am burns up all violence from its very roots and as a result of this nonviolence appears.
Knowing the other as 'other' is violence. Seeing the self in the other is nonviolence, and nonviolence is the soul of religion.

84
It rained last night and I came in. The windows were all shut and there was a feeling of suffocation. Then I opened the windows and a freshness blew in with the freshly-bathed gusts of the wind. When I sank into deep sleep I know not.
In the morning a gentleman came to visit. Seeing him I was reminded of the suffocation of the previous night. It felt as if all the windows and all the doors of his mind were closed, he had not left even a single window open from where fresh air and light might enter. Everything in him was closed. I was talking to him and feeling as if I was talking to the walls! Then it came to me that the majority of people are similarly closed and are deprived of the beauty, freshness and the newness of life.
Man turns himself into a prison on his own. He feels the suffocation and frustration of the imprisonment but he is unable to figure out its root cause -- the original source of boredom and anxiety. His whole life passes away like this. One who could have had the ecstasy of a flight in the open sky, dies shut in a parrot-cage.
On demolishing the walls of the mind, the open sky is attained. And this open sky is life. Everybody can attain this liberation, and everybody has to attain this liberation.
I am saying this every day, but perhaps my words do not reach everybody. Their walls are strong -- but howsoever strong the walls, they basically are weak and painful. The

only glimmer of hope is that they are painful, and what is painful cannot be sustained for long. Only bliss can be eternal.

85
The domes of the temples are shining in the sunlight. The sky is clear and the throng of people on the road is getting thicker and thicker. I see the people walking on the road, and I don't know why they do not appear to be alive. How can one be called alive if one is not aware of life, of existence? Life begins and comes to an end, but it seems we do not notice it. Generally we become aware of life when the moment of death arrives.

I have read a story:
There was a person who was incurably forgetful -- he had forgotten that he was alive. One morning he got up and realized that he was dead, then he realized that he was once alive too.
There is a great truth in this story. I am reminded of this story, and I have a hearty laugh over the fact that somebody had realized through death that he was once alive. But my laughter slowly turns into sadness over this pitiful situation.
I am thinking all this when some visitors arrive. I look at them, I listen to their words and I look into their eyes. There is no life anywhere in them. They are like shadows.
The whole world has become filled with shadows. The majority of people are living in a world of ghosts they themselves have created. And there is live fire, there is life in these shadows, but they are not aware of that. There is real life within this shadow-life, and there is true life beyond this ghost-life, which can be attained right now and right here.
How small is the condition for attaining this!
How easy is the means of attaining this!
As I said yesterday: "The seeing is to be directed within."

86
A young man came and said, "I have become an atheist." I look at him. I know him from before. His thirst for knowing the truth of life is acute. He wants to experience the truth at any cost. He has a sharp genius, and superficial faiths do not satisfy him. Conditionings, traditions and conventions are unable to offer him anything. He is covered in doubts and suspicions, all mental props and convictions have shattered and he has sunk into deep negativity from all this.
I am silent. He speaks once again, "My faith in God has gone. There is no God. I have become irreligious."
I ask him, "Please, don't say so. Becoming an atheist is not becoming irreligious. One has to pass through a phase of negation to attain to real theism. It is the beginning of becoming really religious and not of becoming irreligious. Theism, inherited through conditionings, education and thoughts, is no theism at all -- he who is content with it is in delusion. Had he been brought up in the midst of some opposite school of thought, his mind would have been shaped in the opposite way and he then would have been content with that alone.
"Conditionings of the mind are a phenomenon at the circumference, at the surface. It is a dead layer. It is a borrowed and stale state. A person really thirsty for spiritual life cannot quench his thirst with this imaginary water. In this sense that person is blessed, because

the search for the real water begins with this unquenched thirst. Thank God that you do not agree with the concept of God, because this disagreement can lead you to the truth of God."
I now see a glow spreading across the face of that youth. A peace, an assurance has descended in his eyes. While he takes leave of me I tell him, "Remember this much, that atheism is the beginning of a religious life. It is not an end, it is a background, but one has not to halt there. It is a dark night, one has not to be drowned in it. It is after this, through this, that the dawn appears."

87
Last night, away from the city, we were sitting in a mango grove. There were some clouds in the sky and the moon played hide-and-seek among them. In this play of light and shadow, some people were there silently with me for a long time.
How difficult it becomes to speak sometimes! When the atmosphere is thick with a melody, a music, one is afraid to speak lest it should be disrupted. So it happened last night. We returned back home very late. On the way, someone remarked, "This is the first time in my life that I have experienced silence. I had heard that silence is a wonderful bliss, but I realized it only today. Today it has happened effortlessly -- but how will it happen again?"
I said, "What has happened effortlessly happens only effortlessly, it does not happen with effort."
Effort itself is unrest. Effort means something different from what is, is being wished for. This state is of tension. Only tension is born out of tension. Anything done in unrest brings only unrest. Unrest does not turn into peace.
Peace is a different state of consciousness.
When unrest is not, peace is.
Do not do anything, do not make any effort; drop all doing and remain just watching. Then it is found that a new consciousness, a new light, is descending slowly, slowly. What is found in this new world is what really is.
The revelation that what is, is bliss -- this is liberation.
This cosmic immensity does not arrive through our tiny efforts, through our 'l', but rather it comes when there are no efforts, when 'I' am not.
Whatever is attained in the world is attained through doing, through actions. Effort is the means, 'I' is the center. Hence every attainment strengthens the 'I'. In fact, the happiness in attainment is that of strengthening and expanding the 'I'. But this 'I' is never wholly filled, it is insatiable by its very nature. Hence happiness only appears to be there, it never is in fact achieved. Hence those who knew said that there is nothing but sorrow in the world.
What we do in the world, the same we do for liberation also. We get busy in achieving liberation, and that is where the error is. It is not to be attained; rather one is to lose oneself. As one loses oneself, it is attained.

88
Last night, I was on the riverbank for a long time. The river, shining like a silver tape, wound its way far into the distance. A fisherman had come rowing his small boat and the aquatic birds had become quiet hearing his sounds.

A friend was with me. He had sung a devotional song and then the conversation had moved to the topic of God. The theme of the song was also the quest for God. Many years of the singer's life had gone into the search for God. I had met him only yesterday. He has a bachelor's degree in science; and then one day the quest for God had seized him. Many years have gone in the quest since then, but nothing has been attained.

After listening to the devotional song I was quiet. His voice was sweet and touched the heart; and his heart was behind the song, so the song had become alive. Its echo was reverberating in my heart. But disrupting the silence he had spontaneously asked if the quest for God was only a delusion. "I was full of hope in the beginning," he said, "but slowly, slowly I have become disillusioned."

I still kept quiet for a while and then said, "The quest for god is an illusion because the very question of search does not arise. He is everpresent, but we do not have the eyes that can see him. So the real search is for attaining the right vision."

There was a blind man. He went out in search of the sun. His quest was wrong. The sun is already there, it is the eyes that are to be sought. As one attains the eyes, the sun is attained. Usually the seeker of god engages himself in seeking god directly. He does not give even a single thought about his eyes. This basic mistake brings disappointment as the outcome.

My seeing is just the opposite.

I see that the real question is about me and is of my transformation. As I am, as my eyes are -- that alone is the limit of my knowledge and the limit of my seeing. If I change, if my eyes change, if my consciousness changes, then what is invisible that too becomes visible; and then god is attained in the depths of the very things we are seeing now; the god is attained in the world itself. That is why I say: religion is not a science of attaining god but of attaining a new vision, a new conscciousness. The god already is, we are rooted in him alone, we are living in him alone; we do not have the eyes so the sun is not visible to us. One has not to seek the sun but for eyes.

89

Gautam Buddha has propounded four noble truths: Suffering, the cause of suffering, the elimination of suffering, and the path to the elimination of suffering. There is suffering in life, there is the cause of suffering; this suffering can be eliminated, and there is a path to eliminate it.

I see a fifth noble truth also which exists prior to the four. These four exist because the fifth one exists. But for its prior existence, the four too could not have been there.

What is that fifth -- or rather the first -- noble truth?

That truth is our unconsciousness of our suffering. There is suffering but we are unconscious of it. It is because of this unconsciousness that we live in suffering but it does not distress us. The whole of our life passes by in this foggy unconsciousness, in this drowsiness, and the suffering is thus endured.

In this unconsciousness, 'what is' does not come to our eyes and the dreams of what is not continue. There is a blindness towards the present and the eyes are focused on the future. In the intoxication of the pleasant dreams of the future, the suffering of the present lies submerged. With this method the suffering is not seen, and the very question of going beyond it does not arise.

If a prisoner does not realize his chains and the walls of the jail, where is the source of yearning for freedom in him? Hence I call this truth the first noble truth -- the truth that we are unconscious to suffering.
The truth that life is suffering is not in our consciousness. The other four follow this. They are seen as I wake up to suffering.

90
I say only a few things; they can be counted on the fingers.
One: the mind has to be known -- the mind that is so close and yet so unknown.
Two: the mind has to be transformed -- the mind that is so stubborn and yet so eager to be transformed!
Three: the mind has to be liberated -- the mind that is wholly in bondage but which can be liberated here and now.
These things are three only in name. Really, only one thing is to be done, and that is to know the mind. The other two are accomplished on their own when this first is accomplished. Knowing is the only transformation, knowing is the only liberation.
I was saying this yesterday when someone asked, "How is this knowing to happen?"
This knowing happens through waking up. Our activities of both body and mind are unconscious. It is necessary to wake up to each activity -- whether one is walking or sitting or lying down, one should have right remembrance of it. 'I wish to sit' -- one has to wake up to this wish, to this feeling as well. Whether there is anger in the mind or not -- one has to watch this state too. If thoughts are moving or not -- one has to become a witness to that too.
This waking up cannot be attained through suppression or struggle -- no judgement, no choosing between good and bad. Only waking up, just waking up! As soon as one wakes up, the mystery of the mind is revealed -- the mind is known. And just by knowing the transformation comes. By complete knowing the liberation happens.
Hence I say that liberation from the disease of the mind is easy, because the diagnosis is itself the remedy.

91
The afternoon is almost gone. The sky was clear, but strong winds came and it is getting covered with thick black clouds. The sun has gone down. There is a slight chill in the air. A fakir has come to the door, there is a parrot on his hand. There is no cage, but it seems the parrot has forgotten how to fly. On their arrival it is the parrot that speaks, not the fakir: "Ram! Ram! Chant the name Ram, chant the name Ram!" I said, "The parrot speaks well!" The fakir said, "Sir, this parrot is a great pundit!" On hearing this I laughed. I said, "It must be so, because all pundits are nothing but parrots."

I see it very clearly, that knowledge is not attained through learning and what is attained through learning is not knowledge. Knowledge is not an achievement of the intellect. The intellect is only a memory system, and knowledge is not attained through memory but through discarding the memory. What comes through learning makes one only a parrot. This parrot-talk is called learnedness. There is no bigger obstacle than this on the path of knowledge.

Scholarship is an accumulation of dead facts. All these facts are borrowed ones -- they do not have any roots in experience. A mind covered with these dead facts is unable to see that which is. These facts become a curtain.
The unknown is revealed as this curtain is removed.
This seeing is knowledge.
Seeing, not learning, is knowledge.
Truthful seeing -- not the scriptures, not facts -- is the way to attainment. When the truth is seen, one finds that the knowledge was already there, only we had no eyes to see it. And the eyes could not have been attained through an accumulation of scholarship. At the most that could have created a self-deception, nothing else. Without really knowing, one could have derived ego-fulfillment -- that he knows. This is why it is said that to know that "I know" is ignorance. Why?-because upon knowing it is found that "I am not", only knowing is -- neither the knower is there, nor the known.
This seeing of the nondual happens when -- discarding everything -- I become empty.

92
The dusk has descended and the fragrance of the evening flowers has begun to spread. A cuckoo has been calling the whole afternoon and now she has become quiet. When she was singing, she was not so much in my attention, but now becoming quiet she has entered my attention. I am waiting for her to call again when a monk arrives. He is a celibate with a withered, lean and sickly body. His face is pallid and glowless, his eyes are parched and dry. Seeing him I feel pity; he has ill-treated his body. I say this to him and he is almost shocked. He believes this to be the only renunciation -- as if ill-health is spiritual, as if ugliness and disfiguration is Yoga practice! As if disciplining something repulsive is the spiritual discipline.
Count Kaiserling has written somewhere, "Health is an anti-spiritual ideal." In this line is an echo of the same ignorance. This thought is born out of reaction. There are people who are interested only in the body; the physical body is all for them. This is one extreme. Then as a reaction to this the other extreme is born. But both the extremes are materialistic.
Neither has one to go on indulging one's body all over the place, nor has one to go on crippling it. On the whole it is but a dwelling. It is essential that it is healthy and well. Spiritual life is not antagonistic to health. In fact it is total health. It is synonymous with a state of harmonious and melodious beauty.
Suppression of the body is not spirituality; it is only hedonism doing a headstand. It is only a reaction to a life of indulgence. There is no knowledge in it, but only ignorance and self-torture. It is a violent tendency. No one reaches anywhere through it. One is not to suppress the body; is only an innocent intrument and a follower. It adapts to wherever I am in desires and passions, it keeps me company there. If I move into spiritual discipline, it becomes a companion there. It follows me. Transformation is not to be wrought in it, but in the one who it follows.

93
I am talking of peace, bliss and liberation. This alone is the central quest of life. If it is not realized, life is wasted. Yesterday I was saying this when a young man asked, "Can everybody attain liberation? And if everybody can, why then it is not simply attained?"

I told him a story.

One morning someone had asked this same question to Gautam Buddha. Buddha had asked him to go round the city and come back after inquiring who wants what in life. The man went from door to door and returned by the evening utterly exhausted but with a complete list. Somebody wanted fame, somebody wanted position, somebody wanted health, prosperity and affluence, but not a single person had wanted liberation. Buddha said, "Tell me now, ask me now the question! Everybody can attain liberation, it already is there, but can you at least look at it even once? We are standing with our back turned to it."

This is my answer too. Everybody can attain liberation, just as every seed can become a plant. It is our potential, our possibility, but this potential has to be turned into actuality. This much I know -- the act of a seed turning into a plant is not difficult. It is very easy. The seed has only to be ready to die and the sprout comes out the same moment. If I am ready to die, liberation comes instantly. The 'I' is the bondage. As it goes, the liberation is.
With the 'I', I am in the world; without the 'I', I myself am the liberation.

94
A year has passed. During the last rainy season I had sown the seeds of gultevari flowers. As the rainy season was over, flowers also disappeared. Then I removed the dried-up plants. This year I am seeing that with the coming of the rains so many gultevari plants are sprouting on their own. They have begun to appear from the ground in so many places. The seeds left in the ground from the previous season have waited for a year, and it is blissful coming to life now. In the darkness underground, in winter and summer, they have been waiting there. Now somehow they have the opportunity of seeing the light again. With this comes the feeling of an auspicious and festive music emanating from those newly born plants, and I experience it.
Centuries ago, some nectar-sweet-throat sang: Tamaso ma jyotirgamaya -- who does not have the desire to move from darkness to light!
Are not such seeds lying hidden in every man, in every living being, wanting to attain to light? Is there not also since many many lifetimes a waiting and praying for this opportunity?
These seeds are lying hidden within everyone and it is only from these seeds that the thirst arises for becoming complete. These flames are lying hidden in every one, and these flames want to reach out to the sun! No one becomes fulfilled without transforming these seeds into plants. There is no other way than to become whole. One has to become whole, because intrinsically every seed is whole.

95
A new morning.
A new sun.
A new sunshine.
New flowers.

I have got up from sleep. Everything is new and fresh; there is nothing old and stale in the world.
Many hundreds of years ago Heraclitus in Greece said, "It is impossible to step into the same river twice."
Everything is new, but man becomes outdated. Man simply does not live in the new, hence he becomes outdated. Man lives in memory, in the past, in the dead. This is mere living, but not life. This is half-death, and taking this half-death for life one day we pass away.
Life is neither in the past nor in the future.
Life is ever in the present.
That life is attained through yoga, because yoga makes one awake into everlasting freshness, it makes one wake up into the eternal new. Yoga makes one wake up into the eternal present.
One has to wake up into 'that which is'. What was is no more, what will be, is not yet. And what is is revealed only when man's mind is free from the burden of memory and imagination.
Memory is an accumulation of the dead past -- life cannot be attained through it. Imagination is also only the offshoot of memory, it is only its echo and projection. All that is only wandering about in the known. The doors of the unknown do not open through it.
Let the known go, so that the unknown may manifest.
Let the dead go so that the living may manifest.
This alone is the essence of yoga.

96
The night is deepening. There are only a few stars in the sky and a not yet full moon is hanging in the west. The jasmine has blossomed, and its fragrance is floating in the air.
I have just seen a lady to the door and returned. I do not know her. Some suffering has engulfed her mind, its darkness has formed an aura all around her. I felt this aura of suffering as she came in. Without wasting time, she asked me at once, "Can suffering be destroyed?" I looked at her. She appeared to be a living monument of suffering.
Slowly, slowly people are all becoming such monuments. They all want to destroy suffering but are unable to do so because their diagnosis of suffering is not correct.
Suffering exists in a certain state of consciousness, it is the characteristic feature of that state. Within that state there is no freedom from suffering, because that state itself is the suffering. In it, if you remove one sorrow, another takes its place; this chain continues. You may free yourself from this sorrow or that sorrow, but freedom from suffering as such does not happen. The suffering remains-only the causes change.
The elimination of suffering, the freedom from suffering happens in changing the state of consciousness, not in becoming free of individual sorrow.

On a dark night a young man approached Gautam Buddha. He was sad, worried and anguished. He said, "What a suffering the world is! What a torment it is!" Gautam Buddha said, "Come where I am; there is no suffering there, there is no anguish there."
There is a state of consciousness in which there is no suffering. It was to indicate towards this consciousness that Buddha had used the term: "Where I am."

There are two states of human consciousness: one of ignorance, the other of knowing -- one of identification with the other, and the other of self-realization. As long as I identify myself with the other, there is suffering. This bondage with the other is suffering. Becoming free from the other, realization of the self, being in the self -- is the elimination of suffering. I am not yet 'I', hence the suffering. When I actually become 'I' suffering ceases.

97

Tonight the sky is not studded with stars. It is overcast with dark clouds which drizzle now and then.

The flowers of the night queen have bloomed, burdening the winds with their fragrance.

I am almost as though I am not.

And in this not being the being has become.

There is a world where death is life, and where to be lost is to find. Once I used to think that the drop is to be submerged into the ocean; now I find that the ocean itself has fallen into the drop.

For man, to 'be' is his bondage, to be empty is his liberation. This tension of 'being' makes one wander off unnecessarily. And the fear of becoming empty stops one from becoming the whole. As long as there is no readiness to become 'nothing' one remains nothing. As long as there is no courage to move into death, one has to move around in death. But the one who becomes ready to receive death finds that there is no death, and the one who becomes ready to be annihilated finds that there is something in him which cannot be annihilated.

This paradox is the law of life. To know this law is yoga. And to know it well is to be out of it. It is the ignorance of this law that makes one wander off. By knowing it, all our wandering ceases and that is attained which is the end of the journey, not just an overnight stay.

98

One full-moon night, a few people from the pub went to the river for boating. They rowed continuouslyfrom midnight to dawn. When the cold morning wind blew and the sun rose, their drunkenness began to fade. They thought it was time to return, and they came down on the bank to see how far they had travelled. But there was no end to their amazement when they discovered that the boat stood exactly where they had found it last night! In the night they had quite forgotten that only rowing the boat was not enough; the boat needs to be unanchored also.

I told this tale in the evening. An old gentleman had come to see me. He said, "I have been walking my whole life, but now at the end it feels as if I have not reached anywhere." It is to him I had to tell this story.

Man is not conscious. Ignorance of his self is his unconsciousness. In this unconsciousness all his actions are mechanical. He moves in this unintelligent state as if in sleep and he reaches nowhere. As the chains of that boat remained tied to some post on the bank, similarily in this state he too remains tied somewhere.

Religion has called this bondage desire. Man tied to his desires remains under the delusion of coming closer and closer to bliss, but one day this whole hurry proves to be a mirage. No matter how much he rows, his boat just would not leave the shore of unfulfilment. He leaves life empty and unfulfilled.
Desire by its nature is insatiable. Life runs out, and the life in which the other shore could have been attained -- the life in which the journey could have been completed -- is wasted, and it is discovered that the boat has not moved at all.
Every sailor knows that before launching the boat into the ocean it has to be unanchored from the shore. Every man should also know that before launching his life's boat into the ocean of bliss, fulfillment and light, the chains of desire have to be disconnected from the shore. After that, perhaps even rowing is not needed.
Ramakrishna has said, "You take up the anchor, you set the sails; the winds of the divine are eager each moment to carry you."

99
A hermit came to me yesterday. We talked about the discipline of meditation. It is very surprising to hear the mistaken and false ideas that prevail regarding the nature of mind. If we begin the discipline with the assumption that the mind is our enemy, the entire discipline goes wrong. Neither is the mind our enemy, nor the body. They are mere instruments and are helpful. Consciousness can use them just as it likes. The attitude of enmity and conflict creates suppression from the very onset, and as a result the whole of life gets poisoned.
The human mind by its very nature is inclined to bliss, and there is nothing wrong in it. It is nothing but its attraction towards self-nature. If it were not there, man could never move toward the spiritual life. The mind seeks for bliss first in the world, and when it does not find it there, it turns inwards.
Bliss is the center -- both of the world and of liberation. It is on the axis of this bliss that the whole worldly and the otherworldly life revolves.
The glimpse of bliss is seen outside; hence the race outside. Through meditation the real source of this bliss becomes visible, so the direction turns towards the source, but the mind is not to be forcibly turned inwards. It is because of suppression that mind starts appearing like an enemy.
No, a new dimension of bliss is to be opened. As soon as that dimension is opened, the mind is found to be moving withinwards on its own. Its inclination is towards bliss, and where there is bliss, it has a natural access there.
Bliss is the goal of life. Bliss, unending bliss, is the purpose of life. In the world comes the glimpse -- the reflection. Its original source is in liberation. Outside is its projection, inside the roots. On the circumference is its shadow, the center its life. Hence, the world is not in contradiction to liberation, the outside is not the enemy of the inside. The whole existence is a symphony.
The moment this truth is seen, man falls out of bondage.

100
In the early morning hours a young man came. He looked sad and it seemed as if some loneliness was enveloping him from within, as if he had lost something and his eyes seemed to be searching for it. He has been visiting me for nearly a year now, and this this

too I knew well, that one day he would come like this. Before this, there was an imaginary bliss in him which has now gradually disappeared.
For a while there is silence. The young man closed his eyes and seemed to be thinking about something. Then he spoke openly: "l have lost my trust. I lived in dreams, which have been shattered now. I used to feel God to be with me; now I am left alone and I feel puzzled. Never before was I so helpless. I want to go back, but that too does not seem possible now. That bridge is ruined."
I tell him, only that which was not can be taken away. It is not possible to take away that which is. Loneliness only gets suppressed in the unconsciousness -- not destroyed -- through the companion of dream and imagination. The bliss attained through imagination and the mental projection of God is not real. It is a delusion, not a support. And the sooner one gets rid of delusions the better.
To really attain to God, one has to renounce all mental concepts -- and the concept of God is not an exception, that too has to be renounced. This is the only renunciation and this is the only asceticism... because there is no greater hardship than renouncing dreams.
At the point of disappearance of imaginations, dreams and concepts, manifests 'that which is'; the sleep shatters and wakefulness comes. The attainment thereafter is the real attainment, because nobody can take it away. And it is not disrupted by any other experience, because it is one's own experience, not an experience of the other. It is not the seeing of any scene, it is a realization of the pure seer himself. It is not a thought about God, it is being in God.
Do not panic if the imaginary concept of God, and trust in God have disappeared. This can only be good. Give up all concepts and then see.
What is seen then is God.

101
A friend has presented some paper flowers to me. I look at these flowers -- there is nothing in them beyond that which is visible to the eyes. Everything in them is visible, there is nothing invisible. Outside in the flowerbeds roses are in bloom, and beyond the visible there is something invisible in them, and this invisible is their very breath itself.
Modern civilization is analogous to paper flowers. It ends at the visible, with the seen, and hence is lifeless. It has lost its link with the unknown, the invisible. And this is why man is so cut off, so separated from his own roots as never before.
The tree, its leaves, its flowers, its fruits, are all visible but the roots are under the earth. The roots are in the unknown and invisible. The roots that can be seen are not the end of all roots -- there are other roots that cannot be seen. The center where life is linked with the universal life is not only unknown, but is also unknowable.
A man connected with the unknowable attains to the real roots.
The unknowable cannot be attained through thoughts. The limit of thought ends at the knowable and visible -- thought itself is knowable and visible. And that which is visible cannot become the medium for knowing the invisible.
Isness is beyond thoughts, existence is transcendental to thoughts.
Hence, one does not know existence but one becomes existence. One is not to become acquainted with it as an onlooker, separate from it; rather one has to become one with it.
Dropping thoughts, becoming calm and empty, and so comes that nonduality which puts one into truth, into isness. If one has to see paper flowers they can be seen from a

distance, one can become a seer to them. If the real flowers are to be seen, one has to become the flower.

102
A girl is crying. Her doll is broken. And now I think: Is not all our weeping a weeping over broken dolls?
Last evening an old man came to see me. What he had wished for in his life could not happen. He was sad and sorrowful. Today I met a lady who every now and then wiped off her tears as she talked to me. She had dreams and they did not come true.
And now this girl is weeping. Is there not a basic reflection of all tears in the tears of this girl? Has not the root cause of all tears taken form in the broken doll lying in front of her? Somebody is consoling her that after all it is only a toy, and what is there to weep for? Hearing it, I could not help laughing. If man were to realize this truth would not all his sorrows come to an end? How difficult it is to understand that a doll is merely a doll!
Man hardly matures to the extent that he can understand this. The maturing of man's body is one thing, man himself maturing is quite another. What is maturity?
Man's maturity is in becoming free of the mind. As long as the mind is there it goes on creating toys. Freedom from toys happens as soon as one is free of the mind.

103
"I am a seeker. I am engaged in spiritual disciplines and I am making progress. One day the attainment is also going to happen." Once a hermit said this to me. In his words I felt more the ring of desire than of spiritual discipline. Such spiritual disciplines are themselves obstacles.
What is there to practice to attain that which already is? It is not even to be attained! Only to recognize that it has never been lost. And the whole undertaking of the so-called spiritual practice hides this truth. At the root of this is one's sensual desire, and a wish to attain something, to change something: I am to change from what I am. A is to be changed into B. This duality, this conflict, lies at the root of all sensual desires. This duality is the world and sorrow.
I say: If you desire to be even slightly different from what you are, you are going against what is. And what is is the path. The moment one wakes up to what is, one's life is filled with a naturalness and beauty, a freedom and liberation permeates one's every breath. This beauty is never available to the so-called practitioner. A violence, a suppression and a kind of lust for becoming destroys that naturalness. Hence there is an ugliness found in all the so-called aspiring ascetics.
Then what shall we do? Nothing. Not to do, not to do anything, is meditation. The self is neither in doing nor in thoughts. It is discovered the moment actions and thoughts are dispelled.
Drop everything, let go of everything, let everything disappear. And then what is seen in this nothingness, in this emptiness, is everything.

104
There is a parable:

Once a youth asked a hermit, "What is the method to attain liberation?" The hermit replied, "Who has bound you?" The youth paused for a moment and then said, "Nobody has bound me."
Then the hermit asked, "Then why do you search for liberation?"
"Why do you search for liberation?" This is what I also asked one person yesterday. This is what every person has to himself: "Where is the bondage?"
Wake up to what is! Stop bothering about changing that which is -- don't run after ideals. You are what is in the present, not what is in the future. And there is no bondage in the present. The moment one wakes up to the present, bondages are not found anywhere.
Desire... in the very desire to become something and attain something is the bondage. A desire is always in the future, always in the tomorrow. And that is the bondage, that is the tension, that is the race, that is the world. It is the desire itself that creates the idea of liberation. And if bondage is at the roots, how can liberation be the outcome?
The beginning of liberation has to be in freedom. Liberation is not just the end, it is the beginning as well.
It is not that liberation has to be attained, rather it has to be seen that "I am already exist in liberation." The realization that "I am liberated" is attained effortlessly in a calm, wakeful consciousness. Everybody is already liberated -- it is only a matter of waking up to this reality.
The moment I drop all racing, the moment the race for becoming something goes away, I become. And this 'becoming' in its full sense is liberation.
The so-called religious person does not attain to this becoming because he is in a race for attaining liberation, for attaining the soul, for attaining to God. And the one who is in a race, whatever the form of that race, is not in himself. To be religious is not a matter of faith, of effort or of doing. To be religious is a matter of being in oneself. And this liberation can come in a moment.
The moment one becomes aware of the truth that bondage is in desiring, in racing, in ideals, the darkness disappears and no bondage is found in what is then seen.
Truth brings revolution in a moment.

105
It is a winter morning, the sun has just risen. There were cold winds in the night, and earlier in the morning the grass was covered with dewdrops. Now the rays have absorbed them, and the sunlight has become warmer.
A pleasant morning has heralded the day. How meaningful even the meaningless songs of birds seem to be! But perhaps life has no meaning and the imagination of meaning is man's own idea. There is no meaning -- perhaps that is why there is infinite depth and vastness in life. Meaning is a limitation.
Life, existence, is limitless; hence there is no meaning in it at all. He who makes himself limitless by his merger with the meaningless, he who becomes meaningless in this vast meaninglessness, attains to 'that which is' -- attains to existence.
All meaning is petty and is of the petty. All meaning has been given by the ego. Ego is the center of all these meanings. The world that is seen through it is not the real world. Whatsoever is related to 'I' is not real.
Truth is an indivisible whole, it is not divided into 'I' and 'not-I'. All meaning is from the 'I'; hence the indivisible, the one which is beyond 'I' and 'not-I' is without meaning -- it

has neither meaning nor 'no-meaning'. It is wrong to give it any name, even to call it God is wrong! God too is in reference to the 'I', God too is a concept of the I.
Let us say that whatever is meaningful is really meaningless. To go beyond the limit of meaningfulness is to become spiritual.
Someone asked Bodhidharma, "Please say something about the sacred nirvana."
Bodhidharma replied, "There is nothing sacred in it, just emptyness and only emptyness."

106
A cock is crowing -- I listen.
A cart is passing on the path -- I watch.
There is hearing, there is seeing, but no word in between. Words seperate one from existence. Words are about the truth, they are not themselves the truth. One reaches the truth by dropping words, not through them. And to be wordless is samadhi, is enlightenment.
But only being wordless is not samadhi -- words are absent in unconsciousness and in sleep too. Being wordless and yet remaining wakeful, conscious and alert is samadhi.
I am saying this to a hermit. He believed absorption and senselessness to be samadhi. Many have carried this fallacy. This fallacy is very dangerous. It is because of this fallacy that worship, devotion and many such methods of becoming unconscious have become prevalent. All these methods are nothing but escape, and their utility is nothing different from that of intoxicants. In them, a person forgets himself. Due to this forgetfulness, due to this self-forgetfulness, an illusion of bliss is created. But meditation requires complete self-remembrance, not self-forgetfulness.
When one is fully awake one IS. , I am completely in my self. This awakening happens from becoming free of words, thoughts and the mind. In this wordless consciousness the 'I' disappears. But I do not disappear; rather, on disappearance of the 'I', on disappearance of the sense of ego, I become fully myself.

107
The dark no-moon night is descending. The birds have returned to their nests and in the gathering darkness there is great chirping on the trees before they retire. The lamps are being lit in the city. In a short while, the sky is going to be studded with stars and the earth glittering with lamps.
Two tiny dark patches of clouds are floating in the eastern sky. There is no companion with me -- I am all alone. There is no thought, I am just sitting. How blissful it is just to sit! The sky and the galaxy of stars seem to have submerged me.
When there are no thoughts, the individual existence merges with the universal existence. There is only a small curtain; otherwise everybody is the existence himself.
There is a thin veil on our eyes, and it is hiding existence. This thin veil itself has become the world. The moment its cover is removed the doors to the kingdom of infinite bliss are thrown open.

Jesus Christ has said, "Knock and the doors shall open." I say, "Just take a look -- the doors are already open."

One man was running towards the setting sun. He asked another man, "Where is the east?" The reply came, "You just turn around and you will have the east right before your eyes."
All is present -- what one needs is to turn one's eyes in the right direction.

This statement has to be declared to the whole world. Even to have rightly listened to it is to have attained a lot. The trust in the divinity of oneself is half the attainment.
Just today I said to a friend who had come to see me, "The treasure is already within you, you have simply forgotten about it. Awaken the right remembrance, recollect your own divinity, know who you are. Ask yourself -- and ask yourself to the extent that only this inquiry remains, resounding through your entire mind and being. Then its arrow moves directly to your unconscious, and a mystical rsponse comes right in front of you on its own accord. To know this is to know everything."

108
The night has not yey given way to the dawn, and the sky is still studded with departing stars. The river looks like a thin stream of silver. The sand is cool with dewdrops, and the winds is bitter with cold. A deep stillness prevails, and the sound of birds every now and then only deepens it.
Taking a friend with me, I have come to this solitary place rather early. The friend says that he feels fear in solitude, and the stillness feels biting. If he keeps himself occupied somehow then it is fine; otherwise a strange kind of anguish and sadness overtakes him. This anguish comes to everybody. Nobody wants to face himself. Looking within oneself, one feels puzzled. And because solitude leaves one alone with oneself, it is frightening. If you are entangled in the other, the self is forgotten. That is a kind of unconsciousness and an escape. Man keeps himself busy his whole life in this escape. But this escape is temporary. There is no way man can escape from his own self! All his efforts to escape are futile, because he himself is the one from whom he is trying to escape. How can one escape from oneself, and how can one run away from oneself? We can run away from everything but not from our own selves. Having run throughout our whole life we will find that we have not reached anywhere. Hence those who are intelligent do not run away from their own self; rather they face it.
If man looks inward he experiences an emptiness. There is an infinite nothingness within. Hence, becoming puzzled, he runs outwards. He makes endless efforts to fill this emptiness. He wants to fill it up this in the world, in relationships. But it cannot be filled in any way -- it is impossible to fill it up -- and this is his anguish and the failure of his life. Death shows this anguish very clearly. Death throws him into this very emptiness from which he has been escaping his whole life. And that is why the fear of death is uppermost.
I say, fleeing from one's emptiness is ignorance. It is through facing it, entering it, that life is attained. Reaching to this nothingness, we realize our nature.
Religion is an entry into the emptiness. What man experiences in himself in utter aloneness is religiousness.

109
"What is the ideal of life?" -- a youth has asked me.

The night has deepened and the sky is full of stars. The wind is cold, somebody said there had been a hailstorm in the region. The path is desolate and there is dense darkness under the trees.
How blissful it is to live in this calm, solitary night. Just to be is such bliss! But we have forgotten how to be.
How blissful this life is! But we do not want to 'just live', we want to live for some ideal. We want to turn life -- which is itself the end -- into a means. This race for ideals poisons everything. This tension about ideals disrupts all the music of life.
Once Akbar asked Tansen, "How is it that you do not sing so well as your master does? There is some divinity of the beyond in his singing." Tansen replied, "My master sings only for the sake of singing, while I sing for some purpose."
Some time try just living. Just live -- do not struggle with life, do not force life. Quietly watch things happening. Let what happens happen. Allow 'that which is' just to be. Drop all tensions from your side and let life flow, let life happen. And what will happen, I assure you, liberates.
The illusion of ideals is one of the blind faiths cherished through the ages. Life is just for living -- not for someone else, not for something else. One who lives for some reason does not really live. One who just lives, really lives; and he alone attains to that which is worth attaining. It is he who also attains to the ideal.
I look at the young man. An amazing peace has descended on his face. He does not say a word but he says everything. He goes after sitting silently and peacefully for an hour, a transformed man. He said at the time of his leaving, "I go from here a different person."

110
It is morning. The sun is behind the clouds and it is drizzling. The rain has created a feeling of wetness all around. A hermit, soaking wet, has come to see me. Some fifteen or twenty years back he had renounced his home to attain self-realization. The renunciation took place, but the attainment did not happen. Because of this he is sad. Society and relationships are considered obstacles in the way of self-attainment. Such a belief has unnecessarily cut people off from life.
I told him a story:

There was a mad woman. She was fully convinced that her body was not physical and that she had a divine body. She used to say that there was no other body on the earth more beautiful than her body. One day she was brought face to face with a full length mirror. She saw her body in the mirror and she was enraged. She threw a chair at the mirror, and the mirror broke into pieces. She breathed a sigh of relief. When she was asked about the reason for breaking the mirror she said, "The mirror makes my body look physical. It distorts my beauty."

Society and relationships are no more than mirrors, they only reflect what is within me. As meaningless as it is to break a mirror, so it is to renounce relationships. It is the self, not the mirror, that is to be transformed. And this transformation can take place exactly where one is. This revolution begins from the center. To work on the periphery is to waste time unnecessarily.
One has to start work on the self directly.

Society and relationships are not obstacles in any way.
Obstaclse, if any, are in oneself.

111
"Is there a God?" We don't know.
"Is there a soul?" We don't know.
"Is there life after death?" We don't know.
"Is there a meaning in life?" We don't know.
"We don't know" is the whole philosophy of life today. In these three words is contained our whole knowledge. There is no end to our race as far as knowing about matter, about the other is concerned, but about the self, about consciousness, we go on drowning in more and more darkness every day.
The outside seems to be in light, but the inside is in pitch darkness. There is knowledge on the circumference and ignorance at the center. And the surprising thing is that not even an effort is needed to illumine the center. Just as your sight falls there all is illuminated. We have only to turn our eye inside and see everything there illumined.
If our eye is not on the other, it opens upon the self. If it has no base available on the outside, it finds a base in the inner self.
Self-based consciousness is samadhi, enlightenment.
Samadhi is the door to truth.
In it one does not find the answer; rather all the questions drop. And the disappearing of all questions is the real answer. Where there are no questions but only consciousness, pure consciousness, there is the answer, the knowing.
Without attaining this knowing, life is a sheer waste.

112
'One night a traveller was staying at an inn. When he arrived there a few other travellers were just departing. Next morning when he was ready to depart, he saw some other travellers checking in. The guests at the inn would come and go but the host always remained there. A hermit used saw this and asked if the same phenomenon was not happening with man every day?
I also ask the same, and say that there is nothing greater in life than recognizing the guest and the host.
The body-mind is an inn. The guests of thoughts, sensual passions and desires are visiting it. But something separate from the guests is also there -- the host is also there. But who is this host? How to know this host?
Buddha has said, "Stop!" And this stopping itself is knowing it. Buddha's full statement is: "This mad mind does not stop. If it can stop that itself is enlightenment, that itself is nirvana."
As the mind stops, the host reveals himself. It is pure, eternal, wakeful consciousness. It is never born, it never dies. Neither is it bound nor is it liberated. It only is. And its isness is supreme bliss.

113
Life -- what we understand as life -- what is it? Last night somebody put this question to me. I told him a story:

Once a young man and an old man were sitting on easy chairs in a waiting room. The old man had his eyes shut but he would smile from time to time. And sometimes he would make gestures with his hands and face as if he was trying to keep something away from himself.
The young man could not help asking him, "What is there in this ugly waiting room which brings a smile to you?" The old man said, " I am telling stories to myself, and some of these make me laugh."
The young man then asked, "And what is it which you try to keep away with the gestures of hands and face?" The old man started laughing and he said, "It is those stories which I have heard too many times."
The young man said, "What to say, you are consoling yourself with stories!" In reply the old man said, "My son, one day you will understand that the whole of life is nothing but consoling oneself with stories."
Certainly, life as we know it is nothing but a tale. And to console oneself with tales is what our life is. What we understand as life is not life but a dream. It is on waking up that we realize that our hands are empty -- what was was not really there, it only appeared to be there.
But it is possible to awaken from this dream-life to the real life. The sleep can be dropped, the one who is sleeping can wake up. In the very possibility of sleeping is also the possibility to awaken.

114
It is about midnight. After many days the sky is clear today. Everything looks freshly showered and the half moon is sinking into the western horizon.
This evening I spoke at the prison. There were many prisoners present. How simple do they become, what a purity starts emanating from their eyes as one talks to them -- all this is coming to my memory.
I said there: "There is no sinner in the eyes of God as there is no darkness in the presence of light. Hence I do not ask you to drop anything. I do not ask you to drop the dirt, I only ask you to attain the diamonds. You attain the diamonds and the dirt drops away on its own accord. Those who ask you to renounce something are stupid. The world exists solely for the purpose of attainment. When one attains a new rung of the ladder, the previous one is renounced on its own. Renunciation is negative. It has pain, sorrow and suppression in it. Attainment is positive; it has bliss in it. The act of renunciation appears to be the first step, but in fact it is attainment that comes first. Before the first rung is renounced, the second rung has already been attained. It is only after attaining it, after realizing that it has been attained, that the first rung is dropped. Hence, if you attain to the divine then what appears like sin goes away without any effort on your part.
"Indeed, in attaining that one, all is attained. The moment that truth comes to us, all dreams disappear on their own accord. Dreams are not to be renounced but to be known. One who engages himself in renouncing the dreams has already accepted their reality. We don't believe in their reality. This is why we can say, aham brahmasmi -- I am Brahman." For those who proclaimed this, darkness has no existence whatsoever.

"Friends, know this! Awaken the light within yourself and call out. Experience the divine within yourself. Awaken to your own truth, and then it is found that darkness is nowhere. Our own unconsciousness is darkness, our own awakening becomes the light."
I said this to those prisoners, but then I felt this has to be said to everyone, because who is there anyone who is not a prisoner?

115
Today I was present in a seminar. 1 was present but my presence was almost like a non-presence. I was not a participant, I was only an audience. What I heard there was ordinary, but what I saw there was certainly extraordinary.
There was argumentation on every single idea. I heard it all, but what came to light was something else. I saw that the argumentation was about the 'I', not about the ideas and issues. Nobody was interested in proving anything but his own 'I'.
The basic root of all discussions is in the 'I'. No matter where its center may appear to be on the surface, indirectly it is always there in the 'I'.
Roots are always indirect, they are invisible. What is visible is not the root, what is visible as the flowers and leaves is secondary. If one stops at the visible there is no solution, because the problem itself is not there. The solution is at the same place where the problem is. Discussions reach nowhere. And the reason? We don't even pay any attention to seeing where the roots are.
This too is can be seen, that where there is a discussion nobody in fact speaks to the other, everybody talks to himself. It only appears that some talk is going on. But where there is 'I' there is a wall which makes it difficult to reach the other. It is impossible to have a dialogue carrying one's 'I' with oneself.
Most of the people in the world thus spend their lives in holding dialogues with themselves.

I have read about an incident in a lunatic asylum. Two lunatics were engaged in a conversation. Their doctor was surprised to observe one thing, that they certainly were having a dialogue -- while one would speak, the other would remain silent. But there was no connection, no relevance between what the two said. He asked them, "When you have only to babble your things, how is it that one remains silent when the other speaks?" They said, "We know the rules of conversation: while one speaks it is necessary for the other to remain silent -- according to the rules."
This statement is very true -- and true not only about lunatics but about everybody. We observe the rules of conversation, but still everybody is talking to himself.
Without dropping the 'I' there is no way of communicating with the other. And the 'I' disappears only in love, hence dialogue happens only in love. Other than that, everything is argumentation -- and argumentation is insanity, because in it everything is being said by oneself to oneself.
When I was leaving from that seminar someone said to me, "Sir, you did not speak." I replied, "Nobody has spoken there."

116
I just awakened from a dream. On awakening one truth was seen: In the dream I was a participant as well as a watcher. As long as I had been in the dream the watcher was

forgotten, only the participant remained. Now that I am awake I see that only the watcher was there, the participant was just a projection.
The dream and the world are both alike. The watcher -- the consciousness alone -- is the truth. All else is imaginary. What we have known as 'I' is not real; the one who knows this 'I' alone is real.
The watcher of everything is independent of all and is beyond all. Neither has it ever done anything, nor has anything happened through it; it only is.
When the unreal 'I' -- the dream 'I' -- ceases to exist, then 'that which is' manifests. To realize this is liberation.

117
A hermit once told me, "I have renounced everything for the God and now I have nothing left."
I see that truly he has nothing left, but I tell him that he still possesses that which he should have renounced, that which is the only thing that could have been renounced.
He looks all around. He really has no possessions -- what he has is inside him. It is in his eyes, it is in his renunciation, it is in his sannyas. It is his 'I'. To renounce that is the only renunciation, for everything else can be taken away, and finally death takes away everything. It is only the 'I' which none can take away -- not even death. It cannot be taken away, it can only be dropped, it can only be renounced. And the renunciation of that which cannot be taken away is the only real renunciation.
Hence, man has nothing but the 'I' which is worth offering up. Every other renunciation is only an illusion, because that which he renounced did not belong to him in the first place. On the contrary, all the other renunciations only intensify and crystallize his ego. Even if one offers his life from the center of the 'I' it is no offering at all. Except for giving away the 'I' no other giving is a giving.
'I' is the only possession.
'I' is the only world.
He alone who drops it is a non-possessor, a sannyasin.
'I' is the world.
The absence of 'I' is sannyas.
To give away the 'I' is the real spiritual revolution and transformation, because it is in the empty space left by this 'I' where that arrives which is not my 'I' but that of the whole.
I love one statement of Simone Weil in which she says that only God has the right to call himself 'I'.
Indeed, only he who is the center of the whole existence has the right to call himself 'I'. But he has no reason to call himself 'I' because all and everything is 'I' for him. The one who has the right to do so has no reason; the one who has the reason to do so has no right. But man can drop this no-right status and can attain the right. As he drops becoming the 'I' he can be 'I'. Dropping the illusion of his center, he can attain the true center. The moment he decentralizes his own center, he instantly attains to the center.

Man's 'I' is not real. It is a composite, it has no existence of its own; it is an accumulation. The illusion of truth that arises out of this accumulation is ignorance. But for one who looks into this accumulation and searches for the truth, the illusion is shattered and all the

flowers in the garden of 'I' are scattered. Then is attained that thread which is real, and around which were strung the flowers, and which was covered by these flowers.
On removing these flowers, on shattering the cover formed by them, it is discovered that their base, the thread, is not only my base; it is in all just as in me, and it passes through the whole of existence.
One who does not pass through this death of the 'I' remains deprived of the fulfillment of being a god. The death of the 'I' is the death of our distance and separation from God, from truth, from existence, as well as the distance that keeps us separate from ourselves. Blessed is the person who attains to this death before his physical death.

118
He who longs for truth should know that he has not to accept any imagination, any concept of truth, because if he does, his spiritual endeavor commits suicide.
In order to attain to truth one should have the courage to discard all temptations held out by the mind. None of the alternatives provided by the mind are to be accepted. Only then arises a state beyond alternatives, which reveals oneself to oneself.
Before that blessed moment of direct and pure knowing becomes evident, one comes across much that is not the truth. And one who entangles himself in that will come to know anything but himself. The self is never known as an object of knowing. Hence, as long as there remains any trace of an object of knowing, know well that what you have encountered is 'the other', not the self. What remains when there is no object of knowing is the knowledge, is the self, is the truth.
Rinzai has said, "If, on the path towards enlightenment, you come across God himself, remove him from your path."
I also say the same. When the path to enlightenment is solitary, and when there is no object of knowing in the stream of knowledge, and when there remains nothing to be seen, only then is found and known that which is the truth.
Another master once said the same. One of his disciples heard this and went to his hut, broke all the statues and burnt all his scriptures. Then he returned to the master and said, "I have come from destroying all that is a hindrance to the arrival of the truth."
Hearing this the master laughed and said, "You foolish boy! Burn those books that are inside you and break those idols which have become installed in your mind."
A similar thing happened here today. Inspired by my ideas, one young man destroyed his place of worship and threw his statues in a well before coming here. I told him, "Instead of throwing away the statues, throw away your mind which creates the statues. And of what avail is it to destroy the place of worship as long as this mind is actively creating new places of worship and new images every moment?"

119
Somebody was asking me about religion. I told him: "Religion has nothing to do with what you believe or do not believe. It is meaningful only if it becomes your breathing, not your faith. It is something which you either do or you do not do, which you either are or you are not. Religion is action, not a mere talk.
"And religion manifests in your actions only when it has become your essence first. Our actions become our being first. Before releasing the fragrance, it is essential to become a flower. Like the cultivation of flowers, the soul also needs to be cultivated.

And for the flowers to arise in the soul it is not necessary to go to the mountains. They can be cultivated wherever you are, because you can be in the mountains while remaining exactly where you are. There are mountains and forests in the inner solitude of one's self."

This is so -- truth and beauty are seen only in complete solitude. And whatever is great in life is attained by those who have the courage to to be alone. The deeper secrets of life open their doors only in solitude, and the soul attains to love and light. Only when all is calm and quiet will those seeds sprout which are lying deep in the soil of our being, containing all our bliss in them. The growth happens from inside towards outside and only in solitude. Remember, truth grows from inside. Artificial flowers can be imposed from outside but as far as the real flowers are concerned, they grow from within.

For this inner growth it is not necessary to go to the outer mountains or forests, but it is necessary to be in that inner space. The path leading there is within everybody.

Take a few moments away from the hustle and bustle of your everyday racy rush, and forget the concepts of place and time around you, and your so-called personality, and the 'I' that is born out of it. Empty your mind of all that keeps it constantly full. Whatsoever comes to your mind, know well that you are not it and throw it out. Drop it all -- everything -- your name, your country, your family. Let all of it disappear from your memory and remain like a blank sheet of paper.

This very path is the path to our inner aloneness and solitude. It is through this that the inner sannyas finally happens.

When your mind drops all clinging, breaks all barriers of name and form, only then that remains in you which is your real being.

In that moment you are alone, in solitariness.

What is known at that time is not of this world.

It is in this knowing that the flowers of religiousness bloom and life is filled with the fragrance of the divine.

What is known in these few moments -- the silence, the beauty, the truth -- it gives you strength to live simultaneously on two planes. Then you are in the world, yet you are not of the world. Then there is no bondage, and life is liberated. You are in water, yet the water does not touch you.

In this very experience is the fulfillment of life, and the attainment of religiousness.

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He alone who has taken leave of all dogmas is on the path of truth. One who has some preferences, some dogmas to support, to him truth cannot come. All preferences are the creation of man's mind. Truth is impartial. Hence, he who is unprejudiced, without a preference, becomes possessed by truth as well as its possessor.

So do not look for some preference, do not seek for some cult, do not seek some school of thought. Rather let your mind reach the stage where all preferences are absent. It is only at that point that thoughts cease to exist, and 'seeing' begins. When the eyes become unprejudiced, then they are able to see 'that which is'.

A truly religious person is he who has taken leave of all religions, who has no religion of his own. Thus dropping religions he becomes religious.

People ask me what religion I belong to. I answer, "I am religious but I do not belong to any religion." That there can be many religions I simply do not understand! Thoughts

create differences, but it is not thoughts that lead one to religion. It is no-thought that leads one into religion, and there are no differences in no-thought.
Enlightenment is one, and the truth that is known in that state is also one. Truth is one, though doctrines are many. He who chooses one out of the diversity of doctrines closes the doors against truth with his own hands. Set the doctrines free, and be free of them! open the door for truth. This alone is my teaching.
East or West, the taste of the ocean is the same everywhere; the law of evaporation does not differ in different countries. The law of birth and death is the same for all -- how then can our inner being be governed by different laws and truths?
There is no geography in the world of the soul; hence there are no differences of direction, and there are no borders. Differences as such originate in the mind, and he who is divided in differences of the mind cannot attain to the indivisibility of the soul.

While returning from my morning walk I saw a bird in a cage. It reminded me of people imprisoned in prejudices. Prejudices are also cages, very subtle and self-created. We ourselves create them, nobody else -- they are self-created prisons. First we create them; then becoming imprisoned in them we lose all capacity to fly in the open sky of truth.
And just now I see a kite flying in the sky. What a freedom, what a liberation in its flight! One is a bird in a cage, the other a bird in flight in the open sky. Are not the two birds symbolic of two different states of our mind?
A bird flying in the sky does not leave any footprints, nor is any path created behind it. So it is with the sky of truth. Those who are liberated fly in it, but neither are any footprints left behind them, nor is any path created.
So remember that it is futile to search for any readymade path towards truth. There is no such path. And it is good that it is so, because readymade paths can lead you only to some kind of bondage -- how can they liberate? Really, everybody has to create his own path to truth.
And how beautiful it is! Life is not like a train moving on rails. It is like a river running from beautiful mountains towards the ocean.

Thus Spake Mulla Nasruddin

225 Mulla Nasruddin Stories That Never Happened
Miscellaneous
225 Jokes
Year published: 1972
Book dedicated to Ma Yoga Vivek

1.
The mother told her little boy, Nasrudin, that if he stayed home and behaved himself, she would bring him something from the store.
When she returned home, she asked him: "Well, were you a good little boy, Nasrudin?"

"Oh," said Nasrudin, "I was gooder than good. Why, I was so good I could hardly stand myself."

2.
"Please, mister, will you ring that doorbell for me?" asked little Nasrudin.
The gentleman obliged with a beaming smile.
"Now, sonny, what else should I do?"
"Run like hell!" said Nasrudin.

3.
A very voluble preacher was working himself into a frenzy during a sermon on hell and damnation. Little four-year-old Nasrudin in the congregation couldn't take his eyes off the wild figure in the pulpit. Finally he whispered to his mother: "What will we do if he ever gets loose?"

4.
The four-year-old Nasrudin's birthday party was well organized the neighbourhood ladies, with games, races, and treasure hunts. In the midst of the confusion, little Nasrudin asked: "When this is all over, can we play?"

5.
Father: "Remember, son, beauty is only skin deep."
Mulla Nasrudin: "'S' deep enough for me. I'm no cannibal."

6.
The father was reading the school report which had just been handed to him by his hopeful son, Nasrudin. His brow was wrathful as he read: "English, poor; French, weak; Mathematics, poor; History, weak;" and he gave a glance of disgust at the quaking lad.

"Well, Dad," said Nasrudin, "It is not as good as it might be, but have you seen that?" And he pointed to the next line, which read: "Health, excellent."

7.
A teacher attempting to broaden the outlook of her narrow-horizoned class, asked each student to write an essay on his views of foreigners. All turned more or less acceptable pieces except for hard-bitten young Nasrudin, whose essay in full was: "All foreigners are bastards."
The shocked teacher made us direct comment but devoted her next lecture to a description of Greek architecture, Roman law, English drama, German music, Italian poetry, Russian novels, Chinese philosophy, and African sculpture. She then asked the class tow rite another essay on foreigners.
With beating heart, she reached Nasrudin's paper. It said, in full: "All foreigners are bastards. Some are cunning bastards."

8.
Nasrudin (who has eaten his apple): "Let us play Adam and Eve."

Small sister: "How do you play that, Nasrudin.
Nasrudin: "Well, you tempt me to eat your apple and I will give in."

9.
Nasrudin, aged seven, asked to count in school, responded promptly: "1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, jack, queen, king."

10.
Little Nasrudin pulled a very weed from the garden. "You must be pretty strong, Nasrudin, to pull out such a big weed," remarked a neighbour.
"Yes," agreed Nasrudin. "Do not forget that the whole world was pulling on the other side."

11.
"What a boy you are for asking questions," said Nasrudin's father. "I'd like to know what would have happened if I'd asked as many questions when I was a boy?"
"Perhaps," suggested young Nasrudin, "You would have been able to answer some of mine."

12.
The little boy, Nasrudin, would not take his medicine. His father was trying to persuade him.
"Come on, Nasrudin," said his father. "I don't like medicine any better than you, but I just make up my mind that I'll take it, and I do. It's just a question of will power."
"Well, when I have got medicine to take," said Nasrudin, "I just make up my mind that I won't take it, and I don't."

13.
It seemed to the father of Mulla Nasrudin that, now that his son had turned thirteen, it was important to discuss these matters which an adolescent ought to know about life. So he called Nasrudin into the study one evening, shut the door careful, and said with impressive dignity: "Son, I would like to discuss the facts of life with you."
"Sure thing, Dad," said Nasrudin. "What do you want to know?"

14.
"Will you marry me, darling?" asked Mulla Nasrudin.
"Before I give you my answer," the young lady said, "I'd like to ask you one question: Do you ever drink anything?"
"Yes," said the young Nasrudin rather proudly, "Anything."

15.
Gruff father to Nasrudin: "Why don't you get out and find a job? When I was your age I was working for Rs.3 a week in a store, and at the end of five years I owned the store."
Nasrudin: "You can't do that nowadays. They have cash registers."

16.

"Kiss me," said the young lady urgently. "Mulla, please kiss me."
But Mulla Nasrudin turned his head away, saying: "of course not. How can I? I am your own brother-in-law. Heck, we shouldn't even be lying here making love."

17.
The first morning after the honeymoon, Mulla Nasrudin got up early, went down to the kitchen, and brought his wife her breakfast in bed. Naturally she was delighted. then he spoke: "Have you noticed just what I have done?"
"Of course, dear; every single detail," said his wife.
"Good," said Nasrudin. "That is how I want my breakfast served every morning after this."

18.
Mulla Nasrudin had been back from his honeymoon only a week when a friend asked him how he liked married life.
"Why, it's wonderful," was his enthusiastic reply. "It's almost like being in love."

19.
"I should never have got married," said Mulla Nasrudin, the newly wed, to his pal at work. "My wife does not like me when I am drunk, and I can't stand the sight of her when I am sober."

20.
Mrs. Mulla Nasrudin: "Just think, we have been married twenty-four hours."
Mulla Nasrudin: "Yes, and it seems like it was only yesterday."

21.
"These spoons which your aunt gave us as a wedding present are not real silver," announced Mulla Nasrudin.
"Do you know anything about silver, Mulla?" asked his wife.
"No," replied Nasrudin, "but I know a lot about your aunt."

22.
The little old lady had watched the tender parting of the young couple at the loading ramp. As the plane taxied down the runaway, the young man, Mulla Nasrudin, burst into tears.
"There, there, my boy, don't cry," said the lady, who was sitting next to him. "Are you crying so because you have to leave your wife?"
"No," said Nasrudin, "because I have to go back to her."

23.
"We've been married a year and we never quarrel," explained Mulla Nasrudin. "If a difference of opinion arises and my wife is right, I give in right away."
"But what if you are right, Mulla?" asked his friend.
"Well," said Nasrudin, "that situation has never come up."

24.
It was their first quarrel.
"And you tell me that several women proposed marriage to you?" asked the wife.
"Yes, several," replied the Mulla.
"Well, I wish you had married the first fool who proposed."
"I did," said Nasrudin.

25.
"Now that you are married, Mulla, I suppose you will take out an insurance policy?" Mulla Nasrudin's friend told him at work.
"Oh, no," answered Nasrudin. "I don't think she's going to be so dangerous."

26.
"Do you think that you have as good a sense of judgement as I have?" asked the wife during a quarrel.
"Well, no," replied Mulla Nasrudin slowly. "Our choice of partners for life shows that you have better judgement than me."

27.
"How is it that, after only three months of marriage, you manage to stay out so late every night?" asked Mulla Nasrudin's wife.
"It;s easy," said Nasrudin. "I got into the habit while we were courting."

28.
Mulla Nasrudin left his young wife alone on the beach for a few minutes. When he came back, he saw a crowd of excited people gathered at the water's edge. "What's the matter?" he asked a cop. "They just pulled some dame out of the water," was the reply. The Mulla investigated and found that the rescued party was his wife. "What are you doing to her?" he cried. "We are giving her artificial respiration," was the answer. "Artificial, hell," screamed Nasrudin. "Give her the real thing. I will pay for it."

29.
"Darling," she whispered to Mulla Nasrudin after the last quest had left the wedding reception, "for the rest of your life you will have to put up with my ugly face."
"Never mind," said Nasrudin. "I will be out at work all day."

30.
He was so sick that his doctor ordered him to take a long rest cure in Florida. But after two months he died anyway.
Shipped back home, the corpse was viewed by the widow and her brother, Mulla Nasrudin. "Mulla," she sighed, "he does look nice, doesn't he?"
"He sure does," replied Nasrudin. "Who wouldn't after two months in Florida?"

31.
Mulla Nasrudin went in to see his dentist, and when asked which tooth was bothering him, replied: "Oh, just drill anywhere, doc. I feel lucky today."

32.
At a political meeting addressed by one of the dignified statesmen, Mulla Nasrudin insisted on shouting: "Who is the woman you're living with in the capital?"
He was ignored and once more yelled: "Who is the woman you're living with in the capital?"
His friend pulled his arm anxiously: "Shut up. That's his wife."
"I know. I know," said Mulla Nasrudin. "but I am going to make him admit it."

33.
"Mulla Nasrudin, do you plead guilty?"
"I couldn't say, your Honour," said Nasrudin. "I haven't heard the evidence yet."

34.
Mulla Nasrudin boasted how he kept his money in a sock under the mattress.
"Sure," advised his friend, "you lose interest that way."
"Indeed I don't," said Nasrudin. "I put a bit aside for that as well."

35.
The visitor complained of the long muddy avenue to Mulla Nasrudin's house.
"Well, now," soothed the Mulla, "If it was any shorter it would not reach the house."

36.
"I intend to put together a volume of my collected sermons to be published posthumously," said the preacher to Mulla Nasrudin.
"Oh, really -- I shall look forward to that," said Nasrudin.

37.
"What are you giving up for Ramadan?"
"Smoking, drinking and chasing women. What are you giving up, Nasrudin?"
"Telling lies," said Mulla Nasrudin.

38.
"You are lucky you don't have to get up and go to mosque on these dark morning, Mulla."
"No -- I am an atheist now-a-days -- Thank God!" said Mulla Nasrudin.

39.
Doctor: "You look much better this week, Mulla."
Mulla Nasrudin: "I certainly am, doctor. I reckon it's because I followed the directions on the bottle of medicine you prescribed for me last time."
Doctor: "Splendid. Er -- what directions?"
Nasrudin: "It said: 'Keep this bottle tightly corked'."

40.

Mulla Nasrudin said to the bartender: "Have you seen Sheikh Abdulla around here in the last hour and a half?"
"Yes, he was here," said the bartender.
"Good," said Mulla Nasrudin. "Did you notice whether I was with him?"

41.
Mulla Nasrudin walked out of a hall where a politician was addressing a meeting. Someone in the corridor asked him of the speaker had finished his speech. "Yes," said Nasrudin. "He finished his speech shortly after he started, but he has not stopped yet."

42. Mulla Nasrudin, a candidate for the police force, was being verbally examined. "If you were by yourself in a police car and were pursued by a desperate gang of criminals in another car doing forty miles an hour along a lonely road, what would you do?"

The Mulla looked puzzled for a moment and then replied: "Fifty."

43.
An exasperated politician was being heckled.
"There seems to be a great many fools here tonight," he exclaimed. "I wonder if it would be advisable to hear one at a time."
"That's fair enough," shouted Mulla Nasrudin in the audience. "Finish your speech."

44.
Mulla Nasrudin left the gas turned on in his little shop one night and upon arriving in the morning struck a match to light it.
There was a terrific explosion, and the Mulla was blown out through the door.
A passer-by rushed to his assistance, and inquired if he was injured.
Nasrudin gazed at his place of business, which was now burning quite briskly, and said: "No, I ain't hurt. But I got out just in time, eh?"

45.
"I sent my little boy for two pounds of plums and you only sent a pound and a half. Are you scales correct, Mulla?"
"My scales are all right, madam," said Mulla Nasrudin. "Have you weighed your little boy?"

46.
A man entered Mulla Nasrudin's shop, which he found empty except for the Mulla, who was playing chess with a dog. The dog, watching the board intently, made his moves by grasping the particular chessman in his teeth. He wagged his tail wildly when he made a good move and, on occasion, would bark sharply to indicate "Check!"
The customer, finally recovered from his stupefaction, gasped out, "Hey, that's a smart dog you have got there."
And Mulla Nasrudin answered: "Not so smart! I have beat him three times out of five so far."

47.
"If you will give me your telephone number, I will call you up some time."
Mulla Nasrudin: "It's in the book."
"fine! And what's your name, sir?"
Mulla Nasrudin: "That's in the book, too!"

48.
Friend: "How do you spend your income, Mulla?"
Mulla Nasrudin: "About 30 per cent for shelter, 30 per cent for clothing, 40 per cent for food, and 20 per cent for amusement."
Friend: "But that adds up to 120 per cent."
Nasrudin: "That's right."

49.
Mulla Nasrudin and his friend sat silently over their beers, each sunk in misery.
Finally, the friend heaved a sigh and said: "I wish I were dead."
Nasrudin sighed in his turn and said: "If only I felt that good."

50.
Mulla Nasrudin used to say: "I grew so disturbed with everything I read about the connection between smoking and cancer that I finally simply forced myself to give up reading."

51.
Once Mulla Nasrudin was stopped by a thief who said: "Your money or your life."
The Mulla closed his eyes and there followed a lengthening silence.
Finally, the thief said again: "Come on, your money or your life."
Mulla Nasrudin opened his eyes and said querulously: "I am thinking! I am thinking!"

52.
A friend met Mulla Nasrudin for the first time in five years.
"Tell me, Mulla," said he, "did you marry that girl, or do you still darn your own socks and do your cooking?"
"Yes," was Mulla Nasrudin's reply.

53.
Mulla Nasrudin and his friend Sheikh Abdulla approached each other one night in the tavern.
"Good morning, Nasrudin. How are you?"
"I am fine, Abdulla, but my name is not Nasrudin."
"Mine's not Abdulla, either."
"Not to worry," said Mulla Nasrudin. "we are probably not ourselves today."

54.

Mulla Nasrudin: "I suppose you could say I have an uncanny knack of getting my own way. I am terribly ambitious, and somehow I always seem to achieve my selfish goals -- women, money, power -- I just brook no opposition, but forge ahead, regardless of others."
Psychiatrist: "And how long have you had this complaint?"
Nasrudin: "who's complaining?"

55.
A psychiatrist was called in to examine Mulla Nasrudin who was suing his employers for compensation after an industrial injury.
"Now, Mulla, perhaps you could show me just how high you can raise your arms..." The Mulla complied painfully raising his arms only to shoulder level.
"And how high could you raise them before? Can you show me?"
asked the psychiatrist blandly.
"Come off it, Doctor -- you don't catch me that way," sneered Nasrudin. "I could only raise them this high before the accident as well!"

56.
The landlord sent a stiff letter to his tenant, Mulla Nasrudin: "My rent is considerably overdue and I must ask you to send on some money."
Mulla Nasrudin's reply was swift: "I don't see why I should pay your rent -- I can't pay my own."

57.
Mulla Nasrudin bumped into Issacs who was looking terribly dejected.
"What's the matter?" asked the Mulla.
"I am bankrupt," said a quiet Issacs; "my business failed."
"Oh, well," said Nasrudin, "what about the property in your wife's name?"
"There is no property in my wife's name."
"Well, then, what about the property in your children's names?"
"There is no property in my children's names."
Mulla Nasrudin put his hand on Issacs' shoulder: "Issacs, you are very mistaken, you are not bankrupt -- you are ruined."

58.
Saleem was in a quandry. What to do? -- marry the wealthy widow that he didn't love, or the poor lassie that he loved overmuch?
"Listen to your heart, man," urged his best friend, Mulla Nasrudin. "Marry the one you love."
"Aye, you are right as usual, Mulla," he nodded, "money is not everything."
"In that case, Saleem, would you mind giving me the widow's address?" asked Nasrudin.

59.
Mulla Nasrudin called on a doctor to ask his advice. The doctor told him he must stop drinking and smoking. Nasrudin said nothing and quietly rose to depart.
"Friend," the doctor reminded him gently, "you have not paid for my advice."

"No," said Nasrudin, "and what's more, I am not taking it either."

60.
It was after midnight and Solly Ginsberg was sleeping roundly in his bedroom above his pawnshop, when he heard a loud hammering on the door below. Angrily, he got out of bed and put his head out of the window.
"Get yourself down here," demanded Mulla Nasrudin, the caller.
"What, at this time of night?" replied Ginsberg.
"Come down, or I will smash your door in."
Muttering to himself, the pawnbroker staggered down the stairs and opened the door.
"What you want?" he asked.
"I want to know the time," said the Mulla.
"What!" said Ginsberg, "you wake me up in the middle of the night to ask me the time?"
"Well, you have got my watch, haven't you?" said Mulla Nasrudin.

61.
"Everything God made is perfect," said Mulla Nasrudin one day in the tavern.
A hunchback rose from the rear of his audience and asked: "What about me?"
"Why," said Nasrudin, "you're the most perfect hunchback I ever saw!"

62.
Mulla Nasrudin was in bed with a cold and a high temperature. "How high is it, Doctor?" he wanted to know.
"A hundred and five, Nasrudin," said the doctor.
The Mulla contemplated for a while and then asked again: "What's the world's record?"

63.
"Got a cigarette, Mulla?"
"Here, take the pack."
"Thanks. Got a match?"
"You can keep this lighter."
"Thanks again. Say, have you got an oil well or something?"
"No," said Mulla Nasrudin. "only lung cancer."

64.
Mulla Nasrudin one day noticed a parrot perched atop a farmhouse gable. Attracted by the bright plumage, he ran to fetch a ladder, climbed on the roof, and was about to clap his cap over the bird when the parrot fixed on him with a beady eye and asked: "What the hell do you think you're doing?" "Gosh, I didn't mean nothin'," said Mulla Nasrudin. "I thought you was a bird, sir."

65.
The bandage-covered patient who lay in the hospital bed spoke dazedly to his visiting pal, Mulla Nasrudin:
"Wh-what happened?"

"You absorbed one too many last night, and then you made a bet that you could jump out of the window and fly around the block."
"Why," screamed the beat-up human, "didn't you stop me?"
"Stop you, hell -- I had Rupees 25 on you," said Mulla Nasrudin.

66.
The eccentric Sultan once sent Mulla Nasrudin as a henchman around the country. He was to interview the house-holders, and to every man who was boss in his house, he was to give a horse. To every man who was henpecked, he would give a chicken.
Everywhere the Mulla went, he handed out chickens with never an occasion to give anyone a horse. At last, though, he arrived at the house of a burly farmer, with a bristly, unshaven face, a deep bass voice, and muscles like an ox. In the background was his thin and wizened wife. The Mulla said: "Are you boss in your family, sir?" The farmer leaned his head back and bellowed with laughter. "You bet, little man," he said. "What I say around here goes." And he opened and closed fists the size of hams. The Mulla was convinced. "You get a horse," he said. "Do you want a brown horse or a gray horse?"
The farmer leaned his head and shouted: "Tilda, do we get a brown horse or a gray horse?"
Tilda called back: "You get a brown horse."
And Mulla Nasrudin said: "You get a chicken."

67.
The neighbourhood grocer was weary to death of Mulla Nasrudin and his habit of stretching his credit as far as it could possibly be stretched. Finally, he decided to have it out with him.
"Mulla Nasrudin," he said, when the Mulla arrived on his next shopping expedition, "I am sorry, but before you make another purchase, I would like to have you settle your bill. All of it. Let's start fresh." Nasrudin drew himself up and allowed a haughty expression to cross his face and said, distinctly, "Go halfway to hell," turned on his heel, and began to stalk out.
The grocer called out: One moment, Mulla. Just out of curiosity -- why just halfway to hell? Why not all the way?"
Mulla Nasrudin sighed. "The trouble is," he said, "I have an equally large bill with the baker?"

68.
Mulla Nasrudin's face lit up as he recognized the man who was walking ahead of him down the subway stairs. He slapped the man so heartily on the back that the man nearly collapsed, and cried: "Goldberg, I hardly recognized you. Why, you have gained thirty pounds since I saw you last, and you have had your nose fixed, and I swear you are about two feet taller." The man looked at him angrily. "I beg your pardon," he said in icy tones, "but I do not happen to be Goldberg."
"Aha," said Mulla Nasrudin. "you have even changed your name."

69.

Mulla Nasrudin, who went to a large city to see the sights, engaged a room at a hotel and before retiring asked the clerk about the hours for meals.
"We have breakfast 7 to 11, dinner from 12 to 3, and supper from 6 to 8," explained the clerk.
"Look here," inquired the Mulla in surprise, "what time am I going to see the town?"

70.
Psychiatrist: "your wife is suffering from a severe mental illness, Mulla. You should have arranged for her to see me long ago!"
Mulla Nasrudin: "But, doctor, when she was in her right mind she wouldn't see a psychiatrist at any price!"

71.
The prosperous and time-honoured partnership of Nasrudin and Kutbudin threatened to go on the rocks when Kutbudin fell madly in love with Mulla Nasrudin's wife. The Mulla was very understanding about the whole thing, but finally told his partner: "This thing cannot go any longer. The situation must be resolved one way or another."
"We have always been sporting men," said Kutbudin. "what do you think of the idea of playing one game of backgammon to see who gets the girl."
Mulla Nasrudin thought this proposition over for a few moments and then agreed. "let us play for a quarter a point," he added, "just to make it interesting."

72.
Mulla Nasrudin and his friend were adrift in an open boat in the middle of the Atlantic, and things looked very bad for them. After five days without food or water, the friend began to pray: "Oh, Lord, I have not been very good during my life. I have not been good to my wife and I have often spent all my wages on gambling and beer. But, if you spare me life now, I promise...."
"Hang on a minute," interrupted Nasrudin. "don't go too far. I think I can see a boat."

73.
Mulla Nasrudin's old friend Haider Ali died. He was the only atheist in the whole town but the people came to his wake just the same.
Mulla Nasrudin, looking at the corpse laid out in his best suit, said: "What a waste! All dressed up and nowhere to go!"

74.
The prosecuting counsel was having a little trouble with a rather difficult witness, Mulla Nasrudin. Exasperated by the Mulla's evasive answers, he asked him if he was acquainted with any of the jury.
]"Yes, sir, more than half of them," replied the Mulla.
"Are you willing to swear that you know more than half of them?" asked the counsel.
"If it comes to that, I am willing to swear that I know more than all of them put together," said Mulla Nasrudin.

75.

Mulla Nasrudin, in a tailor shop, was viewing his new suit in a three way mirror.
The tailor asked: "Well, what do you think, Mulla?"
"Great," said Nasrudin. "I will take all three of them."

76.
A local bak failed and there was a wildly cursing, milling mob of frantic depositors pounding on the doors. In the centre of this half-crazed, shouting crowd was Mulla Nasrudin running his mouth louder than the rest. "They should string up the president of this bank to a lamp post... also the board of the trustees! To take the poor depositors' hard earned cash.... the poor depositors now left without homes or bread.... we should send the bank officials to Siberia to the salt mines..... the dirty crooks!" Finally a policeman walked over to the Mulla and asked, "Look, mister, have you got any money in this bank, may i ask....?"
"Listen, officer," came Mulla Nasrudin's answer, "If I had nay money in this bank, would I be taking it so lightly?"

77.
Mulla Nasrudin had his suspicions. One day he left work early, and sure enough, when he arrived home, he found a strange hat and umbrella in the hallway and his wife on the couch in the arms of another man.
Wild for revenge, the Mulla picked up the man's umbrella and snapped it in two across his knee.
"There now I hope it rains."

78.
Mulla Nasrudin got a job in a bank. The cashier tossed him a packet of one-rupee notes and said: "Check them to make sure there are one hundred." The Mulla started counting. Finally he got up to "56", "57", "58". Then he threw the package in the drawer.
"If it is right this far," remarked Nasrudin to the man next to him, "it is probably right all the way."

79.
Mulla Nasrudin burst into a police court one day. "Your Honour," he snorted, "some disgusting urchins have chalked a lot of filthy four-letter words on the fence surrounding my house. And what's more, they haven't even spelled the words right!"

80.
Abdul Rehman was a very sick man indeed and his friends took turns visiting him to keep up his spirits. The night Mulla Nasrudin came, he was warned in advance that Abdul Rehman was very low and he must be extremely careful to say nothing discouraging. Nasrudin was doing beautifully and actually had Rehman chuckling over a number of funny stories. But, suddenly, however, the Mulla stopped and began to shake his head.
"What's the matter?" said Rehman anxiously.
"I was just thinking," said Nasrudin. "how in the name of the Holy Prophet are they going to get a coffin down the crooked stairs in this house?"

81.
Mulla Nasrudin was taking a stroll through a cemetery and reading the inscriptions on tombstones. He came to one which declared: "Not dead, but sleeping."
After contemplating the phrase for a moment, and scratching his head, the Mulla exclaimed: "He sure ain't foolin' nobody but himself."

82.
"In view of the present world situation," said Mulla Nasrudin one day in the tavern, "the best thing that can happen to a man is not to be born at all in the first place. But I doubt that even one man in a hundred thousand is that lucky."

83.
A young mother was looking at a toy for her small child. "Isn't this awfully complicated for him?" she asked Mulla Nasrudin, the salesman.
"That, madam," replied the Mulla, "is an educational toy, designed to prepare the child for life in today's world. Any way he puts it together is wrong."

84.
Mulla Nasrudin, having spent considerable time tramping the corridors of the museum, paused for a refreshing cigar.
He had not been smoking long when a museum guard approached him angrily and said: "Do you see that?" He was pointing to a sign on the wall which said in glaring red letters: NO SMOKING.
Mulla Nasrudin regarded it for a moment, then said to the guard: "It does not say 'positively'."

85.
Mulla Nasrudin sat moodily over his drink, and his friend said: "You look pretty down in the mouth, Mulla. What's the matter?"
Nasrudin said: "My psychiatrist says I am in love with my umbrella and that that's the source of my troubles."
"In love with your umbrella!"
"Yes. Isn't that ridiculous? Oh, I like and respect my umbrella and enjoy its company, but love?"

86.
Once Mulla Nasrudin said, addressing a big gathering: "It is with some trepidation that I address an audience of people, all of whom are smarter than I am. All of whom put together, that is."

87.
Mulla Nasrudin became ill and called in a specialist.
The specialist, as he stood by the bedside, said: "Yes, I can cure you."
"What will it cost?" asked the Mulla faintly.
"Five thousand rupees."

"You will have to shave your price a little," replied Nasrudin. "I have a better bid from the undertaker, sir."

88.
Mulla Nasrudin was working as a city-reporter in a local daily. One night as he was passing along the ways on the banks of the river, he heard the sound of someone struggling in the water.
"Are you drowning?" shouted the Mulla.
"I am," replied a feeble voice from the water.
"What a pity!" said Nasrudin consolingly. "You are just too late for the last edition tonight. But cheer up; you'll have a nice little paragraph all to yourself in the morning."

89.
"Now look me right in the face."
"Doctor," said Mulla Nasrudin, "I got my own problems."

90.
Mulla Nasrudin, who was invited to a house party he didn't wish to attend, telegraphed to the hostess: "Regret I can't come. Complete lie follows by letter."

91.
An American, staying with Mulla Nasrudin, received a telegram, and his face broke out in smiles. Said his friend, Mulla Nasrudin: "Good news, Robert?"
"You bet, Mulla. My grandfather and grandmother just celebrated a golden wedding."
"Golden wedding? What is that?" asked the Mulla.
"Well, you see, they've been together for fifty years -- "
Whereupon Nasrudin broke in: "And now he's married her? Oh, bravo!"

92.
"And at her request you gave up drinking, Mulla?"
"Yes."
"And you stopped smoking, for the same reason?"
"I did."
"And it was for her that you gave up dancing, card parties, and billiards?"
"Absolutely."
"Then why didn't you marry her?"
"Well," said Mulla Nasrudin, "After all this reforming I realized I could do better."

93.
One friend of Mulla Nasrudin was amazed to see that the Mulla had hitched his prize-winning possession, his prize-winning bull, to the plow and was guiding it across his fields.
He said: "Mulla have you gone crazy? That bull is worth twenty-five thousand rupees. Why are you letting him pull a plow?" "That bull," said the Mulla grimly, "has got to learn that life isn't all play."

94.
Mulla Nasrudin crept into the psychiatrist's office, looked furtively around, then pressed his ear to the desk.
"Listen!" he hissed.
The psychiatrist pressed his ear to the desk.
"I can't hear anything," he said.
"Exactly what I mean," said Nasrudin. "worrying, isn't it?"

95.
Mulla Nasrudin was defeated ignominiously when he ran for the office of sheriff.
He got only one vote out of a total of 3,5000, and the next day he walked down Main Street with two guns hanging from his belt.
"You were not elected, and you have no right to carry guns, Mulla," fellow citizens told him.
"Listen, folks," replied Nasrudin, "a man with no more friends than I have got in this country needs to carry guns."

96.
"Yes," said Mulla Nasrudin, "my family can trace its ancestry back to Muhammed the Prophet."
"I suppose," remarked his friend, "you will be telling us that your ancestors were in the Ark with Noah?"
"Certainly not," said Nasrudin. "my people had a boat of their own."

97.
"What do you think, Mulla, of our two candidates for presidency?"
"Well, I am glad," said Mulla Nasrudin, "that only one can be elected."

98.
Mulla Nasrudin and a friend met in the garment district one day. The friend's voice was heavy with woe. He said to the Mulla: "Did you hear about Mahmood?"
Nasrudin, startled, said: "No; what about Mahmood?"
"He dropped dead with a heart attack yesterday."
"What!" said Mulla Nasrudin. "in the middle of the season?"

99.
Mulla Nasrudin was driving along a country road when he noticed a couple of repairmen climbing telephone poles.
"Fools!" he exclaimed to his companion, "they must think I never drove a car before."

100.
Mulla Nasrudin rushed into a barber shop.
"Cut everything short," he said, "hair, whiskers, and conversation."

101.

Mulla Nasrudin lost his faith once and became a hard-bitten atheist. His new credo was: "There is no God, and Muhammad is his prophet."

102.
Friend: "So your new job makes you independent, Mulla?"
Mulla Nasrudin: "Absolutely. I get here any time I want before eight, and leave just when I please after five."

103.
As Mulla Nasrudin was leaving, he murmured to the hostess: "The meal was delicious, what there was of it."
Noting the hurt expression on his hostess's face, the Mulla blushed and hastened to say: "Oh, oh, and there was plenty of food, such as it was."

104.
"I turned the way I signaled," said the lady, indignantly, after the crash.
"I know it," retorted Mulla Nasrudin. "that's what fooled me."

105.
A young swain, on an automobile drive in the country with his loved one, left the car long enough to venture into a field where he might pick a bouquet of wild flowers for his lady fair. He had barely plucked the blossoms, when he became aware of a bull present in the same field.
The bull, a large specimen, was facing him with head lowered. It made distinct snorting sounds and with one leg scrapped the ground.
Far away, on the other side of the fence stood the owner, Mulla Nasrudin, who was taking in the situation with a serene eye. The young man yelled out to him: "Hey, is that bull safe?"
Mulla Nasrudin shouted back: "Safe as anything." Then he considered a moment more and shouted again: "I can't say the same about you, though."

106.
Mulla Nasrudin was worried by a vicious-looking dog.
"Don't be afraid of hi," the owner reassured. "you know the old proverb: A barking dog never bites."
"Yes," replied Mulla Nasrudin. "you know the proverb, I know the proverb, but does the dog know the proverb?"

107.
Mulla Nasrudin and his two friends were considering the problem of what each would do if the doctor told him he had only six months to live.
Said Robinson: "The first thing I would do would be to liquidate my business, withdraw my savings and have the biggest fling on the French Riviera you ever saw. I'd play roulette, I'd eat like a king, and most of all, I'd have girls, girls and more girls."
Said Sheikh Abdulla: "The first thing I would do would be to visit a travel agency and plot out an itinerary. There are a thousand places on earthy I have not seen, and I would

like to see them before I die: the Grand Canyon, the Taj Mahal, Angkor Wat, all of them."
Said Mulla Nasrudin: "If my doctor said I had only six months to live, the first thing I would do would be to consult another doctor."

108.
Mulla Nasrudin was aboard a ship, but unfortunately, about halfway across, a storm struck the vessel. It grew rapidly worse, and the cry to abandon ship was given.
There followed a scene of unbelievable confusion. Children screamed, women wailed, men shouted and rushed wildly to and fro, while the crew struggled to impose order and place as many as possible in the lifeboats. The sheets of rain and the heavy seas added the last touch of nightmare to the situation.
And through it all, watching everything with interest, was Mulla Nasrudin. He sat on a coil of rope, utterly calm, and hummed to himself.
A friend rushed to him, crying: "Mulla, Mulla, how can you sit there so calmly? The ship is sinking. It is being completely destroyed!"
"So?" said Nasrudin. "The ship is not my property."

109.
Mulla Nasrudin was seriously ill in a foreign country. He said to his friend: "Listen, Fareed, just in case you return and I don't, here's a letter to give Sultana when you get back to the old neighbourhood. Tell her my last thought was of her and her name was the last word I spoke. And here's a letter for Fatima. Tell her the same thing."

110.
The genius of Mulla Nasrudin had carried him to big success in business without much aid of education.
He was asked to distribute the prizes at a school, and made the usual speech of good counsel.
"Now boys," he said, "Always remember that education is a great thing. There's nothing like education. Take arithmetic. Through education we learn that twice two make four, that twice six make twelve, that seven sevens make -- and then there is geography."

111.
"I saw a feller trying to kiss your lass in the park last night, Mulla."
"Did he succeed?" asked Mulla Nasrudin.
"No."
"Then she was not my lass," said Nasrudin.

112.
Mulla Nasrudin advised his son on his marriage day: "Son, a successful marriage is often based on what a husband and wife don't know about each other."

113.

The gentleman was on his way home when he passed Mulla Nasrudin's house and saw through the window Mulla Nasrudin hitting his small boy over the head with a loaf of bread.
Next day he passed, and the next, and the next, and each time the Mulla was hitting the boy on the head with a loaf of bread.
Finally one Tuesday when he passed, he saw the Mulla hitting the boy on the head with a cake.
"Hellow," he said putting his head in through the window," run out of bread today?"
"Of course not," replied Mulla Nasrudin, "It's his birthday."

114.
Mulla Nasrudin: "I can't eat this stuff."
Mrs. Mulla Nasrudin: "Never mind, dear. I have some lovely recipes for making use of left-overs."
Nasrudin: "In that case I'll eat it now."

115.
The young bride was telling her father how wonderful marriage was.
"Do you know Dad," she said, "Ali gives me everything I ask for."
"Which merely shows," replied her father, Mulla Nasrudin, "that you are not asking for enough."

116.
Mulla Nasrudin's advice to newlyweds: "No family should have less than three children. If there is one genius in the family, then there should be two to support him."

117.
"Nice to see you are attending mosque again, Nasrudin," said the preacher. "Is it because of my sermons?" "Not yours," said Mulla Nasrudin. "my wife's!"

118.
Mulla Nasrudin was obviously enjoying his holiday in the hills. When he returned to his hotel each evening he was full of the wonders of the place.
another guest, infected, so to speak, by Mulla Nasrudin's delight asked him: "Is this your first time in these hills?"
"Aye, it is that," said the Mulla.
"You seem to be having such fun that I presume you haven't had a holiday for a considerable time," said the chatty gent.
"It's not only that," smiled the Mulla, "but it's my honeymoon as well."
"In that case," asked the guest, taken aback, "where is your wife?"
"Oh, she's been here before!" said Mulla Nasrudin.

119.
"Well," said Hameed, "we have been friends for the last thirty years and never fallen out."
"No, never a word between us," said Mulla Nasrudin.

"But there is just one thing I never liked to bring up in case we would quarrel," remarked Hameed.
"And what was that?" queried the Mulla.
"Oh, I still don't like to mention it, but I can't stand your wife!"
"Well," said Nasrudin, "we will not quarrel about that. To tell you the truth, I can't stand her myself."

120.
Mrs. Mulla Nasrudin was reading about birth and death statistics.
Suddenly she turned to the Mulla and said: "Do you know that every time I breathe a man dies?"
"Very interesting," returned Mulla Nasrudin. "have you tried toothpaste?"

121.
The judge looked very severe. "Mulla," he said, "your wife says you hit her over the head with a baseball bat and threw her down a flight of stairs. What have you got to say for yourself?"
Mulla Nasrudin rubbed the side of his nose with his hand and meditated. Finally he said: "Your Honour, I guess there are three sides to this case: my wife's story, my story and the truth."

122.
Mulla Nasrudin awoke his wife in a great state of excitement. "Quick," he cried, "give me my spectacles before I wake up." When his wife brought them to him, he explained, "I am having a beautiful dream, but there are one or two things in it I can't make out."

123.
Mulla Nasrudin received a note that read: "Leave a thousand rupees under the cottonwood tree in Pizitz Square Tuesday night, or we will kidnap your wife and you will never see her again." The Mulla answered: "I haven't got any thousand rupees, and I am counting on you boys to keep your promise."

124.
Mulla Nasrudin, a race track habitue, told his wife: "The darndest thing happened to me this afternoon. I was bending down to tie my shoe-lace and some near-sighted goon strapped a saddle on me."
"What did you do?" asked his wife.
"What the hell could I do?" complained Nasrudin. "I came in third."

125.
Mulla Nasrudin rushed up to a farmer on the road and said: "I am looking for an escaped lunatic, my wife. Did she pass this way?"
The farmer puffed thoughtfully on his corn cob pipe and asked: "What does she look like?"
"She is very short," said Nasrudin, "and she is very thin and she weighs about 350 pounds."

The farmer looked at him in amazement. "How can a woman be short and thin and still weigh 350 pounds?" he asked.
"Don't act so surprised," said Nasrudin angrily. "I told you she was crazy."

126.
Mrs. Mulla Nasrudin: "I suppose all geniuses are conceited."
Mulla Nasrudin: "Some of them -- but I am not."

127.
Mulla Nasrudin's wife had fallen headlong down a steep incline and lay motionless at the bottom.
Nasrudin, fearful of the consequence, leaned over the tip of the incline and called out: "Fatima, are you dead?"
The wife groaned and called back: "I am badly bruised, but quite alive."
Nasrudin shook his head dolefully and said: "I hope you are, but you are such a liar, I don't know whether to believe you."

128.
The Mulla Nasrudin family was planning a daughter's wedding and the guest list was being made out. There was no use in being foolishly extravagant, so only the minimum number of invitations was sent out. That is, one to: every member of the family, to the tenth cousins, and all their relations by marriage; all the bride's friends back to kindergarten, and their relatives; all the neighbours, and their relatives; and of course, such strangers as happened to be in the vicinity.
When that was done, Mrs. Mulla Nasrudin looked at the list ruefully and said: "There are still the guests on the groom's side to consider."
Mulla Nasrudin nodded. "Well," he said, "it has to be. And it will only be fair to give him free choice. Whichever he wants -- either his mother or his father."

129.
A gentleman at a social function remarked to Mulla Nasrudin, the stranger at his side, "Heavens, what an ugly woman that one is."
"That woman," said Nasrudin, "is my wife."
The first man flushed painfully and could only stammer, "I am sorry."
"Not as sorry as I am," said Mulla Nasrudin.

130.
Mulla Nasrudin had managed to make his way into a closet, just one step ahead of the pursuing Mrs. Nasrudin.
Mrs. Nasrudin banged peremptorily on the door. "Come out of there, you coward!"
"I will not," shouted the Mulla from within.
"Do as I say," thundered Mrs. Nasrudin.
"I won't," yelled the Mulla. "I'll show you who's master of the house."

131.
Mulla Nasrudin (in early morning): "It must be time to get up."

Wife: "Why?"
Nasrudin: "Baby's fallen asleep."

132.
A snorer in a movie house was disturbing the audience. When patrons yelled to cut it out, the snorer snapped: "I paid for the seat and I will do as I please!"
"Sure," howled Mulla Nasrudin from the back row, "but you are keeping everybody awake!"

133.
One day Mahmood met Mulla Nasrudin and said: "Nasrudin, I have got a bargain for you! An elephant! A whole living elephant! And for just one thousand rupees."
Nasrudin said: "Are you crazy? What do I want with an elephant?"
"It's a beautiful elephant. All gray. Ten feet tall with a complete trunk."
"But I have nothing to feed it. I have no place to put it; I live in a three-room apartment."
"Two beautiful tusks, maybe two feet long each. It's a magnificent beast. They don't make them like that any more."
"Mahmood," said the Mulla, almost screaming. "I have a three-room walkup apartment on the sixth floor. Where will I keep an elephant?" "You are a hard man, Nasrudin," said Mahmood. "I will tell you what. I will throw a second whole elephant for only hundred rupees extra."
And Mulla Nasrudin said: "Now you are talking."

134.
Doctor Abrams was called to Mulla Nasrudin's shop where the Mulla was lying unconscious. Dr. Abrams worked on him for a long time, and finally revived him.
"How did you happen to drink that stuff, Nasrudin?" he asked the Mulla. "Didn't you see the label on the bottle? It said: POISON."
Nasrudin: "Yes, Doctor, but I didn't believe it."
Dr. Abrams: "Why not?"
Nasrudin: "Because whenever I believe someone I am deceived."

135.
"How is your wife?" Mulla Nasrudin asked the old friend he had not seen in years.
"She's in heaven," replied the friend.
"Oh, I am sorry," said the Mulla. But then he realized that was not the thing to say, so he added: "I mean, I am glad." And that was even worse. So Mulla Nasrudin came out with: "Well, I am surprised."

136.
The scene was a court-martial. Mulla Nasrudin was giving evidence against a private who was accused of calling a lieutenant an idiot.
"Now, Nasrudin," said the president of the court, "how can you be sure that the accused was in fact referring to Lieutenant Jones when he called him an idiot?"
"Well, sir," replied Mulla Nasrudin, "Lieutenant Jones was the only idiot there at the time."

137.
Mulla Nasrudin was subject to insomnia. His wife was, on the contrary, a very heavy sleeper. It was Nasrudin's amiable habit, when he was having a particularly bad night, to go into his wife's room, shake her into reluctant wakefulness, and say: "What's the matter, dear? Can't you sleep either?"

138.
"Oh, poor Mr. Jones," mourned Mulla Nasrudin. "Did you hear what happened to him? He tripped at the top of the stairs, fell down the whole flight, banged his head and died."
"Died?" said Mrs. Nasrudin, shocked.
"Died!" repeated the Mulla with emphasis. "Broke his glasses too."

139.
Mulla Nasrudin: "If a man steals, no matter what, he will live to regret it."
Wife (coyly): "You used to steal kisses from me before we were married."
Nasrudin: "Well, you heard what I said."

140.
Mulla Nasrudin came into the house, dripping wet and looking incredibly bedraggled. Outside the window, the pelting rain was all too visible.
His sympathetic wife said: "Oh, it's raining cats and dogs outside."
"You are telling me," said Nasrudin. "I just stepped in a poodle."

141.
"Who was that sweet young thing, Mulla, I saw you with last night?" asked a friend.
"That was no sweet young thing, boy -- that was my wife," replied Mulla Nasrudin.

142.
Mulla Nasrudin and his wife stopped on the street to watch a funeral procession pass. It was done in elaborate style, from the long, gleaming hearse, through the cars packed with flowers, to the impressive line of automobiles following.
Said Mulla Nasrudin's wife: "It's a rich guy. I have watched funerals like that before. There's a solid mahogany casket, polished so you can see your face in it, with satin lining and gold carved handles. They put it in a big mausoleum, with stone doors, statues, flowers, praying and singing."
"Wow," said Mulla Nasrudin, eyes shining. "Now that's what I call living."

143.
Salesman: "Sir, is your wife at home?"
Mulla Nasrudin: "Yes, sir."
Salesman (after knocking in vain): "I thought you said she was at home, sir?"
Nasrudin: "yes, sir, but I don't live here."

144.

Mulla Nasrudin came home from a hard day's work, sat down at the kitchen table, and said to his equally harried wife: "Dear, for once in your life don't start with your own troubles. Ask, instead, what happened to me at business. Ask, already, what kind of a day I had. Go ahead, ask. Just ask."
Whereupon Mrs. Mulla Nasrudin said apprehensively: "So what happened, Mulla?"
and Mulla Nasrudin buried his head in his hands, groaned, and said: "What happened? Oh, dear, better you should not ask."

145.
"Do you believe in love at first sight, Mulla?" a friend asked Mulla Nasrudin.
"Well," said Nasrudin, "I think it saves a lot of time."

146.
"don't you think, Mulla, that a man has more sense after he is married?" asked Mulla Nasrudin's wife.
"Yes," said Nasrudin. "but it's too late then."

147.
Son: "Isn't it wonderful how little chicks get out of their shells dad?"
Mulla Nasrudin: "What get's me is how they get in, son."

148.
Mulla Nasrudin lived only for the day when the social system could be overturned by violence and remolded closer to his heart's desire.
"Come the revolution," he said fervently to his wife, "you won't have to live on bread and potatoes. You will eat strawberries and cream."
"Actually," said his wife, "I don't like strawberries and cream."
"Come the revolution," said Mulla Nasrudin violently, "you will eat strawberries and cream and you will like it."

149.
Mrs. Mulla Nasrudin: "I suppose you think I am a perfect idiot?"
Mulla Nasrudin: "Oh, dear, non of us is perfect."

150.
Boss: "Mulla, you're a liar. You took a day off to bury your wife, and I met her in the park this morning."
Mulla Nasrudin: "Oh, I did not say she was dead, sir. I just said I would like to go to her funeral."

151.
Mulla Nasrudin, an expectant father, was pacing up and down the hospital corridor.
"I hope it's a girl! I hope it's a girl!" he kept repeating.
"What do you mean, you hope it's a girl?" asked a nurse.
"Then," replied Nasrudin, "she will never have to go through what I am going through."

152.
"Has this dog a good pedigree, Mulla?" asked Mulla Nasrudin's wife.
"Has he? Say, if that dog could talk, he wouldn't speak to either of us," said Mulla Nasrudin.

153.
Mrs. Mulla Nasrudin: "Why, she is the loudest-mouthed woman I ever heard."
Mulla Nasrudin: "Shush, dear, you forget yourself."

154.
"Mulla, dear," said Mrs. Mulla Nasrudin, "such an odd thing happened today. The clock fell off the wall, and if it had fallen a moment sooner, it would have hit mother."
"I always said that clock was slow," said Mulla Nasrudin.

155.
Mulla Nasrudin was engaged in a most affectionate embrace with his secretary when there came the sound of a key in the font door.
The Mulla broke away at once, eyes wide with alarm.
"Heavens," he cried, "it's my wife! Quick, jump out the window."
The young woman, equally alarmed, made a quick step towards the window, then demurred. "I can't," she said, "we're on the thirteenth floor."
"For heaven's sake," cried Mulla Nasrudin in exasperation, "is this a time to be superstitious, baby?"

156.
Mulla Nasrudin and his neighbour were discussing the weather. Said the neighbour: "Man, that shower will do a lot of good; it will bring things out of the ground."
"God forbid," said Mulla Nasrudin, "I have three wives there!"

157.
A cameraman, working for the educational department of a film company, met Mulla Nasrudin in town and said:
"I have just been taking some moving pictures of life out on your farm."
"Did you catch any of my men in motion?" asked the Mulla curiously.
"Sure I did."
The Mulla shook his head reflectively, then commented: "Science is a wonderful thing!"

158.
"So you are undertaking to keep bees, Mulla?" asked a neighbour.
"Yes," answered Mulla Nasrudin. "I don't want to miss anything in life, and I have been stung every other way there is."

159.
Mulla Nasrudin: "My wife asked me to take our old cat off somewhere and lose it. So I put it in a basket and tramped out into the country for about eight miles."
Friend: "Did you lose the cat, Mulla?"

Nasrudin: "Lose it! If I had not followed it, I'd never have gotten back home."

160.
School was out and little Maksood came bursting into the house crying bitterly.
"The kids beat me up, Dad. They said I have a big head."
"Now, Maksood, don't you listen to them," soothed his father, Mulla Nasrudin. "It's not true."
So, partly convinced, Maksood returned to school the next day. That afternoon the scene was repeated, and again Mulla Nasrudin repeated his words of reassurance.
"So now calm down," said Nasrudin, "because I would like you to run down to the store and get nine pounds of potatoes."
"Okay, Dad. Give me a bag to put them in," replied Maksood.
"A bag! What do you need a bag for?" asked the Mulla. "Carry them in your cap."

161.
"Oh, Mulla, do you realize it's almost a year since our honeymoon, and that glorious day we spent on the sands? I wonder how we'll spend this one?"
"On the rocks, dear," said Mulla Nasrudin.

162.
Mulla Nasrudin walked into a bakery and said: "I want a birthday cake baked for me in the shape of the letter N>" The baker nodded. "I will have it ready for you by two this afternoon. But it will cost money."
"Money is no object," said the Mulla.
At two o'clock the Mulla was back. The cake was proudly presented in all its glory, and the Mulla flew into a passion. "Not an ordinary N, you idiot," he shouted. "I want a beautiful flowing N in script." The baker said: "But you didn't say so. If you can come back at eight in the evening, I will have it for you."
The Mulla was back at eight. Another cake was presented. He looked at it critically and said: "I don't like the frosting. Could you make it with a pinker cast? I will pay for the extra trouble." "I can fix that in no time, if you will wait," said the baker. By eight-thirty he was back, and the cake was perfect. With a sigh of relief, the baker pulled a box down and prepared to package the cake. "Hold it," said Mulla Nasrudin. "I am eating it here."

163.
Mulla Nasrudin, very agitated, took his son to a child guidance clinic; the child was noisy and aggressive. The psychiatrist, having observed that the child was hyper-active, made out a prescription for a sedative but forgot to specify who was to take it. The next appointment was a week later.
"How has your little boy been behaving this week, Mulla?" enquired the psychiatrist.
Mulla Nasrudin shrugged. "Who cares?" he drawled.

164.
Mrs. Mulla Nasrudin (as Mulla enters house): "What time is it?"
Nasrudin: "Just one o'clock."
But this very moment the clock strikes three.

Mulla Nasrudin: "Dear me, how that clock stutters."

165.
"Did I ever tell you how I tried jujitsu on a burglar?" asked Mulla Nasrudin.
"No," said his wife.
"Well, I got hold of his leg and twisted it over his shoulder. Then I got hold of his arm and twisted it round his neck, and before he knew where he was I was flat on my back."

166.
"That fellow must live in a very small flat," said Mulla Nasrudin.
"How can you tell?" asked his wife.
"Why, haven't you noticed that his dog wags his tail up and down, instead of sideways?"

167.
"So your wife is a reckless driver?" asked a friend.
"Say, when the road turns the same way as she does, it's just a coincidence," replied Mulla Nasrudin.

168.
Mulla Nasrudin discovered his wife again and again in the arms of her lover. Finally, he shot her dead. The jury brought in a verdict of justifiable homicide.
Just as Nasrudin was to leave the courtroom a free man, the judge stopped him and asked: "Why did you shoot your wife instead of her lover, Nasrudin?"
"Suh," he replied, "I decided it was better to shoot a woman once than a different man each week."

169.
Doctor (after examining patient): "I don't like the looks of your wife, Mulla."
Mulla Nasrudin: "Neither do I, Doctor, but she's good to our children."

170.
Mulla Nasrudin, deeply troubled, was consulting a psychiatrist.
"My wife," said the Mulla, "is convinced she's a chicken. She goes around squawking constantly and sleeps on a large bar of wood she has fixed up as a perch."
"I see," said the psychiatrist thoughtfully. "And how long has your wife been suffering from this fixation?"
"For nearly two years."
The psychiatrist frowned slightly and said: "But why have you waited till now to seek help?" Mulla Nasrudin blushed and said: "Oh, well, -- it was so nice having a steady supply of eggs."

171.
Mulla Nasrudin, having been away on a business trip, returned home unexpectedly and found his wife in the arms of his best friend.
He staggered back and said: "Fareed! I am married to the lady, so I have got to. But you?"

172.
Mrs. Mulla Nasrudin: "I can't decide whether to go to a palmist or to a mind-reader."
Mulla Nasrudin: "Go to a palmist. It's obvious that you have a palm."

173.
Wife: "Mulla, what is the most difficult thing for a young mother to learn?" Mulla Nasrudin: "That other people have perfect children too."

174.
Mulla Nasrudin came home in the small hours and gave his wife the glorious news:
"Darling, I have been elected."
She was delighted. "Honestly?" she said.
Mulla Nasrudin laughed in an embarrassed way.
"Oh, why bring that up?"

175.
"You know, dear, your wife doesn't seem to be as well dressed as she was when you married her," a friend said to Mulla Nasrudin.
"That's funny," replied Nasrudin. "I am sure it's the same suit."

176.
Mrs. Mulla Nasrudin: "Wake up, Mulla, there's a burglar going through your pants pockets."
Mulla Nasrudin (turning over): "Oh, you two just fight it out between yourselves."

177.
Mulla Nasrudin, the father of a very obstreperous youngster was listening to his wife reading from a child psychology book.
"It says here," she announced excitedly, "that we must give him a completely free hand!"
"Does it indeed?" replied Mulla Nasrudin grimly. "And does it say where?"

178.
Sunday was to be the day of Saleem's wedding, and he and his father, Mulla Nasrudin, were enjoying a nightcap together. Lifting his glass in a toast to his father, Saleem asked: "Any advice before I take the big step, dad?" "Yes," said Mulla Nasrudin. "Two things. first: insist on having one night out a week with the boys.
Second: don't waste it on the boys."

179.
Passer-by: "Kinda cold sitting on your front porch in this weather, isn't it, Mulla?"
Mulla Nasrudin: "Well, yes, a little, but you see my wife is taking her singing lesson, and I don't want the neighbours to think that I am beating her up."

180.

Mulla Nasrudin awoke early one morning and shook his wife until she awoke with a start.
"What's the matter, darling?" she inquired hazily.
"Fatima," said Nasrudin firmly, "if I dream once more that you have kissed another man, I will never talk to you again as long as I live."

181.
Mulla Nasrudin: "On your way to Abdulla and sons you will pass a football ground."
Office Boy (hopefully): "Yes, sir!"
Nasrudin: "Well, pass it!"

182.
Three girls and Mulla Nasrudin were brought before the presiding judge. The girls had been arrested for soliciting and the Mulla was arrested for peddling without a license.
"What do you do for a living?" the judge asked, pointing to the first girl.
"Your honor, I am a model," she answered.
"Thirty days," was the sentence.
Then he turned to the second. "What do you do for a living?" he asked.
"Your honor, I am a T.V. actress."
"Thirty days." Then he turned to the third girl. "What do you do for a living?" he demanded.
"To tell you the truth," she answered, "I am a prostitute."
"For telling the truth," he said, "I am going to suspend sentence." Then he turned to Mulla Nasrudin. "And you," he said, "what do you do for a living?"
"To tell you the truth," said Nasrudin, twirling his hat in his hands, "I am a prostitute also, your honor."

183.
During a play, the curtain fell suddenly and the manager of the theater stepped out before the audience in the last degree of agitation.
"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I am distressed to have to tell you that the great and beloved actor, Mendel Kalb, has just had a fatal heart attack in his dressing room and we cannot continue."
Whereupon Mulla Nasrudin rose in the balcony and cried out: "Quick! Give him some chicken soup."
The manager, surprised, said: "Sir, I said it was a fatal heart attack. the great Mendel Kalb is dead."
The Mulla repeated: "So quick! give him some chicken soup."
The manager screeched in desperation: "Sir! The man is dead! What good will chicken soup do?"
And the Mulla shouted back: "What harm?"

185.
Sheikh Kareem had heard that his old friend Mulla Nasrudin had married for the third time, but he didn't meet the new bride until some months later, when he bumped into the newly-weds in the lobby of a big hotel. He was horrified to observe that the new Mrs. Nasrudin wore an obvious wig, had one glass eye, a wooden leg and a set of false teeth

that rattled ominously every time she moved a muscle. Completely taken aback, he whispered in Nasrudin's ear: "What came over you, Mulla, to marry an old battle-ax like that?" "You can speak up, my boy," said Mulla Nasrudin cheerfully, "She's deaf too."

186.
Mulla Nasrudin: "Did you hear about my wife?"
Fareed: "No! What about your wife?"
Nasrudin: "She ran off with my best friend."
Fareed: "What are you talking about? I am your best friend."
Nasrudin: "Not any more."

187.
Mrs. Mulla Nasrudin, reduced to tears in the course of a family argument, said to her husband: "You brute! How can you treat me so cruelly after I have given you the best years of my life?" And Mulla Nasrudin replied: "Good heavens! were those your best years?"

188.
Mulla Nasrudin was bursting with pride.
"Did you hear about my son?" he asked a neighbour.
"No, What's with your son?"
"He's going to a psychiatrist. Twice each week he's going to a psychiatrist."
"Is that good?"
"Of course, it's good. Forty rupees an hour he pays, forty rupees! And all he talks about is me."

189.
"Has your son's college education been of any value, Mulla?"
"Oh, yes," said Mulla Nasrudin. "It cured his mother of bragging about him."

190.
Mulla Nasrudin's young son came prancing into the room and said: "Papa, may I have another apple?"
Nasrudin raised his eyes from his newspaper to glance sternly at the boy.
"Again and apple?" he demanded "Listen, where do you think all these apples come from? You think they grow on trees?"

191.
"Do you know, Dad, that in some parts of Africa a man does not know his wife until he marries her?" Mulla Nasrudin: "Why single out Africa?"

192.
"I suspect that your son's peculiarities are congenital, Mulla," said the doctor gently. "It may be hereditary in your family."
Mulla Nasrudin was scandalized.

"You must be wrong, doctor," he protested. "I can assure you there's never been anything in the slightest hereditary in my family!"

193.
"Sir, I cam to -- er -- ask you whether you would object -- er -- to my marrying your daughter," a young man asked Mulla Nasrudin.
"My boy," said Nasrudin, "you are only twenty-one and my daughter is twenty-seven. Why not wait a few years till you are both about the same age?"

194.
It was their twenty fifth wedding anniversary. They were having drinks and dinner at one of the fanciest restaurants in town. Both were feeling sentimental.
"Mulla," said the wife, "what would you do if something happened to me?"
"I'd go absolutely out of my mind," said Nasrudin.
"Aw, go on," she said. "I'll bet you would turn right around and get married again."
"Oh, no I wouldn't," said Nasrudin. "I wouldn't go that far out of my mind."

195.
"Dad, what effect does the moon have on the tide?" asked Mulla Nasrudin's son.
Mulla Nasrudin (from the depths of his newspaper): "not any, son. Only on the untied."

196.
"Is a ton of coal very much, Papa?"
"That depends, my son," said Mulla Nasrudin, "on whether you are shovelling or buying it."

197.
Mulla Nasrudin had been trying to reach his home by phone for over an hour, but kept getting a busy signal. Finally he asked the operator if she could cut in on the line. She told him that she could do it only in a case of life or death.
"Well," said the Mulla. "I can tell you this much. If that's my teen-age daughter on the phone, there's going to be a murder."

198.
The young couple, thinking that there parents would oppose their marriage, had eloped to the hills.
After being there for the necessary period, they got married and had grown to like the small hill-town so much that they decided to make their home there permanently.
After three weeks of married bliss, a telegram arrived.
"Oh, darling," said the young wife, "It's from Daddy."
"What does he say?" asked the bridegroom eagerly.
"Do not come home and all will be forgiven" -- Mulla Nasrudin.

199.
"Don't you think, Doctor, you have overcharged for attending my son when he had the measles?"

"You must remember, Nasrudin, that the bill covers twenty-three visits." "Yes," said Mulla Nasrudin, "but you forget that he infected the whole school."

200.
"But, Mulla, that isn't our baby."
"Shut up," said Mulla Nasrudin. "It's a better carriage."

201.
Mulla Nasrudin sidled up to a guest at one of his daughter's social evenings. He had heard him addressed doctor and now he said diffidently: "Doctor, may I ask a question?"
"Certainly," he said.
"Lately," said Mulla Nasrudin, "I have been having a funny pain right here under the heart -- "
The guest interrupted uncomfortably and said: "I am terribly sorry, Mulla, but the truth is, I am a doctor of philosophy." "Oh," said Nasrudin, "I am sorry!" He turned away, but then overcome with curiosity, he turned back. "Just one more question, doctor. Tell me, what kind of disease is philosophy?"

202.
Mulla Nasrudin shook his head sadly as his son left the room. For the fourth successive month his report card had shown nothing but D's. "I am finally convinced," said Nasrudin to his wife, "that our son must have a sixth sense. There is certainly no sign of the other five."

203.
Mulla Nasrudin's youngest son came home in great excitement, saying: "Father! Father! On returning from school, I ran home behind the streetcar all the way and saved three annas car fare." Whereupon the exasperated Mulla slapped his son's cheek resoundingly and said: "Spendthrift! Why did you not run home behind a taxicab and save three rupees?"

204.
Medium at a seance: "I believe this is your late wife knocking." Mulla Nasrudin: "Ah -- she has not changed a bit."

205.
"Dad, may I go in for a swim?"
"Certainly not," said Mulla Nasrudin. "It's far too deep, son."
"But mummy is swimming."
"Yes, dear, but she's insured."

206.
"Understand your wife fell off a scaffold and died, Nasrudin."
"That's right," said Mulla Nasrudin.
"Frightfully sorry, old chap. What was she doing up there?"
"Getting hanged," said Mulla Nasrudin.

207.
A club of eccentric young men had for one of their rules that on Tuesday evenings any man who asked in the clubroom a question which he was unable to answer himself should pay a fine of ten rupees. One evening Mulla Nasrudin asked: "Why doesn't a ground squirrel leave any dirt around the top of his hold when he digs it?" After some deliberation he was called upon to answer his own question.
"That's easy," said the Mulla. "The squirrel starts at the bottom and digs up."
"All very nice," suggested a member, "but how does it get to the bottom?"
"That's your question," answered Nasrudin.

208.
"It must be hard to lose a wife," said a friend at Mulla Nasrudin's wife's funeral.
"Almost impossible," said bereaved Mulla Nasrudin.

209.
Mulla Nasrudin's oldest daughter had just given birth to a beautiful baby boy and Nasrudin was being congratulated. He looked downcast, however, and a friend said: "What is the matter, Mulla? Don't you like the idea of being a grand-father?" The Mulla heaved an enormous sigh. "No," he said, "I don't. But that doe4s not bother me so much. It's just that it's so humiliating to have to go to bed with a grandmother."

210.
Mulla Nasrudin got into a subway car, which was clearly marked TIMES SQUARE in various places, and said apologetically to the large man next to him: "Pardon me, does this train go to Times Square?" Intent on his newspaper, the large man said rather shortly: "Yes, it does."
A moment later, the Mulla said again: "Are you sure it goes to Times Square?" Irritated, the large man said: "Of course, I am sure." The Mulla said argumentatively: "But how can you be sure?" At this the large man exploded. He said: "Can't you see the signs in this car? Read them. Don't they say TIMES SQUARE? What more do you want?"
The Mulla shrank within himself and sat motionless thereafter. At the next stop, however, another anxious-looking individual stepped into the train. He approached Mulla Nasrudin and asked apologetically: "Does this train go to Times Square?" At which Nasrudin jumped to his feet in agitation, shook his fist at the new comer, and said: "Now look what you did! You made me uncertain again."

211.
Mulla Nasrudin's wife was on her death-bed, with her husband at her side. He held her cold hand and tears silently streamed down his face.
Her pale lips moved. "Mulla," she said.
"Sush," said Nasrudin. "Don't try to talk."
But she insisted. "Mulla," she said in her tired voice. "I have to talk. I must confess."
"There is nothing to confess," said the weeping Mulla. "It's all right."
"No, no. I must die in peace. I must confess, Mulla, that I have been unfaithful to you."

Mulla Nasrudin stroked her hand. "Now, dear, don't be concerned. I know about it. Why else did I poison you?"

212.
Mulla Nasrudin's wife was on her dying bed. She was in great pain.
"Oh," muttered she, "I suffer the tortures of hell."
And Mulla Nasrudin, unmoved, said politely: "Already?"

213.
The funeral cortege was being set up for the wife of Mulla Nasrudin, who was dressed somberly in the appropriate black.
The funeral director said to the Mulla in a respectful whisper: "And you will be sitting in the lead car with your mother-in-law."
Nasrudin frowned. "With my mother-in-law?"
"Yes, of course."
"Is it necessary?"
"It is essential. The bereaved husband and the bereaved mother -- the two closest survivors together."
Mulla Nasrudin turned to look at the large and sobbing figure of his mother-in-law and said: "Well, all right then, but I tell you right now that it's going to spoil the pleasure of the occasion."

214.
Mulla Nasrudin bought a ferocious tiger at an auction sale, outbidding several prominent circus proprietors. "What on earth are you going to do with that man-eating beast, Nasrudin?" he was asked by the head of a wild-animal act. "Going into competition with us?"
"Oh, no," said Nasrudin. "It's not that. But my poor wife died last week and I am lonely."

215.
A country doctor called upon Mulla Nasrudin, soon after the death of Nasrudin's wife, and announced his intentions of cutting his bill, for services rendered, in half. With tears in his eyes, Mulla Nasrudin reached out and clasped the doctor's hand and in a trembling voice said: "God bless you, my good friend. I will be as good as you and knock off the other half."

216.
The old Mulla Nasrudin said to his wife at the luncheon table: "One time recently, I dreamed I was lecturing to an audience. I woke up with a start, and by heaven, I was."

217.
"My wife is annoying me," said old Mulla Nasrudin. "Every time she has a bath she spends a couple of hours playing with rubber ducks and plastic submarines." "If it makes her happy, why should you worry, Mulla?" asked the psychiatrist. "I certainly don't see why it should annoy you."
Mulla Nasrudin snorted indignantly. "You should if they were your's..."

218.
Mulla Nasrudin was sitting on a park bench enjoying the late spring sunshine, when another old man sat down at the other end of the bench. They viewed each other cautiously and finally the other one heaved a tremendous, heartfelt sigh.
Mulla Nasrudin rose at once and said: "If you are going to talk politics, sir, I am leaving."

219.
"You must help me, doctor," said old Mulla Nasrudin to his psychiatrist. "I can't remember anything for more than a few minutes. It's driving me crazy."
"How long has this been going on, Nasrudin?" asked the psychiatrist gently.
"How long has what been going on?" replied the Mulla.

220.
The family was very much disturbed. Mulla Nasrudin, aged 90, decided to get married again. What worried his relatives was the fact that the bride Nasrudin selected was a young, healthy, 22-year old. One of Nasrudin's sons button-holed him and pleaded.
"Look, Dad, you must give this more thought. It's very serious. In fact, a thing like this could prove fatal!"
"So what?" answered Nasrudin. "If she dies, I will marry again."

221.
"Pop," said Mulla Nasrudin's youngest son, "can you remember the first girl you ever kissed?"
The old Mulla gave a hollow laugh. "Son," he remarked drily, "I can't even remember the last one."

222.
Mulla Nasrudin, on his death-bed, opened his eyes and asked the attending priest suddenly: "Have you ever wondered where people in hell tell each other to go?"

223.
On his death bed Mulla Nasrudin was heard saying: "Life is not fair to us men. When we are born, our mothers get the compliments and the flowers. When we are married, our brides get the presents and the publicity. And when we die, our widows get the life insurance and the winters in Kashmir."

224.
Saint Peter was dividing the crop of newly arrived souls for easier processing. "All right, you men, come up here. Just eh men, please. We'll take care of the women later. How many of you are married men here with your wives? Good. All those of you who are boss in your family form a line here. The henpecked ones in that other line there."
The line of the henpecked formed immediately and grew longer. The other line was non-existent until one lone person -- Mulla Nasrudin -- appeared in it.
Saint Peter paused to look at him. "Are you aware that this is the line for those men who are boss in their family?"

"Yes, sir," muttered Mulla Nasrudin.
"Are you sure you belong here?" "I have to be," said Nasrudin. "my wife insists."

225.
"Hey!" cried Satan to the new arrival, Mulla Nasrudin. "you act as if you owned the place!"
"I do," said the Mulla. "my wife gave it to me before I died!"